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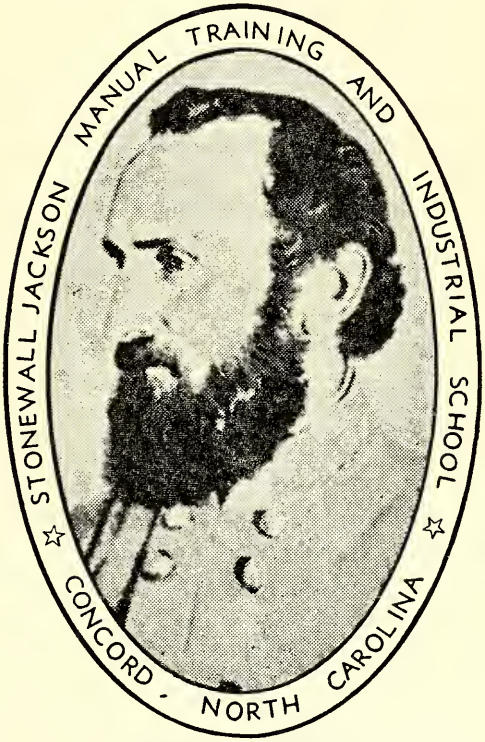

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1824 — 1863

JANUARY 1968

THE UPLIFT

NORTH CAROLINA BOARD OF JUVENILE CORRECTION
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YOUNG TUMBLEWEED

Wait a minute, Dad," Susan called, from over a soapy panful of noon dishes. "I want to talk to you before you go."

Mr. Cottrill turned back into the dim coolness of the little adobe house. "Well, I'm not in any hurry to get out in that August sun again," he remarked. "Hottest summer I've ever seen in New Mexico, and that's pretty hot.What is it, Sue?"

Susan overlooked the gibe. "Juan's become an honorable gentleman, that had fallen over her eyes. "Dad, it's something about Juan. Something nice."

"Oh, about Young Tumbleweed?" her father grunted. "How could anything about him be nice?"

Susan overlooked the gibe. "Juan's become an honorablt gentleman—an upright ten year old senor. He hasn't told me any lies for a solid week, and he's kept his promises. Isn't that dandy?"

"Humph," was all her father said.

"And, Dad, I wanted to as you,"

Susan went on, her brows puckering into a little anxious frown, "can't Juan ride the horses? Dinty won't ever let him. He—he acts as if Juan might steal them." "Well, he might," said Mr. Cottrill gruffly. Then, seeing how Susan's gray eyes clouded over, he grumbled, "Don't be an idiot Sue. You'll never get anywhere with that little Mex. He's never had any care or any home, and he's got no real character to work on. He'll always be a liar and a thief. You might as well quit meddling with him

Dad, those things aren't true," Susan flared. "I've done a lot with Juan already."

"Let him alone. He'll drift on his way in a week or two, and we'll be well rid of him."

"But I don't want to be rid of him!"

"It's the only way, Sue," Mr. Cottrill insisted. "I've known a lot of Mexicans. You can't trust them." Abruptly he changed the subject. "Are you riding after your lost sheep this afternoon?"

'Yes, right away. I don't think they've strayed far."

Mr. Cottrill went outside to his work, and Susan turned back to her

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dishpan. This intolerant attitude of her dad's worried her. Of course Juan had kept them all in a turmoil since that evening three weeks ago, when he had knocked at their door, his big brown eyes shining wistfully out of an alkali-caked face, his mouth puckered in a fear-defying whistle.

First of all, he had picked up numerous bits of property around the house—a tiny sewing box of Susan's; an ancient rawhide riato; a gilt mirror; and an old Spanish pistol that belonged to Mr. Cottrill. Then he had faced the family and glibly denied his petty thievery when the pistol was in plain sight, sticking out of his pocket. He was not even embarrassed.

Susan had startled her father and Dinty, the hired man, by taking the objects from the boy, putting them back in their places, and explaining that Juan was only playing a joke. Juan had stared at her, too, not understanding whether she was his friend, trying to shield him, or just a hopeless imbecile.

No sooner had Susan persuaded Juan to let property alone on the sheep ranch, then wind of an escapade in San Luis came floaing across the desert. Mr. Cottrill, on a trip to the little border town, was taxed with the price of four pies which Juan had appropriated from a lunch wagon three weeks before.

"Poor little tike—living on pies," Susan had thought, while her father wrathfully told the story. Aloud she said, Juan intends to pay for those pies out of his money earned at odd jobs. I'll settle with the man in San Luis, and Juan can pay me."

Again Juan stared, but this time his eyes held a warm affection, for he knew that this girl was his friend.

Diligently, from that day on, Susan had labored to instill honesty into Juan, had urged and pleaded and coaxed, until finally the boy seemed to be inquiring good habits. But her father, instead of believing in Juan, had become more and more pessimestic. Now he wanted to let the little fellow go away. It hurt Susan to think of the lonely way drifting from

Upset by the taunts of the two men, Susan walked over to the window and looked out into the moonlight-flooded night. She was positive that the boy was out there somewhere, hurt or perhaps lost. "Dinty," she asked suddenly, "will you come with me to look for Juan?" Dinty's kindly eyes saw the misery in Susan." I'll go along," he agreed. Out on the trail

they separated, each one carring a lantern, and searched the desert from the house almost down to Rainbow Gulch, three hour's ride from home.

"The sheep never have wandered any farther than this," Susan said disonsolately, as she and Dinty met where the trail led up over a hogback.

"There's not enough grass to draw them." "No," agreed Dinty. "T'ain't likely they'd go farther'n this. There's only one or two more places to look.

You go on back home and get some sleep, and I'll foller the grass on over towad Shimoni Wash." "Let me go, too, Dinty." "Now, Miss Susan," He protested, "I'd like awful much to take you, but it's way past one o'clock and if you start back right now, you won't get home till most dawn. You run along now." "All right, Dinty," she consented. "But keep looking real hard for Juan. I'm sure you'll find him." But on the quiet ride home under the bright moon and stars, she was not quite so certain. Could it be that Jaun had really stolen her horse and sheep, had lightly broken his "honorable promise" to her, and gone away? Could he so easily have smashed the bond of affection between them, to go back to his wandering? Her father's words returned to harass her: "Young Tumbleweed blows in from the desert, and Sue wants to treat him like he was a bush o' red clover come to grow in our yard." Tumbleweed—blowing hither and yon before the hot desert wind. That had been Juan's life untill now.

Could it be that he was permanently uprooted, that no amount of love and friendship could ever make an honest boy of him, or find an answering note of loyalty in his young heart? Susan tossed sleeplessly that night, and slept late the next morning. When she did get up, she found that Dinty was still out on the range. A little before noon, while she was mixed up some hot biscuit for lunch, he came in the door, his face tired and lined from the long night's hunt. "No use waitin' or hopin' any more Miss Susan," he told her at once. "I found tracks—the sheep's and the mare's—that tells the story plain as day. Juan found them sheep, all right, only he drove'em away from here instead of back. They was all headin' up north, up into the green country. I lost track of 'em across a stretch of lava rock." Susan could only look at him, her eyes full of sudden hot tears. Her throat was so tight and achy that she couldn't have defended Juan now, even if she had known what to say against this final proof of the boy's town to town, living by his wits and in all probability growing up to hab-

itual thievery. It wasn't fair, or right. Juan was good, had the makings of a fine boy; and she wanted to help him achieve that fineness.

Outside she heard a faintly melodic whistling, and a moment later a small dark head poked itself through the doorway.

"Is there any work for me, senorita?" Juan asked, his big eyes hopeful. "I can help you, maybe?"

Susan smiled at him and set the last stack of dishes on the cupboard shelf. "Yes, Juan, you can saddle Lady Bess for me."

"At once, senorita."

Suddenly an idea struck Susan.

Wait, Juan, she called. And when the boy came back into the room: "Perhaps you would go after the lost sheep. Could you do that?"

At the sight of the glinting joy in Juan's eyes, and the proud squaring of his shoulders, Susan wa glad she had spoken. This trip would be a test would prove to her father and Dinty that Juan was not a hosrethief. But the mission was an important one, for seven sheep had escaped through a torn fence and wandered down toward the desert; and to Susan sheep meant the difference between going to university next fall and staying home for another year.

"I think you'll find them over near the big coulee," she explained. "You can ride Lady Bess, but don't hurry her in this heat. I'll expect you back for dinner."

"Thank you much senorita," Juan replied, not hiding the adoration in his eyes. "I will do it all as you say. I give you my most honorable promise that I will bring back all the sheep."

At ten o'clock that night, Susan went over to stir Juan's supper on the back of the stove, where she was hopefully keeping it warm. Her father from an armchair in the corner, looked up with a sardonic gleam in his eyes.

"I told you we couldn't trust Young Tumbleweed," he grumbled. "Here he blows in from the desert and sort of piles up against our house for a while, and Sue wants to treat him like he was a bush o' red clover, come to grow in our yard. What good's tumbleweed? Who ever found any use for that prickly stuff?"

"Juan will come back," said Susan stoutly. "He's just late.

Dinty looked up from where he was reading yesterday's newspaper under the kerosene lamp. "Maybe he'll come back," he observed. "From the persistent way he's been trying to ride off on our horses, I'd guess he wont't stop still he hits the Colorodo line. After he sells your mare and sheep o' yours, Miss Susan, he'll be pretty rich for a time. He can live on pie again, if he wants."

"Juan wouldn't steal my sheep," Susan affirmtd stubbornly. "He—he's probably got in some trouble. Maybe Lady Bess threw him—"

"A three-months-old baby could ride Lady Bess," her father put in.

"Or maybe Lady Bess stepped in a chuck hole," Susan went on, "or she might have shied at a snake."

"Humph! You'd better stop making up excuses," Mr. Cottrill advised, 'and get used to the idea of losing your horse and sheep."

Susan touched her father's arm. "Please don't do that, Dad she begged. " I don't mind waiting another year to go to school."

Her dad gave her a queer glance."What on earth's got into you'girl he fretted, "letting that little fellow bewitch you this way? He's just pulled the wool over your eyes proper! Even when he steals seven of your sheep and your horse, you want to let him go free!" "Well, I—I just don't want to get the constable after him," Susan tried to explain . "Juan's too—-too young." Deep within herself she felt that some day Juan would be sorry, would come back to beg her forgiveness. But if her father had him arrested, then he would never come back. "He's a thief," argued her father "Thieves have to be punished, whether they're old or young. Tomorrow morning I'm going over and tell Constable Innis." "Let me go and tell him, Dad," Susan asked. "I—I'd kind of like to visit Aunt Grace a few days, too."

"Humph-" Mr. Cottrill snorted. "You wouldn't go near the constable, much less tell him about Young Tumbleweed." "Yes—yes, I would, Dad' Susan spoke, her throat tight and dry. "Promise?" "Yes" "All right, then," Mr. Cottrill snorted. "You wouldn't go near the constable, much less tell him about Young Tumbleweew!"

"Yes—yes, I would, Dad" Susan spoke, her throat tight and dry.

"Promise?"

"All right, then," Mr. Cottrill agreed. "I'd ought to stay home anyway,

"Yes, and take care of that sick sheep."

The blazing sun was still high over encircling mountains when Susan reached Rainbow Gulch, a small canyon cut into the red and blue and yellow sand stones of the region. Trusting Ranger to pick his way down the narrow trail into the bright colored gorge, she loosened the rein and let him choose his own pace.

Muscles bunched, the horse started downward, while Susan looked acorss the dry gulch, thinking unhappily of her disillusionment in Juan and her unpleasant task of settng the law after him. There was know getting out of that visit to the constable, now, since her promise to her dad; but she hadn't said when she would make the report, and by taking this trip she could manage to delay the search for five days.

When she was still thirty feet above the canyon floor, the sharp rattle of a pebble broke into her thoughts. Glancing up, she saw a dusty stream of small rocks come clattering down the slope, showering from ledge to ledge. The stream enlarged enormously as it came, gathering dirt and pebbles until it was a minature landslide—coming straight toward her.

Susan's heart gave a wild leap, but she tried to act calmly. With steady hand, she dropped the rein across her horse's withers and gave him a light slap on the haunch. She didn't dare gouge him into a quick spurt ahead, for fear he would make a misstep and fall into the gulch.

But before Ranger could quicken his pace the little avalanche was upon them. The flying center of it struck the horse squarely across the haunches, brushed him with breath taking suddeness over the edge of the trail.

Sliding, bounding, somersaulting, Susan hurtled downward until she hit the cayon floor with a bone—jolting bump. For a second her head whirled so dizzily that she couldn't move. Then she raised up, looked around. Bits of rock were still sifting over a ledge close by, and Ranger was galloping down the cayon, whinnying with fright.

"Ranger!" Susan shouted, trying to scramble up. But at the first shift of weight to her right leg, she crumpled, stunned by the flaming pain in her knee.

For an instant she lay still, fighting off the babyish desire to cry.

Then she sat up, gingerly felt of her hurt place. That knee was hurt—either badly sprained or broken. She rubbed it a little, wincing as she touched the sensitive spot; then tried again to stand, cautiously this time. But the leg wouldn't hold even an ounce.

"Ranger!" she called sharply and gave the quick short whistle to which he usually answered. She knew without caculation, that on Ranger rested her own safety. Without a horse, she would be helpless, unable to get home or to summon aid.

The stallion, blocked by the closed end of the canyon, turned and came toward her, still trembling with fright. Susan coaxed him near, reached for his bridle, and patted his nose. When he had quieted a little, she tried to hoist herself onto his back by leaping up on one foot. But it wouldn't work. She couldn't get into the saddle, and jumping only threw Ranger into a fresh panic. "All right, you old silly," Susan scolded, angry at his skittishness, "then get up that trail and stretch out for home, so somebody-'ll come and hunt for me!" But Ranger refused to go up the trail, shying aside from it and running down the canyon, obviously afraid of that spot where the slide had hit him. "Ranger, you nitwit!" Susan stormed, after her you won't take the only trail thats leads home!" The horse stared at her fourth failure to drive him out of the gorge. "You want to go home, and his eyes glassy with fear, his bangsaving fooishly across his forehead.

Susan's face turned pale under her tan as the full meaning of her predicament struck her. Here she was, marooned in Rainbow Gulch, with a spained knee and no way of getting help. This trail, rarely used by anyone except the people of her own little ranch, was often untraveled for weeks at a time, and her father and Dinty both thought she had gone to visit Aunt Grace for five days. No one would even think of worrying about her till at least the sixth day. All that time—six days—she would have to lie helplessly in this litte gorge, without food or water. Through this blistering summer for years in this country—she would be imprisoned in a dry, rocky canyon, without even a scrubby little juniper tree to shade her. Because she had lived all her life at the edge of the desert, Susan knew what it meant for human beings to be without water or shade under the daylong march of the sun. Human beings couldn't stand to be scorched and burned and dried up like a cactus plant or a clump of bear-grass. They got

sunstroke, or the cotton-mouth thrist . . . She shuddered, afraid to think any further. Night shadows had already crept into Rainbow Gulch, and a flock of bats was swooping up and down the gorge, when Susan's ear, straining for sounds, caught a distant note, quavering and thin and faintly melodic—like a whistle. At first she thought she was imagining things, but then she heard the pattering hoofs of sheep on the rimrock above.

Excitedly she hallooed, and in a moment a voice answered her. "Come and help me!" Susan cried to her unknown friend. "I'm in the gulch!"

Abruptly a dark head peered over the edge of the rimrock, and a soft Latin voice spoke with surprise. **"Senorita!** What is wrong? Wait, I will come down to you." "Why—why, Juan!" Susan cried, struck half dumb with surprise and delight. "Be of cheerful heart, **senorita,"** the boy encouraged, "I am coming quick." His head disappeared, and in a few moments he and Lady Bess were picking their way down the steep trail. "I knew you'd come back, Juan," Susan exulted, as Juan reached her, helped her up. "I told Dad you would. But Juan," where—where have you been so long?" In the fading light, Juan's eyes glistened with pride. "I have been to get the sheep, **senorita.** It was a hard time. It took long. But I get every one of them. I have keep my most honorable promise." It was after eleven that night when they got back to the ranch house. Susan was put into the big armchair, and her sore legs cushioned on one of the kitchen chairs.

"It's only a bad sprain," concluded Mr. Cottrill, after expertly pressing the knee. "We'll have that fixed up for you in no time at all, Sue. You were lucky to escape without several broken bones." Susan wasn't paying much attention to what he said about her knee. "Did you notice that Juan is back— with the sheep?" she asked, her eyes glowing. "Yes, I did," growed her father. "Where'd you find 'em, Juan? And what took you so long?" "North, even beyond San Louis I went, **senor,"** answered Juan solemnly. "They had followed a herd that an Indian was driving. It was hard to get them back from him, **senor,** but I did it." "Have you had anything to eat, Juan?" Susan asked, suddenly upset by the idea that the boy had traveled two days and a half without food. Juan shrugged. "A few seeds, berries. Juan knows how to live on the desert," he explained briefly.

Susan glanced at her dad, and as plainly as words her smile flickered the message: "So! And you thought that he was eating pie at my expense!

Mr. Cottrill cleared his throat abruptly. "Er—Juan, would you like to

take charge of a special herd of sheep, beginning tomorrow? That is, until the district school starts this fall? I need a boy that I can depend on—someone who is absolutely honorable and trustworthy. I will furnish the herd and will pay you in sheep,so that soon you will have a small flock of your own. Are you willing?" Juan's brown eyes were twin flames of joy. "I am willing, senor," he murmured breathlessly. "And nowhere will you find a more trustworthy and honorable herder, than myself."

Fine," boomed Susan's father. "Then you are my herder, Young Tumble—I beg your pardon—I mean Young Redclover."

* * * *

A LITTLE HELP IS ALL THAT'S NEEDED

One of the most impotrant periods of our life is the stage of youth Everyone experiences, "the golden years of youth", and admit they were the most worry-free, joyful, and optimistic years of their life. Youth is also a period of learning, careful guidance, getting along with other people, and most of all a time to get started off right in life.

But sometimes boys as well as girls are not sure what life and youth are all about, so they take a wrong first step and something bad happens and this keeps on and on until help arrives. When help does arrive it marks the changing point of a youths life, they begin to develope faith in themselves, pride in working, respectful, good attitudes toward ways of thinking, learn how to get along with society, and most of all they get started off right in life.

Being mislead in youth is nothing rare, it happens to thousands of young Americans every year. But the most important thing is help does work in getting a boy or girl started off on the right track.

—Steve Pendleton

The way to fare well is to no well.

The time to mend boats is before going out on the water; the time to

MEET THE STAFF AT JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

MR. VERNON WATSON

Mr. Vernon Watson, an employee at Jackson since October 2, 1957 is the subject of this month's Meet Th e Staff. Mr. Watson is a transplanted Rebel from Mississippi, but now has his roots deeply planted in Tar Heel soil.

Mr. Watson was born in the ante—bellum town of Natchez, Mississippi. He moved to Quitman, Mississippi at an early age. He attended the public schools of Quitman from which he graduated. After high school Mr. Watson attended The Universsity of Missisippi. He graduated from the university and then took post—graduate work there. Thus he holds both the A. B. degree and the M. A. degree from his beloved University of Mississippi.

After his formal schooling Mr. Watson served a "hitch" in the United States Air Force during the Korean War. Having a Sociology degree Mr. Watson became interested in helping under privileged children. On October 2, 1957 he came to work at Jackson. He is now head of the Social Services department at that institution. This work involves many aspects of the total program of Jackson. He is chairman of the Placement Comittee whose job it is to assign new boys. He is chairman of the Evaluation Comittee, whose job it is to consider boys for release back to their home. Mr. Watson, also now makes arrangements for accepting new boys to Jackson. His cheif job, however, is to counsel with the students. He also has to write progress reports and preconditional release reports. In other words Mr. Watson is a very busy young man at Jackson.

Mr. Watson married the former Miss Sylvia Peck, whom he met after coming to Jackson. The Watsons have one child, a daughter, Nancy Elizabeth. Mr. Watson proudly says they are looking for a second child in May. The Watsons live just outside the city of Concord in the Winecoff section.

Mr. Watson is an avid sports fan, being a strong follower of of his University of Mississippi Rebels, especially of Coach Johnny Vaught's football teams. He will talk endlessly on this subject and remind one and all

that the Rebels have been to a post season bowl game for the past eleven years. To say the least he lives and dies with the Rebles. On the more active side of sports activities he engages in touch football and "pick up" basketball games with the kids of his neighborhood. At one time Mr. Watson was one of the most feared horse shoe pitchers at the noontime games held at Jackson. He can tell many a tall tell if his prowess as a participant in this game. Mr. Watson even won a trophy for his horse shoe pitching ability.

Mr. Watson is a chronic reader. As he says,"I read anything." He likes good novels and books on existentialist philosophy. He also keeps close check on The Wall Street Journal. He is an amateur painter, but claims no special talent. He likes to engage in conversation with friends, and true to his own philosophy he looks for intellectual honesty in others. Mr. Watson and his wife like to attend concerts, lectures and plays. With Charotte. N. C. being so close they have ample opportunity to do just this. They quite often go to nearby Davidson College or Queens College for this kind of recreation.

Mr. Watson takes a great deal of interest in the boys at Jackson as he goes about counseling with them and advising them. Another of the jobs that Mr. Watson has at Jackson is orienting new boys. Many a new boy gets his impression of Jackson from Mr. Vernon Watson. We think most of the boys get a good impression from this introduction.

* * * *

"Take opportunity by the forelock," but know where you intend to lead it.

,'When the engine of an airplane gets to missing, the next thing is the crew."

Contentment was a good word until on advertiser associated it with cows.

Success is not the reverse of failure. It is the scorn of failure. Always dare to fail; never fail to dare.

MR. LISKE RECEIVES JAYCEES' AWARD

1967 Senior man of the year award
presented to
FRANK LISKE
by the
Concord Jaycees
for the many years of outstanding
Community service through loyal,
faithful and unselfish efforts
resulting in a lasting contirbution
to the City of Concord and Cabarrus County.

On January 18, 1968 Mr. Frank Liske became the 16th Senior Man of the Year recipient in a series that began in 1952. The award with the above engraving was presented to Mr. Liske as the man above Jaycee age for extraordinary civic endeavor.

Mr. Liske, veteran Jackson Training School employee for 45 years, was praised for his untiring interest and efforts in the Concord Community Boys Club of which he was instrumental in erecting the Boys Club Cannon Gym. (He has received the "Man and Boy" Award which is the highest award presented by the Regional Boys Club of America.) He is chairman of Camp Spencer, a job he has held for several years and is responsible for the camping activities of well over a thousand children from the Concord area, many of whom are either under privileged, mentally retarded or crippled.

In making the presentation, Concord Mayor, S.Les Myers, the 1968 winner, told the group that Mr. Liske had just completed arrangements with Mr. William H. Barnhardt Sr., and Mr. John J. Barnhardt Jr., to erect a chapla at Camp J.J. Barnhardt. He was also instrumental in erecting the Miss Maggie Barnhardt Staff Council Lodge at the same camp.

Last Summer a group of interested business men purchased and presented to the Boy Scouts a Frank Liske Trophy which is to be presented each year to the most outstanding Scout Troop at Camp Cabarrus.

Mr. Liske is a recipient of the Silver Beaver award, the highest award presented by a council. He is Chairman of Council Organization and Ex-

L to R: Mrs. Liske, Mr. Liske, Mayor Myers, and Mr. Harold Falls.

tension, Member of the Executive Board of the Central North Carolina Council, Chairman of the Capital Development Finance Committee of which $150,000. was raised, Co-Chairman of the Concord District of Finance, Chairman of Jackson Scout troops 60 and 61 for the past 18 years, and Chairman of Advanced Gifts for the Community Chest of which $91,759. was raised during the last drive, this was two percent over the original goal. He is one of the chief cooks at the Kiwanis Club Pancake sale and one of their best boosters.

Mr. Liske has been Superintendent ot the Sunday School at Jackson

for the past 18 years and is the unofficial "procureror" for the school. Largely through his efforts the cottages recieved their first TV sets and a new movie screen which is used every week for a commercial picture for the boys. Through his influence the first bus was brought to the scool for the trips that the boys get to make. He is a life long Democrat and has spent many hours in working for his party. He and Mrs. Liske , the former Miss Rachel Pollard, are mefbers of Central Methodist Church and reside near the school.

We offer our sincere congratulations to Mr. Liske for the great honor given him by the Jaycees and would like to express our deep sense of pride in having one of our own men receive such distinction.

* * * *

SNOW AT JACKSON

Here at Jackson this year we got our first snow on top of a lot of ice Saturday, January 7. This snow was not very much but it stuck pretty well because of all of the ice that had fallen the day before. That night the snow froze on top of the ice. The ice and snow stayed on the ground for couple days because the part that melted in the daytime froze over again that night. Finally all the snow and ice had just about disappeared, which was around the 17th or 18th.

It stayed quiet warm from the 18th to the 23rd. But when we got up the 24th, (Wednesday morning) it was real cloudy and was barely sleeting. When we came back from breakfast the sleet was really coming down. When we went up to lines the ground was almost covered with sleet. About eight-thrity it started snowing like there was a blizzard outside. By ten there was an inch of snow on the ground. In all Wednesday, we got about three inches.

Now that all the snow and ice is gone and it's fair outside it looks as if winter is over, but we don't know what to expect when we get up in the morning by the way the weather has been acting lately, do we?

—John Wayne Suggs

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE TWO'S RELIGIOUS EMPHASIS

Ever since January 4th 1968, Cottage two has been having Religous Emphasis meetings. Rev. Hammill, from Royal Oaks Methodist Church in Kannapolis, N.C. has been coming to the cottage on Thursdays every week this month.

We usually open the meeting with some songs and talk. Then we have someone to read the scripture, then Rev. Hammill asks questions about the scripture, and sometimes about the week before that weeks scripture. Then we talk about God and things he gave us. After that we pause a moment for prayer. To top off the evening we play a game or two.

The Emphasis ended at 9 p.m. Thursday night February 1st 1968. We thank Rev. Hammill for taking part of his spare time spending it with us, and we think we've learned a lot from this.

— Willie Winebarger
— Ricky Martin

—:—

COTTAGE 11

On the night of January 8th, the Rev. Bill Byrd, and 7 members of his congregation were with us for our service. It was a spiritual occasion to have them bring religious emphasis to us. They braved the most bitter day thus far this year to bring us their special message.

Mr. John Sherrill led us in singing, and Miss Shirley Greene accompanied us on the piano. These were, "Higher Ground," and a Duet by two of the students of cottage 11. They were William Scott, and Ronnie Allison.

The Rev. Byrd then called as lay man Jim Harris to lead us in prayer.

Rev. Byrd took his text from John 14 1:11. His subject was knowing God through God. He pointed out the various ways through parables of the scriptures. He told us God was an Inviting God, but also told us he was not satisfied with just an invitation, he came out and sought us.

Even though we cannot see him there are places in the bible which show what he is like.

God is a God of Wrath; and cannot overlook our sins. God waits anxiously for us to come to him, and ask for forgiveness.

God is a Helping God. God showed this through Jesus. Jesus turned down no one. God is willing to help us, if we let him.

Service was closed with a prayer from Rev. Byrd.

January 22, 1968

January 22, 1968 Service at cottage eleven begin as Miss Shirley Green lead the group in a song as

she played the piano, Mr. John Sherrill directed the singing. We sang several songs, "Blessed Assurance, He is so Precious to me." Ronnie Allison and William Scott, two students of cottage eleven, sang "Heaven Came Down." Mr. Rouse showed many color slides of past Religious Emphasis, then Reverend Byrd lead us in prayer. Reverend Byrd took his Scripture from 19th Chapter of Luke. His text was "Coming to Life." Jesus entered and passed through Jericho, and Zaccaeus which was a chief among publicans and he was rich. And he sought to see Jesus, who he was; and could not for the press, because he was little in stature. And he ran before and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see Him; and when Jesus came to the place, He looked up and saw him, and said unto him Zaccaeus, make haste and come down; for today I must abide in thy house. When they saw it all they all murmured, saying that He was going to be guest with a man who was a sinner. And Jesus said unto him," this day is Salvation come to this house." Zaccaeus stood and said unto the Lord; Behold Lord that half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have taken anything from any man by false accusation I restore him fourfold. Jesus said, for the son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost. At the close of the service Reverend Byrd give an invitation and five students responded. Refreshments were served by the ladies of the Church, these consisted of cookies and cakes which were given by the guest and drinks by Mr. and Mrs. Rouse.

For more than a decade ministers and members of West Concord Baptist Church have brought services to various groups of cottage 11 in Religious Emphasis. Religion is a part of our everyday life here at the school. The highlight of our program is our fellowship with the faithful congregation of the West Concord Baptist Church who have stood by us through the years.

—Randy McDonald

——:——

SCOUTS ATTEND "OPERATION DEEP FREEZE"

On Friday January 19, troop 60 of Stonewall Jackson School attended the First Annual Deep Freeze Camporee. This was an entirely different type of camporee, the time of year is what made it so unusual. The title Operation Deep.... Freeze was well suited for the scouts had to test their ability in freezing weather and snow.

When we arrived at camp the ground was covered with snow, and this made it tough, for we had to go out and hunt for dry wood in the sloshy snow, and on top of that we had to unpack our gear, and set up camp in snow.

Finally we were settled down, and had a nice comfortable fire go-

ing for the night. The next morning we were up and eating breakfast by 8:00. After breakfast we packed our tents, and folded the blankets because we were running low in food, and were unable to stay another night, and day, but we did have enough food for lunch. At 10:-oclock we went to a nearby school on a hike. After all the walking, we had built up quite an apatite , and were ready for the two chickens, that we had brought along with us. Following lunch we packed the rest of our gear, put out the fire, made sure we had left nothing behind, and were heading for home.

Boys of troop 60, appreciate, and thank Mr. Readling for making the camporee possible, and are looking foreward to go again.

—Steve Pendleton

—:—

CENTRAL HIGH LANDSCAPING CLASSES WERE HELD

Central Cabarrus High School held five classes in Home Landscaping Practices, Wednesday at 6:50 p. m.

Sessions were held in the Agricultural Classroom with a 30-minute program as the highlight, which was televised over WUNC-TV.

Those attending were: Mr. James L. Query, Mr. Richard Poteate, Mr. Curtis Yarbrough, and Mr. Clarence Cameron.

At the conclusion of the program a question and answer session was held, with several nurserymen from the nearby area assisting in this part of the class.

Certificates were awarded for this course. There was five topics discussed: "Layout of Home Gardens," "Plants for the Home and Patio," "Soil Preparation," and "Maintenance of Home Grounds."

—:—

JACKSON BOYS RECEIVED SECOND "FLU" SHOT

On Thursday, January 4th, the boys and staff members at Jackson received their second "flu" shot. The nurses from the Cabarrus County Health Department came to Jackson to administer the shots. The first shots had been given in December. Many of the boys were skeptical of the "gun" the nurses used for they had never seen, nor had they been given a shot with a "gun". No serious results were reported. This is a very modern way of given shots. All the boys in school, some 335, and staff members were run through the line in less than 40 minutes. This would not been possible if the nurses had been using the needle. We are grateful to the nurses for coming to Jackson to give us these shots.

—:—

COTTAGE LIFE WORKSHOP HELD AT JACKSON

Mr. Warren Ellis, Director of

Cottage Life, Board of Juvenile Correction, conducted a follow up workshop for cottage counselors at Jackson the week of January 8th. Session were held every morning for the cottage counselors. Mr. Ellis had slides, film strips and other audio visual aids to assist him in his presentations. This workshop is an annual affair held on the campuses of each school to implement the big workshop held each year at Samarcand Manor. On Friday, January 12th a luncheon meeting was held for the counselors and their guests.

Mr. Ellis did a fine job of conducting the work shop.

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

Dairy Boy of the Month
Ronnie Humphrey

Ronnie came here from Richlands N.C. in March 1967. He has worked almost all the time in the processing plant. He has learned to pasturize and homogenize milk and fill milk dispenses cans. There are other things that go along with processing like cleaning up after the processings is finished. Ronnie has learned that all the equipment must be kept clean at all times. He has done a good job with that too. He knows how to go ahead and start a job that he has learned to do and work until it is finished

When asked what he is going to do when he goes home, he said he wanted to work at a dairy. I am sure he will make some dairy farmer a good hand. We hope Ronnie finds a good dairy farm to work on.

E. D. Moretz
R. W. Poteat

—:—

SHOE SHOP

Not much has been going on this month. We do have a new boy in the shoe shop. His name is Billy Smith. We also have a boy going home this month. He is Tommy Bowman. That is all from the shoe shop this month.

—Thomas Bowman
—Donald Miller

—:—

BARBER SHOP

Not much has been going on this month. We have one new boy in the Barber Shop. His name is Steve Orbison. We have one boy going home soon. He is John Spencer. Well thats all from the Barber Shop.

— Gene Bost
— Bobby Giddings

—:—

PRINT SHOP

This month in the Print Shop we have been very busy. We are working on a book called Student Hand Book. It will be finished real soon. We are working on the

December Uplift. We've printed several kinds of C T and other forms, for Jackson and other schools.

We have had one boy to go home this month. His name is Bobby Littleton. We have one boy going home next month, his name is Richard Dawkings.

We enjoy our work with our Supervisor, Mr. Readling.

—James Little
—Pete Marlow

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

We have been workng very hard this month. We put a new motor block on the 100 tractor. We are going to start work on all the other tractors soon We put a new starter on the M tractor. We have a boy going home this month, his name is Wayne Talbert. We put new tires on the state car and the jeep. We fixed the dough machine in the bakery. We are going to start working on a motor when we get time.

Steve Killian
Wayne Talbert
Timmy Conner

—:—

BAKERY

This month in the bakery we haven't been working very rough. We have been handicapped for a few days due to Mr. Ervins absence. We would to express our sympathy to the boys and staff on behalf of the thin loafs of bread. This was purely beyond our control. We have no idea what caused this bread to fall. We hope to have better looking bread in the future. One of our buddies is hoping to leave in January. We wish him all the luck and happiness in the world. His name is Roger Wilson. Thats about it from the "Dough Boys".

—Joe Albanese
—Randy Wright

—:—

YARD FORCE

The last few days we've been making paths made of cinders to walk on to keep from slipping on the ice. We got three new boys in the past month, their names are Ralph Ellerbe, Danny Dorsey and Robert Smith, and we hope they will do fine at their stay.

—Tony Tilley
—Gilbert Leeper

—:—

TRACTOR FORCE

We have been working hard this month. We have been hauling coal to the cottages. We have been puting the plows and disks under the shed because of the rain. We cleaned up the tractors.

—Bobby Smith
—David Kirby

—:—

ARTS & CRAFTS

We are making shirts, aprons, towels and helping Mrs. Billups make

curtains for the renovated bedrooms over the office. One boy in the Arts & Crafts class got to go home for five days at Christmas, his name is Ronnie Bazemore. We have a new boy in the Arts & Crafts class his name is Paul Lindhardt, and we hope that he does good in our class. We have one boy to go home in January his name is Douglas Smith.

—Douglas Smith

—:—

POLE BARN

This month at the pole barn we have really been poring it on with the silage. Out of the two silage pits one half of them have been used up in about a month's time. Last week we got some calfs in on the other side where they built a new installment. Donnie Herring, the barn boy in the morning, will be going home next month. We hope he stays home and does good. Also Tony Jones will be going soon.

Donnie Herring

—:—

OFFICE

This month in the office there haven't been many new boys. One office boy, Randall Freeman went home for five days.

The first of this month Mrs. Yarbough was sick. We are glad to see her back on the job. Also the 31st Miss Spruill got married to Mr. Blakely. We wish them much happiness.

That about wraps up the office news.

—Randall Freeman
—Gary Helms

—:—

CAFETERIA

We haven't been too busy in the whose name is Mrs. Ward. We also have a lot of new boys. Fred (Headeys) Coulter is our new chief cook.

—Paul Shambly
—Charles Ford

—:—

COTTON MILL

We have not been to busy in the cotton mill. We've had one boy go home, and one soon on the way. Their names are: Garland Holleman and Jackie Miles.

—Wade Sherrill

—:—

INFIRMARY

In the infirmary this month we have been as busy as a bee, taking up Christmas declorations, and tending to patients.

There will be an infirmary boy going home next month, and his his name is Danny Rouse, the two infirmary boys also went home for five days during Christmas.

—:—

SEWING ROOM

We have been working hard lately sewing curtains and making

shirt. We have been making pillows to take home to our parents. We expect a boy to go home soon his name is Douglas Smith.

—Ronnie Bazemore

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

NEW TEACHER IN LANGUAGE ARTS FIELD

On January 5 Mr. Charles Gibbons assumed the duties as home room teacher for the 7th grade, and language arts teacher for all the upper grades. Even though Mr. Gibbons has been here only a few days he has made quite a favorable impression on many of the boys, and staff members. Mr. Gibbons is from Woodleaf, N. C. and received his education at Guilford College.

The Uplift welcomes Mr. Gibbons to the teaching staff at Jackson.

—:—

SPECIAL D

New boys are Archie Miller, William Hall, Stanley Craery, James Sweeten, and Ronnie Jones. In our Geography class we are comparing the old and new South. In our Health class we are studying about how food becomes energy.

We have completed the task of taking down ourdecorating, our bulentin boards, and the windows for Christmas.

8A SCIENCE

We are studying in the field of, Volcanism. It is an interesting subject. We are assigned to know most of the terms that are used and the recordings of volcanoes. The word, volcanism, comes from the "Greek God of Fire, Vulcan." The biggest recorded volcano in history was in Tambora, an island in the Mediterranean Sea.

—Kevin Buchanan

—:—

ANAGRAMS IN MRS. LISKE ROOM

The game of Anagrams can be played by any number of persons. The avagrams are letters made of card board, plastic, or wood. We like the wooden ones much better. These letters are drawn from the table by the players in turn, one at a time and made into words on the table in front of each player. The words when formed can be captured by other players and then the word is placed in front of the last captor. The game is won when a player succeds in getting a given number of words, or when all the letters on the table have been used.

At first we did not like the game but after playing we have been enjoying it. We do not play only for the fun but we are really learning howto spell words. It is fun when some one takes our word from us and when we are able to get it back by making it into a different word. No word is taken by adding an "s" to the word, but if some player has

the word "hop" this wordcan be taken by the "s" and the word "shop" is made. If a player has the word "fig" it can be taken with a "t" and spelling the word "gift". The game really teaches spelling and plan how to make them into longer words, so they will not be taken.

Come by our room someday and enjoy a game with us.

—Robert Potts
—Groner Buckly
— Robbert Short

—·—

10th GRADE

We have been working hard this month in the 10th grade. We got a new English teacher recently. His name is Mr. Charles Gibbons. We started a new unit in biology and learned how to work new problems in Algebra.

—Steve Orbeson

—:—

10th GRADE WORLD HISTORY

In World History class we have been studying a unit on the Industrial Revolution and the growth of Democracy in certain countries. These two items are closely related as we found out.

Studying the Industial we found out that in a few short years man went almost entirely from hand labor to machine labor. We talked about many of the great inventors of the times. As the industrail society arose they began to have a greater influence in most matters government in particular. They wanted to have more to say about who and how governments functioned.

One big problem came out of the Industrial Revolution. As Mr. Lentz said, man solves one problem, but in so doing he creates another. This was the evils connected with the so called factory system. These evils were low wages, unsafe machines slum conditions for living and long hours worked by women and children

In this unit we also went into a study of the English goverment. We compared it with our own country and saw how the role of the Queen of England differed from that our president. France Belgium and some of the other democracies were mentioned.

—:—

VOCATIONAL REHABILITATION PROGRAM COMES TO JACKSON

Beginning early in January Jackson, working with the North Carolina Vocational Rehabilitation Commission, will offer additional services to the boys in school here. At this writing some of the VR people are already on the job and the program will swing into full effect very shortly. Mr. Harvey Edwards is to be in charge of the program at Jackson. He will be aided by some other personnal. The program is designed to better prepare the boys to fit themselves into the world

after they go home. The VR Counselers will be advising boys of job opportunities, helping the boys get these jobs, and in trying to see that the boy is well fitted for whatever he does upon release. This has long been a need of the correctional program and should provide very worth while services to the boys at Jackson.

If some politicians would walk straight, they'd run better.

The man who is always on the go generally doesn't know how to stop when he gets there.

If some men were to lose their reputation, they would be lucky.

One sure-fire poverty program is to try continually to spend more than you can possibly earn.

Man is nothing but dust. That is why a woman can settle him so quickly!

Some people learn from their experiences; the rest of us are lucky to survive them.

The person who says youth is a state of mind, invariably has more state of mind than youth.

A folk singer is a fellow who sings through his nose by ear.

If a dollar won't do as much as it used to, remember that hardly anybody else does, either.

Appearances are deceiving—a dollar looks the same as it did ten years ago.

All things come to those who wait, but when they come they're out of date.

Considering some of today's movies, it is easy to understand why the idea of adding odor as well as sound was dropped.

Ealry to rise and ditto to bed makes a guy healthy, but socially dead!

It is always surprising how some experiences bring old age.

Succuss is the progession from frayed cuffs to frayed nerves.

If some folks didn't lift their eyebrows they wouldn't get any exercise at all.

Definition of a television set: The family watching machine.

A car can help you see the world —but it's up to you to decide which world!

There are so many labor saving devices on the market today that a person has to work all his life to pay for them.

HONOR ROLLS

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE NO. 1

Bobby Giddings

COTTAGE NO. 2

Ricky Martin
Joseph Graham
Kenneth Hall
Paul Thorpe
Roger Wilson

COTTAGE NO. 3

Timothy Ayers
Eugene Rigney

COTTAGE NO. 4

Gary Creason
William Hughes

COTTAGE NO. 5

Kenneth Pendleton
Wayne Joyce
Ervin Stalvey
Jimmy Trivette

COTTAGE NO. 10

Larry Bryan
John Suggs
Johnny Atkins
Nathaniel Herring

COTTAGE NO. 11

Roy Worley

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jesse South
Raymond Saunders

COTTAGE NO. 17

Michael Dickerson

Infirmary

Robert Pyatte

TRADE HONOR ROLL

PRINT SHOP

Steve Pendleton
Tim Ayers
Willie Winebarger
James Littles
Ricky Martin
Wayne Suggs
Kevin Buchanan
Peter Marlow

MACHINE SHOP

Ricky Warriax

Gordon Watson
William Murpry

INFIRMARY

Robert Pyatte
Danny Rouse

OFFICE

Eddie Kulpen

SHOE SHOP

Donald Miller
Eddie Moody
Billy Smith
Glenn Poole
Richard Potts
Mike Lee
Charles Rogers

BARBER SHOP

Gregory Locklear
Phillip Graham
John Spencer
Bobby Giddins
Donald Orbison
Rayford Woods

YARD FORCE

Steve Parrish
Woodrow Walker
Ronnie Weatherman
Pat Kennedy
Robert Sanders
Robert Smith

COTTON MILL

Johnny Mausseau
Douglas Hall
Gary Creason
William Carter
Ronnie Fink
James Johnson
Bobby Davis

CAEFTERIA

Donnie Calhoun
Kenneth Lewis
Ray Cox
Jackie Galloway
Larry Bryan
Danny Thomas
James Fink
Fred Colton
Gray Bass
Fred Wenzenried
Bobby Emory

DAIRY

Ronnie Humphrey
Louie Myers
Willie Locklear
Jessie South
Tommy Braswell
Ray Saunders
Ben Benton
Osborn Hamilton

FARM

Thomas Anthony
James Davis
Randy Wright

LAUNDRY

Wilbur Hunning
William Scott
Joe Scott
Larry Costner
Terry Crews

CARPENTER SHOP

Jessie Turner
Horace Cummings
Vernon McKenzie

ARTS AND CRAFTS

Ronnie Jones
Randy Black
Warren Drummond
Ronnie Bazemore
Bobby Nipper
Leon Martin

You can,t fool all of the people all the time, but those highway interchange signs come pretty close to doing it.

In Russia the state owns everything. Over here, it,s the finance companies.

The more aimless a boy is the better he likes to run around with a shotgun.

Records are immortol things—you can't break an old one without making a new one.

There is nothing more expensive than ignorance in action.

"Anyone know shorthand asked the sargent of the recruits. "Good", he said, go help with the potato peeling. There shorthand their!

Every day is judjment day use a lot of it.

"Mother," said Charlie, "I'd like to ask you a question." "When a lightning bug lightens, why dosn't it thunder?

My watch is a wonder, when I look at it I wonder what time it is.

The average American takes 19,689 steps daily—mostly in the wrong direction.

My interest is in the future because I am going to spend the rest of my life there.

Cheerful people are more healthy than morose people; evidently the surely bird gets the germ.

It is very hard to fight temptation. There is always the naging thought —it may not come again.

If you can't stand solitude, maybe you bore others too.

A diet is a small matter once you get your mind over platter.

Notice on office bulletin board: "The boss is a man you should never get smart with, for you might be the one he is able to part with."

You've reached middle age when you've learned how to take care of yourself and intend to begin almost any day now.

Change is not necessarily an improvement; sometimes an old setup is better than a new upset.

People will buy anything that's only one to a customer.

FOLLOW UP FARM WORKSHOP AT JACKSON

The Follow Up Farm Workshop was held at Jackson, January 23rd and 24th. Mr. Dan Cameron, Farm Director, from the Board of Juvenile Correction, was in charge of the program. The first session was held in the school Library. Mr. Reed Acams, Assistant Superintendent at Jackson, was the evening program chairman. Mr. Norman Garrison, farm manager at Eastern Carolina, was a visitor.

Mr. Hoyt Sloop, Superintendent at Jackson, welcomed the men to the workshop. Mr. Cameron gave a few opening remarks and then turned the program over to Mr. Adams. The following men gave a summery of some of the speeches delivered at the regular farm workshop that had been held at Leonard School. Mr. James L. Query, farm manager at Jack-summery of two speeches. After this Mr. Richard Poteate and Mr. Clarence scmmery of two speeches. After this Mr. Richard Poteate and Mr. Clarence Cameron, farm supervisors at Jackson provided the group with refreshments.

After the break Mr. Garrison and Mr. Wilson Burton, Social Service at Jackson, summerized two speeches. Mr. Sloop critiqued the evenings work, with a general discussion being held by all present.

Due to the terrible weather conditions at Jackson on January 24th, snow and icy roads the second evening's program was called off. This evening's speakers were to come from some of the other schools and Mr. Cameron very wisely canceled the program.

* * * *

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in thouble.

"Early prevention of cruelty is worth far more than belated prosecution for it."

Most problems are settled for us by the stern law of necessity.

A man's conscience is liken unto a black-board; he can erase it, but the dust of the misdeen remains.

RELIGIOUS EMPHASIS MONTH OBSERVED AT JACKSON

The month of January, as has been the custom for many years, was observed as Religious Emphasis Month at Jackson. Mr. Frank Liske made many of the arrangments necessary for this program to be a success. Ministers from various churches in Concord and Cabarrus County freely gave their time and effort. For this this the administration of Jackson is grateful to them. All during the month of January the ministers visited the cottages for vespers and devotionals on a weekly basis. To climax Religious Em for vespers and devotionals on a weekly basis. To climax Religious Emham supper on Friday night January 26. After the meal the students and the participating ministers assembled in the school auditorium for an evening program. The Reverend Howard Alfred, Epworth Methodist Church, Concord, gave the message.

Following is a list of the ministers and the cottages they visited during the month.

Reverend William A. Rock, Jr.	Cottage 1
Reverend Terry Hammell	Cottage 2
Reverend Gorge Fiddler	Cottagt 3
Reverend Davic Gales	Cottage 4
Reverend Charles Elyea, Jr.	Cottage 5
Reverend Don Jordon	Cottage 6
Reverend Earnest Harbinson	Cottage 7
Reverend Gorge Alexander	Cottage 8
Reverend Clarence Sifford	Cottage 9
Reverend Howard Allred	Cottage 10
Reverend William Byrd	Cottage 11
Reverend Charles Efird	Cottage 13
Reverend Stancil Bancom	Cottage 14
Reverend Ronald Overcash	Cottage 15
Reverend Byron Whitley	Cottage 17

The Uplift takes this opportunity to thank all the ministers and congratulate them on a job well done.

We often do more good by our sympathy than by our labors.

THE IMPORTANCE OF PARENTS IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE TEENAGER

Parents in a teenagers life today are very, very important. If the teenager of today dosen't have any parents and lives with his brother or sister, he will probably end up in a training school, or some kind of imprisonment, **if** the brother or sister dosen't act as a good guardian should. This will also occur if the teenagers parents or parent, lets him do anything, at anytime, and anywhere he pleases. Because if a teenager is out at all hours of the night, he will more than likely get into some kind of trouble.

Parents are important in other ways also. They teach their teenager such things as good dress habits, the right things to say and do at social gatherings, and many other thnigs that will be needed to know in the futher walks of life.

If a teenager's enviroment is a shambled one, the teenager himself will probably be the same way. Here is an example of a boy who lives in an untidy enviroment.

One day as John Cummings, 16, came into his house he saw laundry soild with liquor, lying all about, on the couch lay four empty liquor bottles, and in the kitchen floor sat his three year old sister. At seeing this John knew his father had been paid his unemployment insurance and spent it on booze. Now so disgusted at his father he didn't want to go anywhere so he went to the cabinit where his father kept his booze and got a bottle down and started on it. At this you can see that John will probably turn out like his father. This shows you how parents behavior affects their childrens behavior.

Many teenagers who have good parents who tell them what to do and what not to do are right by doing this **but** if they don't enforce them the do's and don't's the teenagers will probably end up in trouble anyway running around with gangs and dating immoral girls. And when the parents find out about this they say, "Haven't I told you not to do those things?" Sure, they've told the teenager but it didn't do any good because they never enforced them.

So today in this world if parents don't act like parent's to their teenagers they may say goodbye to their teenager's decent life.

—John Wayne Suggs

North C
The Library
University of N. C.
Chapel Hill, N. C. 27515

"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."
—Edwin Markham

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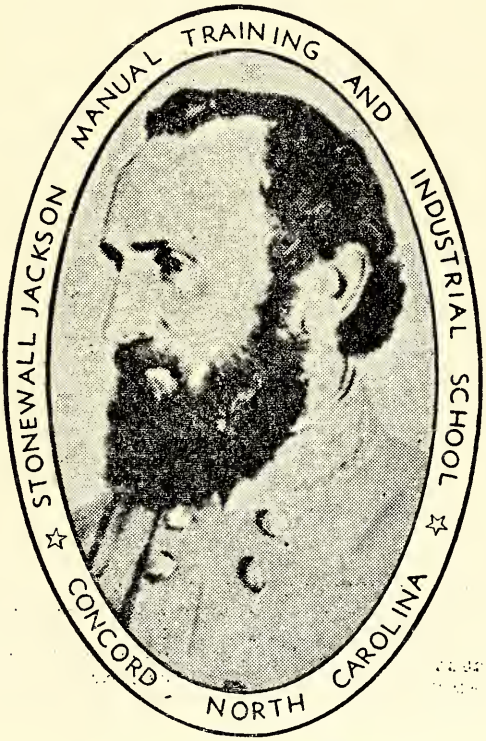
The UPLIFT

"Maxima Debetur Puero Reverentia"



STONEWALL JACKSON
1824 — 1863

FEBRUARY 1968

THE UPLIFT

NORTH CAROLINA BOARD OF JUVENILE CORRECTION
Blaine M. Madison, Commissioner

VOLUME LV **FEBUARY 1968** **NUMBER 2**

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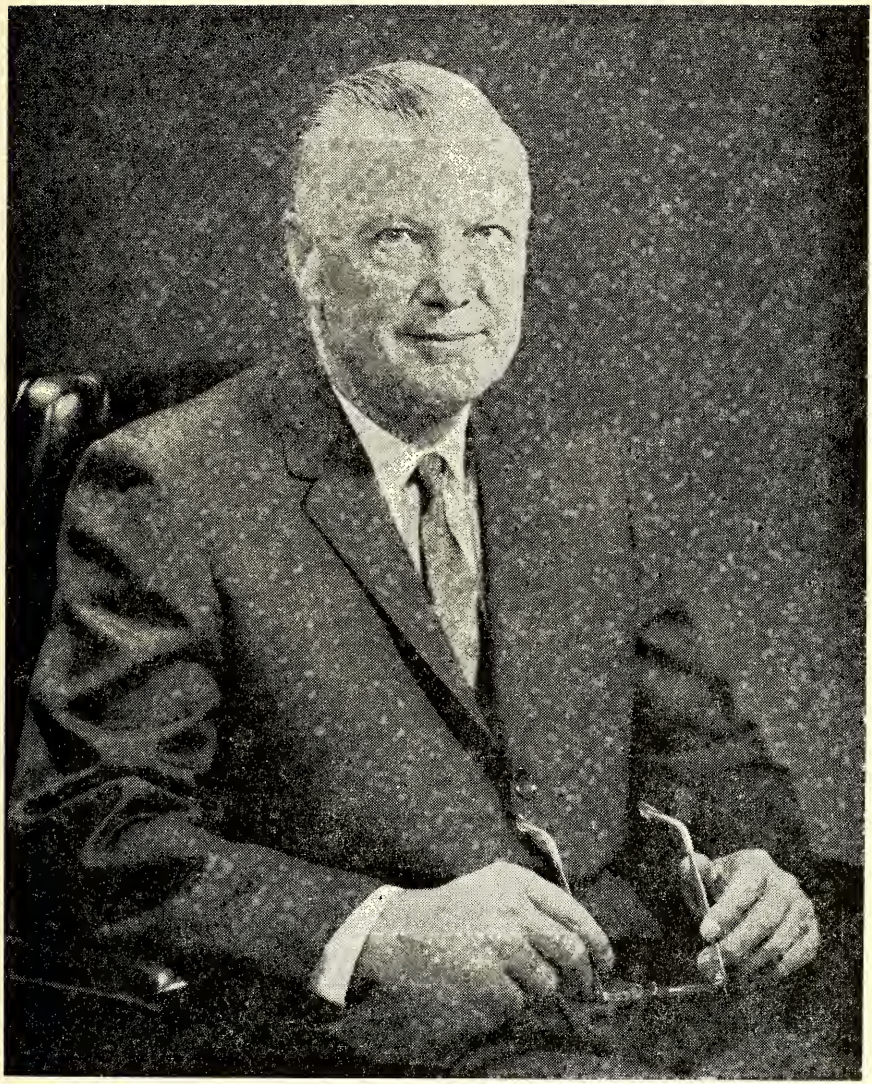


DAN K. MOORE

Governor of the State of North Carolina

THIS EDITION OF "THE UPLIFT" IS DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE EVENTS THAT TOOK PLACE ON THE CAMPUS OF STONEWALL JACKSON SCHOOL ON FEBRUARY 12, 1968 WHICH WAS KNOWN AS "GOVERNOR'S DAY." WE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS ISSUE TO

GOVERNOR DAN K. MOORE

RESUME OF THE EVENTS OF GOVERNOR'S DAY

February 12th, 1968 was a big day in the life of Stonewall Jackson school. Gevernor Dan K. Moore, the State's first citizen paid a visit to the school on that day. Many events took place before the day was over. These events will be reported in detail on the following pages, but named here are the highlights of the day.

Governor Moore arrived on the campus at approximately 12:45. He was met by the entire student body and staff who sang one verse of "The Old North State" in honor of the Chief Executive. Mrs. Sides and the boys in the glee club led the singing.

Following a brief press conference held in the administration building the invited guests, staff members, and the Governor adjourned at the for lunch. Greetings were brought from several individuals at the lunch-luncheon, with the main speech being given by Gevernor Moore. These speeches will be printed in other parts of The Uplift.

An added attracton of Govenor's Day was the appearance on the campus of Bobby Richardson, former major league baseball player. Bobby was here in connection with The Leighton Ford Crusade. Leighton Ford is part of Dr. Billy Graham's Evangalistic Team.

All these events took place because of the Workshop bengi held at Jackson, and the opening of the new Staff Development Center. The Workshop was for cottage counselers, and was the first one held in the new center. Mr. Warren Ellis, Director of Cottage Life, Board of Juvenile Correction, was in charge of the workshop.

LUNCHEON MEETING HONORING GOVERNOR MOORE

At the conclusion of the festivities held at the administration building honoring Governor Moore the invited guests members of the Central Office staff and Jackson officials, along with the governor adjorned to the cafeteria for a luncheon.

Mrs. Ruth Billups, Arts and Crafts and her committee had done an outstanding job of decorating the cafeteria. The tables were lovely and the walls of the cafeteria looked very very good. The Valentine theme was carried out in the decorations.

Mrs. Bost Dietatitian, and her staff outdid themselves preparing and serving a delightful meal. This meal consisted of baked chicken dressing, gravy, candied yams, chilled salad, tomato juice, and cherry pie. The boys serving had been trained well and did a commendable job. An added treat was the serving of ham biscuits to the peple at the luncheon. (The speeches given at the luncheon will be carried in other parts of the Uplift.)

As a surprise for Governor Moore, Joe Albanese, 10th grade student at Jackson presented His Honor with a gift. The gift was made by the boys in Arts and Crafts Department. The boys had made the governor a shirt two pillows and an apron for not only the governor, but also one for Mrs. Moore.

During the luncheon the Jackson Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Ashlyn Sides, presented three numbers. Many favorable commets were heard about the Glee Club.

Following is the program presented at the luncheon:

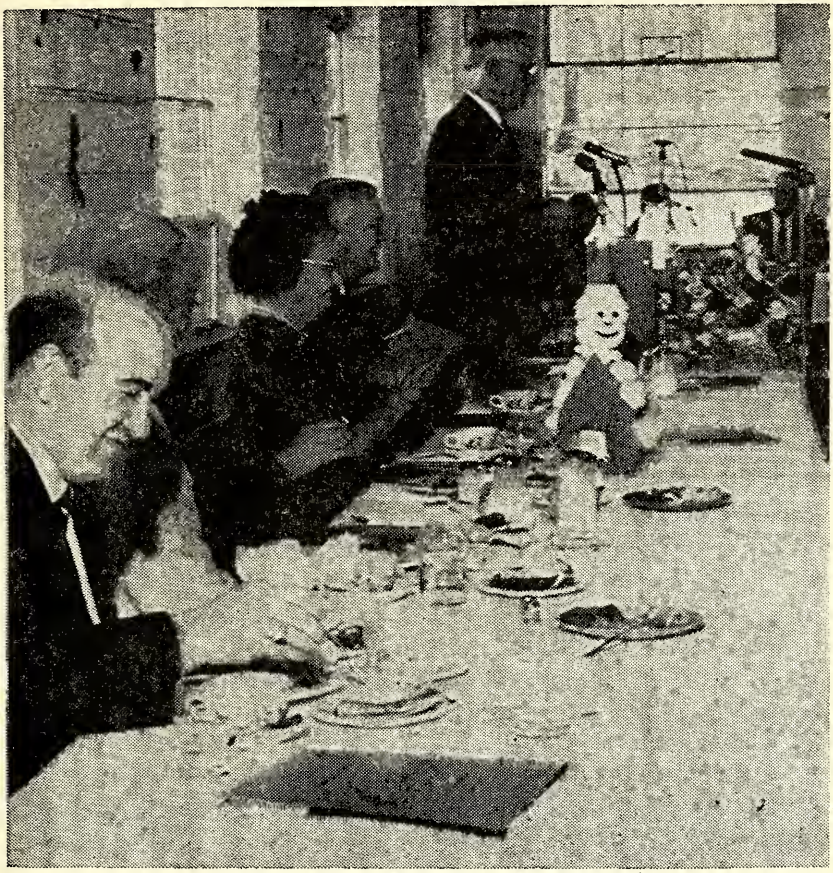
WELCOME

by

Blaine M. Madison
North Carolina
Board of Juvenile Correction

Governor Moore, Mr. Auman, Mr. Dillon, members of the Board and the Advisory Board, distinguished guest, ladies and gentlemen:

It is a very real honor, a very real privilege, for me to say welcome to all of you good people here today. It has been, I think, honestly and objectively said, Governor Moore, that the, State Board of Juvenile Correction is one of the best State Boards in North Carolina and I am convinced that is true. We also have a very fine Advisory Board represented here



SCENE FROM LUNCHEON MEETING

L. to R. Rev. Ronald Overcash, Mrs. John Frye, Board Member, Mrs. C. L. Gilliat, Board Member, Governor Dan Moore and Mr. T. Clyde Auman, Vice Chairman of the board who presided at the luncheon.

today and the chairman of that Board will speak as well as Mr. Dillon when he presents you. Let me on behalf of our Board and Advisory Board and our students and staff express a welcome to all of you today. I do not want to start calling out names because we have distinguished people and

so many important, people from this community and other sections of North Carolina, but there is one person here that I do feel that it would be in order for us to say a special, word of welcome to him. He is sitting at the head table and has been a very close friend of Stonewall Jackson School since it was organized in 1909. He helped the early superintendents here. He helped the early Boards and he is still a great supporter of this school. I had the privilege of sitting by him during the meal and he is a great friend of boys and girls and at the cost of appearing to be indisrete and asking one person to stand and not asking others I do think it is an honor for us to ask Mr. C.A. Cannon if he won't stand and let us give him a round of applause.

We welcome our distinguished Governor to this campus today with all of you who are here to be with us in this workshop and to visit with us on this occasion when the Governor comes to speak. We welcome you ladies and gentlemen to the campus of an institution that is making every possible effort to help young men find thier appropriate and proper place in the society of North Carolina so that they can make a very real contribution to this State. We welcome you here to support us in this effort. In my judgement there has never been a time, in the history of ths country when support of Juvenile Correction, and youth crime is badly needed. If you meet with committees all across the country who are evaluatning and assessing the problem related to crime and delinquency you can see the truth in what, I have said. So we not only welcome you here, but we welcome your support of what we are undertaking to do. We need each of you. We need the Governor and we need the support of the Legislature and the support of the citizenship, of North Carolina. If those of us who have the privilege of working in the institution serving delinnquent youth are to do the best job we can and the job that ought to be done we need your support. We welcome you here today:, to Governor's day at Stonewall Jackson School. After the luncheon today we will be happy to have all of you visit as long as you have the opportunity to stay. We do hope this will be one of many occasions when all of you can come and on behalf of our entire staff group, the Board, the Advisory Board, our students and staff, I am happy to say welcome to each of you. Thank you.

GREETINGS

by
Dwight W. Quinn
Seventh Annual Workshop for Cottage Counselors
Jackson Training School

Governor Moore, distinguished guests, members of the staff, ladies and gentlemen.

It is with a deep sense of pride that I join you here today to bring greetings on behalf of the North Carolina Legislature. It is my understanding that your Annual Workshop for Cottage Counselors is designed to enhance your training through the identification and exploration of new techniques which will aid you as you attempt to refine and improve your programs. This occasion is especially gratifying because I feel that it symbolizes another effort of our State's determination to fulfill a basic resonsibility to its employees and its young people. You who participate in the forthcoming workshop will be richly rewarded for your efforts and will be repaid each time you find a new answer or a method which will aid you in the restoration of some young personality to a more abundant life in North Carolina.

North Carolinians can find cause for pride in the quality of their Juvenile Correction Program. This program has been noted as the best in the Southeast and among the best in the Nation. This quality is reflected in the many achievements which you have made under your present administration. It reflects the fact that our State is progressive and that we are enthusiastically responsive to the social, spiritual, and economic needs of our young people. This is the image of your program and it is the image of North Carolina. You are contributing immeasurably to this image in your efforts here this week to take another step toward the refinement of your profession.

The members of the General Assembly of your Great State recognize the fact that the primary objective of your program is the social rehabilitation of the children committed to it- -the development of their ability to live in harmony with organized society. Some children need the special care and treatment that ony a good institution can provide. We recognize

Governor Moore is Greeted by Board Members, As Representative Dwight Quinn From Kannapolis Looks On.

that a good institution must be one of several resources whiich we must consider as we provide services for all of our children. The State of North Carolina provides excellent service to some 2,000 youngters who have been adjudicated delinquent by the juvenile courts and who have been committed for an indefinite period of time to one of your schools.

So on behalf of the members of your General Assembly I want to publicly commend your Administrative Staff and all personel for the fine job you are doing. You have a twenty-four hour task and your dedication to duty is worthy of our highest praise.

A retrospective look at the new developments within your program in the past few years is impressive. It tells me that you have the respect and a high level of credibility with the General Assembly of this Great State of North Carolina. Your capital improvement appropriations from the immediate past General Assembly can also be interpreted as a vote of confidence in the Program of Juvenile Correction in North Carolina. You are moving forward. You are exploring new directions and are cotinually refining and re-evaluating yourselves. So again, on behalf of the members of the Legislative Body of this Great State of North Carolina, I thank you for the opportunity of being here and I consider it a rare privilege to bring you greetings from this group. We pledge to you continuing support and wish for you God's speed in your endeavers. Thank you very much.

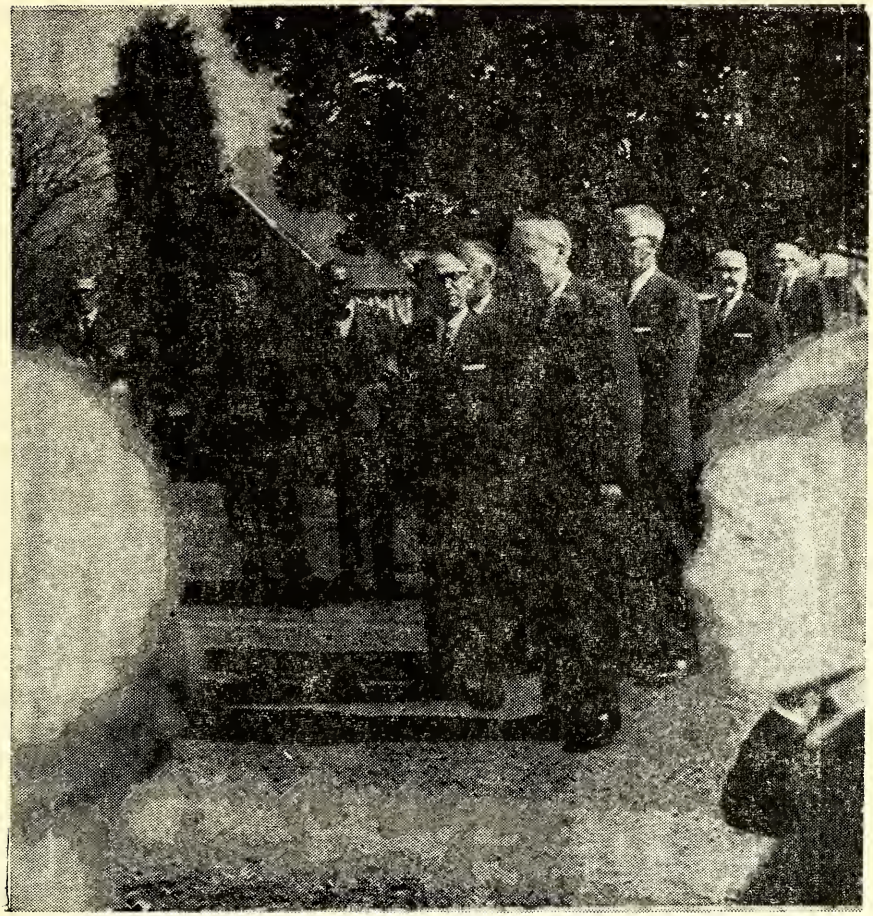
GREETINGS

by
W. R. Collins, Chairman
Advisory Board
North Carolina
Board of Juvenile Correction

Mr. Chairman, Governor Moore, Mr. Madison, other members and distinguished guest, ladies and gentlemen:

On an occasion like this we find ourselves concerned with the problems of persons who are most often defective. We find ourselves concerned with the boys who have made mistakes and who have become a part of this institution like other institutions of this kind throughout the state. We invited the Governor on an occasion like this so he can see that, even though it is not University of North Carolina where the elite are enrolled, the boys who sang for him on the grounds here and who have sung for him in this cafeteria are as much a part of the Great North Carolina as anybody else. Gevernor Moore you have never seen a more deserving group of individuals. A group more determined to do for you and the state as long as you serve to make this a page in the history unequal to any other Govenor that has existed. In fact we cherish this opportunity to bring greetings on this occasion so we can talk directly to you and your closest friends and we pledge all the allegiance we have as members of the Advisory Board of Juvenile Correction of North Carolina to do our best to our very last.

ARRIVAL ON CAMPUS



Shown Above is Governor Dan K. Moore, with other Visitors, As He Listens To The Jackson Boys Sing The "Old North State."

GREETINGS

by
Mrs. John L. Frye

Governor Moore, Commissioner Blaine Madison, Distinguished Guests, Staff, Friends:

Greetings to this Seventh Annual Workshop for Cottage Counselors from the Board of Juvenile Correction. Greetings that are overflowing with admiration and respect for the commissioner and the staff for the tremendous contribution that they are making. Today no doubt, we are all of the opinion that our young people are the greatest natural resource in our great state of North Carolina. Today it is the priviledge of the Board to bring greetings to and to pay tribute to a group of people who not only believe this, but are devoting their lives to doing something about it. It is important to us at this time to stress to all that we do not merely set aside times such as these to evaluate your efforts, your work your results. A day never passes in which we all are not aware of you and all that you are doing in the name of Corrections and Training. A day never passes that we are not grateful for your programs like this of achievement and planning. We very proudly salute the staff and personnel of all training schools. May you long continue your dedicated and rewarding service. You each deserve personal greetings — — greetingsi of gigantic gratitude.

GREETINGS

BY
William Lofpuist, President
North Carolina Juvenile Correction Association

Governor Moore, Commissioner Madison, members of the Board of Juvenile Correction, colleagues in the field of Juvenile Correction and friends:

It is certainly a very real pleasure and privilege to have an opportunity to bring greetings to you from the North Carolina Juvenile Correction Association and I might add a very real honor to our association and to me personally to share with you this very important event in the life of the Board of Juvenile Correction. I hope I might also take the liberty to bring greetings to you from one of a number of agencies in the State that has the privilege of working very closely and co-operatively with the Board of Juvenile Correction and with each of the correctional schools across the State.

One observation I would like to make in beginning my brief comments is that I hold a very special place n my heart for cottage parents because my wife and I were cottage parents at one time in a childrens institution not far from here. This was only for a brief period, but I gained from that experience a very deep respect for the kind of job, a very difficult job and a very rewarding job, that you have. I also had the pleasure of returning to that institution and working again very closely with the Cottage Parent staff as a case worker.

There are one or two observations I would like to make from my vantage point in working with a State Association of people who are in the field of Juvenile Correction. I see two or three very exciting things taking place at this time and these things hold a great deal of promise for the future. One of these developements that is taking place in our State, as I see it, is the growing appreciation for the field of Juvenile Correction as a whole range of services. Now what this means to me in practical terms is that when a youngster, an alleged offender is apprehended by an officer, that police officer is a member of the team in the field of Juvenile Correction. When that youngster is referred to the court, the probation officer who had the task of evaluating that situation and assisting the judge is a member of the team in the field of Juvenile Correction. That probation

officer might have the responsibility of supervising that youngster and a gain he is a member of the team. If the child is committed to the Board of Juvenile Correction, you as Cottage Parents are members of the team in the field of Juvenile Correction and this again is to say that there is a growing appreciation in the State of North Carolina for the whole scope, the whole range of services from the time the child is apprehended through the after care services and this is to me a very important development because it means that those of us who work in the field of Juvenile Correction are getting together more. We are enjoying closer co-operations closer communications and the more this can take place the better we are able to do our work in the field.

Two other things which I see happening which are of immediate importance; one of these is that some consideration is being given now to the re-writing of the Juvenile Court laws in North Carolina. This is one of the reasons our State Association was brought about. We wanted to encourage this. The statutes that we now operate under were written in about 1919 and needless to say they are quite outmoded. So the people who are considering the re-writing of the Juvenile Court Statutes are doing a very important job. I think it is encumbent on those of us who work in the field to make our feelings known to those who have this responsibility, to let them know what we would like to see in a workable juvenile court statute in order that we can do our job more fully.

Another development that is taking place is the begining of some consideration of the state-wide organization of juvenile correctonal services. A number of people are doing this. This is a very sigificant development in the field as we in the association see it. Now all of this means that it might well be that the 1969 Legislature can become one of the most crucial Legislatures in the history of the whole field of Juvenile Correction in the State of North Carolina and I hope this is something that we can all make our contributions too and have a part in. All of this again is to say that the days ahead hold a great deal of promise and a great deal of excitment for those of us in this work. I would like to personally commend for the assocation the Board of Juvenile Correction. The members of the staff of each of our correctional schools for the very excellent work you are doing. We look forward to further communications and further co-operation in the future. I wish you well in this exciting week of learning which you have before you in this workshop for Cottage Parents. Thank you.

INTRODUCTION OF GOVERNOR DAN K. MOORE

by

C.A. DILLON, CHAIRMAN
BOARD OF JUVENILE CORRECTION

Ladies and gentlemen,

I am honered and privileged to present a man who will go down in history as one of the truly great Governors of North Carolina, The Honorable Dan K. Moore.

It has been my privilege to serve as Chairman of The North Carolina Board of Juvenile Correction since it was sworn in and organized on October 7, 1943 by the late Governor J. Melville Broughton. At that time we had only four training schools in the State. The schools in operation at that time were Stonewall Jackson School, Samaracand Manor, Eastern Carolina and Cameron Morrison School. We have since established four additional schools. I have had a part in the establishment of Dobbs Farm School, Samual Leonard School, the Juvenile Evaluation Center and the New School which is almost completed at Butner.

I have not only seen the Program of Juvenile Correction grow bigger. I have seen it grow better. Norh Carolina now has one of the best Juvenile Correction Progams to be found in the entire United States.

We have been able to improve our services because we have had good support. Across the years each governor has been interested in helping us improve the treatment process in the schools. Members of the General Assembly have provided approiations so that we could have better facilities and better trained staff. We are grateful to all of those people for their support.

Five years ago it was my good fortune to meet and work with a man whom I regard very highly. Since that time he has been elected Governor, and is providing the people of North Carolina great leadership as their chief executive. When the history books of our state have been written and the photographs of our most distinguished governors are hanging on the Capitol Building, the picture of Governor Dan Moore will be among

those reconized by a grateful people for service beyond the call of duty His concern for all of our citizens, his deep sympathy for those in need, and his understanding of the complex problems which many people have have endeared him to people in all walks of life.

We have never had a governor who has been more interested in Juvenile Correction than Dan Moore. When we were seeking an approriation for the new school at Butner, he came to our assistance and helped obtain the funds.

Ladies and gentlemen,

I am honored and privileged to present a man who will go down in history as one of the truly great Governors of North Carolina, The Honorable Dan K. Moore.

REMARKS BY GOVERNOR DAN MOORE AT THE SEVENTH ANNUAL STAFF DEVELOPMENT WORKSHOP FOR COTTAGE COUNSELORS

Thank you for giving me this opportunity to participate in the Seventh Annual Staff Development Workshop for Cottage Counselors. There is nothing of greater importance to the future of North Carolina than its young people. While all need our attention and understanding, perhaps none need our assistance as much as those who become classified as juvenile delinquents. To me, there is nothing so tragic or so wasteful as a deliquent child who is allowed to become a deliquent adult.

The North Carolina Board of Juvenile Correction is by law charged with the responsibility of providing a rehabilitation and treatment program. This includes custodial care, training, and educaton for children committed by courts as delinquents. The record of the board in carrying forward its program through the years has been most commendable. Many young people through this governmental function have turned from a life of crime to one of solid accomplishment.

I want to express my appreciation to Mr. C. A. Dillion and the other members of the Board for their continuing efforts to provide this state with an outstanding program of juvenile correction. Commissioner Blaine Madison and his people have worked with dedication in carrying out the program of the Board. And, of course, none of this fine juvenile correction program would have been possible without the continuing support and interest of the General Assembly.

The Board members, the staff and the Legislators deserve a lot of credit for the development of the juvenile correction program in North Carolina. However, the success and the accomplishments of the program are dependent upon the men and women who work with these young people when they are sent to one of the system's eight institutions. And, perhaps no one has any more influence on the way these young people continue in life than does the cottage counselor.

As a father, as a judge, and now as Govenor, I have long been concerned over juvenile delinquency. As a God-fearing person, I cannot believe that any child is born with anything more than a mischievous spirit, which in itself is admirable. The regresson of this spirit into something de-

trimental to the individual and to society is often the failure of the child's enviroment and particulary his home. The strength and guidance we all need unfortunately is not available to all children.

This emphasizes the burden upon the cottage counselors in our juvenile correction system. The responsibility is upon each of you to provide a home atmosphere that will help to bring out the best in the individual. And, your job in helping to rear these young people is all the more difficult because something has been lacking in their young lives which you must find and supply. You must also provide a continuing source of strength and hope to inspire these young people when they return to their normal lives.

I commend you cottage counselors for your understanding and your dedication to the young people with whom you work. It is to your credit that the great majority of the youngsters who come to one of the State's correction centers return home and lead normal lives as productive citizens. And it is also to your credit that you seek-through these workshops- -the means of becoming of even greater assistance to the children who come to you for guidance and encouragement.

In these next few minutes I would like to talk with you about the opportunity that we now have in North Carolina to minimize juvenile delinquency in the years ahead. I want to talk about individuals; about Johnny Smith, the boy next door; about Mary Jones, the girl down the street. Iwant to talk about our children and our grandchildren, those who have too much affluence as well as those who have to little. In short, I want to talk briefly about our investment in the future of this State.

Juvenile delinquency is a growing problem throughout the nation. Crimes statistics reveal that juveniles are involved in increasing numbers of virtually all types of crimes. According to the U.S. Children's Bureau, if the present trend continues, one in every nine youths will be reffered to a juvenile court for some delinquent act before his 18th birthday. I think it is evident that if we are to control crime in the future we must find better ways to prevent juvenile delinquency and to treat the youthful offender.

The President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice states: "America's best hope for reducing crime is to reduce juvenile delinquency and youth crime. In 1965 a majority of all arrests for

major crimes against property were of people under 21, as were a substantial minority of arrests for major crimes against the person. The recidivism rates for young offenders are higher than for any other age group."

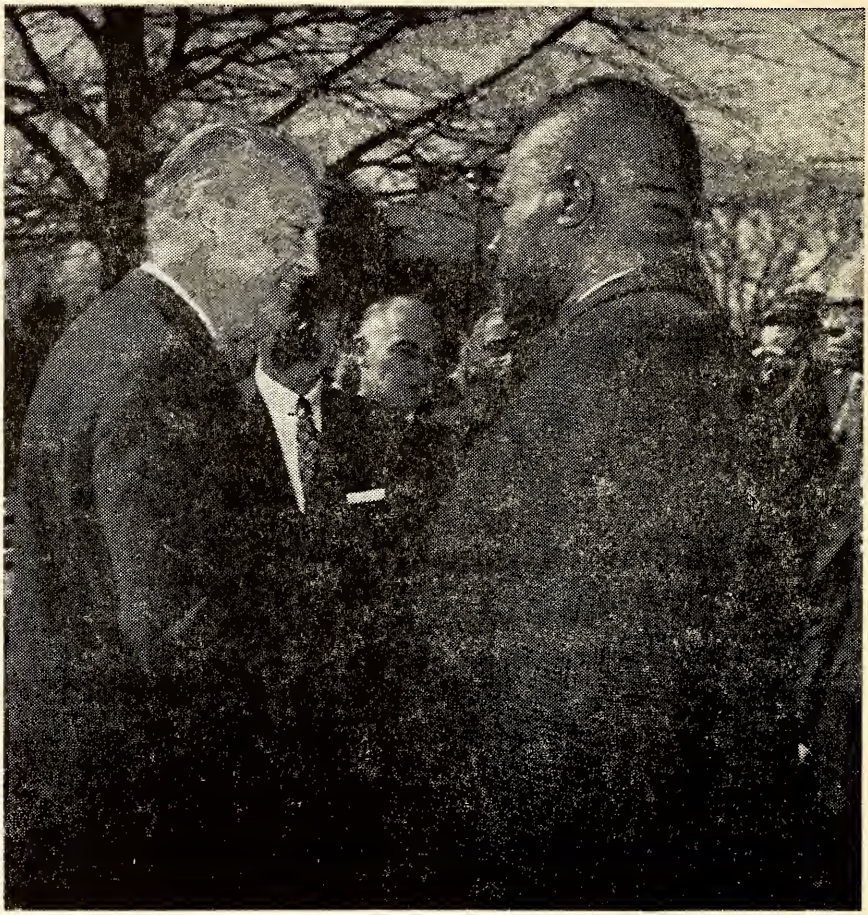
It is evident, I think, that in North Carolina we must give more attention to the delinquent and to the potential delinquent. At the present time, the State's involvement with delinquency is the providing of custodial care, training, and education of young people committed by the courts. The pattern of delinquency prevention and delinquent supervision varies across the State. In some counties it is good, while in others it is non-existent. There should be some consistency throughout the State.

There is a need for greater public awareness of the problems of juvenile delinquency and public willingness to assume some responsibility for helping those young people who can become problems for the community. I recognize that the home has the primary responsibility. But, when the home fails, then the responsibility is passed on to community institutions- -the church, the school, etc.- -and, if they are unable to meet the needs, then to local and State governments.

I think now is the time for North Carolina to give serious consideration to the total problem of juvenile crime and correction. We should not wait until the problem demands attention and a crash program of action. North Carolina must begin now to plan for a sound program recognizing all aspects of the problem and seeking sound ways to eliminate or, at least, minimize them. The State's future efforts, I believe, should be in asisting local government and private groups in controlling and preventing juvenile delinquency.

Let's look for a minute at the controlling of delinquency. This involves the apprehension of law violators, our court system, as well as our rehabilitation efforts. More of our police departments must recognize the youthful offender as a particular type of problem which should be dealt with in a manner different from adults. Special confinement faciliities should be provided. And, of course, more of our courts must become aware of the special problems of the juvenile offender and of thier special needs for rehabilitation.

One of our major needs in North Carolina, I feel, is a uniform system of juvenile probation and paroles. Too often the only answer is com-



Governor Dan K Moore Chats Informally while Superintendent Sloop of Jackson Watches.

mitment to a correction center. In many cases, perhaps it would be better on the individual and on the State if he were put on probation under the supervison of a trained juvenile probation officer Certainly it woud be far cheaper on the taxpayer and, in many cases, far more beneficial to the

child provided he could receive proper supervision and counseling.

Prevention, of course is preferable to control. We must recall our own difficulties in the transition from childhood to adulthood and our own frustrations in trying to find "our place" in the adult world. And, we must reconize that the world is more complicated today and that the very rapidity of change makes it difficult on the youngster seeking his place. There are also the problems of parents too busy or too unconcerned to care, too poor in education and financial resources to provide essentials.

Eric Hoffer, the longshoreman philospher expressed the feeling this way "Where self-confidenct and self-esteem seem unattainable the emerging individual becomes a highly explosive entity. He tries to derive a sense of confidence and of worth by embracing some absolute truth or by identifying himself with the spectacular doings of a leader or some collective body.... He and his like become a breeding group of convulsion and upheavals that shake a society to its foundation."

We must make every effort to reach the young men and women who need help beyond that which can be provided in their homes. We need to provide greater guidance, leadership, and understanding in our present community institutions and our present programs. Greater emphasis must be given to counseling in the schools and to broadening educational opportunities. Mental treatment must be provided in the communities.

Where do we begin? First, I think there must be public recognitions not only of present delinquency problem, but of its dangerous potential for future growth. We must also begin immediately to focus our resources on the particular problems of delinqency in North Carolina. We must build a sound program of juvenile opportunity upon the foundation of the present program of the Board of Juvenile Correction We must start now to plan a program which will serve this State in the years ahead.

With these purposes in mind I have planned a meeting of officials of the various State agencies which work with deliquent juveniles. I Will ask Mr. Madison and other officals who attend to review the Stat's present efforts in light of future needs and to make recommendations for improvement. North Carolina must now move ahead in seeking ways to prevent delinquency and improve rehabiltation programs for youthful offenders. These officials, I believe, can provide the beginning of a program to inspire greater public attention and greater effort in promoting juvenile

decency.

Again, I appreciate the opportunity, of coming to this workshop and sharing with you some of my thoughts on the serious problem of juvenile delinquency. By your efforts you here today have demonstrated the good that can be accomplished through young men and women by people with understanding and dedication. I am hopeful that your example will soon be amplified throughout North Carolina by countless people interested in providing the opportunity for a decent life to every young Tarheel.

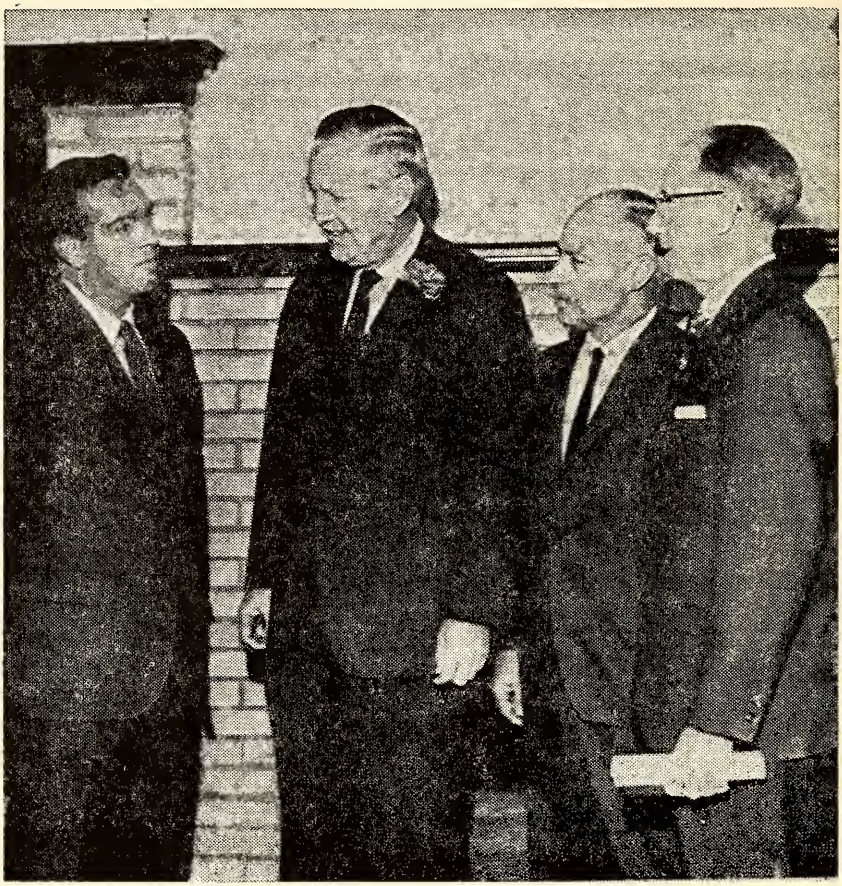
BOBBY RICHARDSON VISITS JACKSON

As an added attraction to Governor's Day the boys at Jackson were visited by Bobby Richardson, former New York Yankee infielder. Bobby met briefly with the Governor's party then went to the school auditorium to talk to all the boys. Mr. Cannon, Director of Physical Educaton, met and introduced Bobby to the boys.

Bobby Richardson has long been interested in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes. Bobby told the boys some of his experiences as a major league ball player. What ever he talked about, there was always present the idea that he was a Christian. He mentioned that all boys could not be major leaguers, could not always be all-stars, but every boy could be a clean living Christian. Bobby told the boys that quite often, before ball games some of the other Yankees would ask him to be in charge of devotionals. Bobby said that he thought he was a good father to his boys, his own sons, but that he was sure that he could be a better one. Bobby left baseball in order to devote more time to his sons, and to work with other boys more than was possible while he was playing ball. Bobby is now in the insurance business, but travels and makes many talks just as he did for the boys at Jackson. Some of the boys from Jackson had the chance to hear Bobby again that evening as he was appearing in Kannapolis with the Leighton Ford Crusade.

The Uplift thanks Bobby Richardson for coming to Jackson and also congratulates him on the fine work he is doing with young people.

FOUR CELEBRITIES AT GOVERNOR'S DAY



L. To R. Bobby Richardson, Former New York Yankee, Ball Player; Gov. Dan K. Moore; Superintendent Hoyt O. Sloop of Jackson; And Commissioner Blaine M. Madison.

NEW STAFF DEVELOPMENT CENTER OPENS

Co-ordinated with the visit of Governor Moore to the campus at Jacson was the opening of the new Staff Development Center. It was decided some time ago that all workshops in the future would be held at Jackson, but an appropriate place had to be found. With the Maintainance men and the boys in their charge working like beavers the new center was completed in time for the Cottage Counselors Workshop. This was a truly great day in the life of Jackson.

The old Cottage Sixteen was chosen as the building to be used for this purpose. Mr. Voncannon, Mr. Drye, Mr. Petrea, Mr. Blakely, Mr. Burris, Mr. Carrol, and maybe some other men, with their boys had a deadline to meet and they met it. The entire interior portion of the old cottage was renovated, plumbing added for living quaters, floors sanded, linoleum laid and windows washed, plaster repaired, walls repainted, and equipment gathered. All this took some hard work on the part of many people trips had to be made to get some of the necessary bedding and bureaus, but Mr. Cress got into the act and come February 12 th things were ready for the visitors.

Much credit is due to all the people responsiible for getting the building ready for the first workshop to be held in the new quaters. Without the co-operation of all concerned this would not have been possible.

A real sincere "congratulations" is due all the men and boys who did so much fine work in getting things ready for this occasion.

COMMITTEES RESPONSIBLE FOR THE SUCCESS OF "GOVERNOR'S DAY

Many of the staff members at Jackson had a large part to play in preparing for the visit to Jackson by Governor Dan Moore. The major part of the work, however, was done by the following committees. (First name listed is that of the chairman.) Steering Committee: Mr. Lentz, Mr. Goodwin, Mr. Adams

Decorations committee: Mrs. Billups, Mrs. Sides, Mrs. Whitaker

Lunch Committee: Mrs. Bost, Mr. Liske, Mrs. Cranford

Invitation Committee: Miss Shoe, Mr. Liske, Mrs. Liske

Hospitality and Printed Program Committee: Mr. Sloop, Mr. Burton, Mrs. Yarbrough, Mrs. Huneycutt

Parking Committee: Mr. Readling, Mr. Query.

Publicity Committee: Mr. Hughes, Mr. Watson, Mr. Adams

Inspections Committee: Mr. Huneycutt, Mr. Leonard, Mrs. Smith, Mr. Burr, Mrs. Eudy, Mr. Bost, Mr. Cannon, Mr. Edmisten, Mr. Eller.

All committees fuctioned in an efficient manner with many of them doing outstanding work. Due to the co-operation of all concerned the visit by our First Citizen was a resounding success.

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"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."
—Edwin Markham

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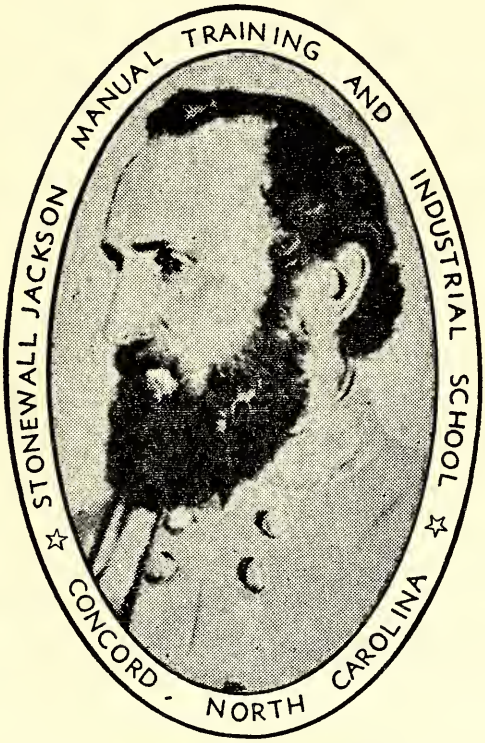

STONEWALL JACKSON
1824 — 1863

MARCH 1968

THE UPLIFT

NORTH CAROLINA BOARD OF JUVENILE CORRECTION
Blaine M. Madison, Commissioner

VOLUME LV **MARCH 1968** **NUMBER 3**

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WORKSHOP FOR COTTAGE COUNSELORS HELD AT JACKSON

Under the supervision of Mr. Warren Ellis, Director of cottage life, the annual Workshop for Cottage Counselors was held at Jackson during the week of February 12—19. The workshop, was held in the new Staff Development Center at Jackson. This was the first workshop, held in the newly renovated center on the campus at Stonewall Jackson School. Approximatley twenty five persons participated in the workshop. All the schools in the correctional system were represented at the workshop. Mr. Reed Adams, new Assistant Supertendent at Jackson and Mr. Hal Lattimore newly appointed Superintendent at the C. A. Dillion School served as consultants for the workshop.

The Workshop participants, as well as many guests, were honored by the presence of Governor Dan K. Moore who opened the workshop as one of the keynote speakers. (The events surrounding Governor Moore's, visit have been published in a previous Uplift) On Friday, Febuary 16, a luncheon was held in the school cafeteria honoring the participants and guest. At this luncheon Mrs. George H. Cates, President, of the North Carolina Federation of Women's Clubs delivered the main address. Other social events were held throughout, the week. On Monday night, February 12, Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Lowder, Counselers at Cottage Three were host for a reception honoring the consultants. On Thursday night, Febuary 15 the workshop participants had a buffet dinner at Lake Lynn Lodge which is just outside Concord, N. C. Mr. George Perry from WSMY—TV, Greensboro, N. C. provided entertainment for the group. Commissioner Madison also spoke breifly at this meeting.

Speakers throughout the week included Mr. O. H. Leak of the Juvenile Division of the High Point N. C. Police Department; Dr. James C. White Psychological Director of The Western Carolina Center; and Mr. C. Page Truitt, Supervisor of Vacational Rehabitation, Winston Salem, N. C.

The address by Mrs. Cates follows:

ADDRESS

by
Mrs. George H. Cates
PRESIDENT
NORTH CAROLINA FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

Thank you so much Mr. Madison for that really inspiring introduction. Over the years our Federation has been working with the correctional schools and I would like to say that through the association which we have had this year, through the open houses, many, many of our women have become acquainted with your campuses and with the program which is going on. They knew about it, but a closer working relationship between the two will, I am sure, bring about even greater things and it is our privilege to be a part of the great work which you are doing.

If you keep your eyes open, you learn something every day and I would like to say that I believe that this is the first time I have ever been in the presence of the "unworthies" and seen a "de-citation" given. I got quite a tickle out of that. I do not know the background, but I have an idea. Oh! you know we have our convention quite often, or rather, have had it for a number of years at the Carolina Hotel at Pinehurst and there is a reason for it. Not only is it such a pretty place and a lovely campus but it is away from everything and they can't get away.

It is such a pretty day and such a pleasure for those of us here to be present with you. You know I am no expert on the problems of young people, especially as you are; those young people whose problems are sad and discouraging, and which take experience and also study and specialized knowledge to solve them. I am the mother of the only one who by our usual standards has fulfilled the dreams, that we had for him and I may tell you he is now serving his country in Germany. I need to tell you had he had to go the other way, we would have felt that he was doing his part and we would have taken it as all of the other, parents of boys over there but we were thankful that he went the other way. I would like to say I fly a flag on my house and I would like to see everybody, do the same thing.

So, I thought in speaking to you today, and knowing that what I say to you, lies almost totally, in one direction, of relaying to you a kind of inspiration letting you know that the people I represent here today, mostly women who make up the N. C. Federation of Women's Clubs are aware of you and aware of the importance of your day by day work. They want you to know of their awareness. And so, since I cannot possibly tell you through scientific or technical knowledge how to improve any phase of your work, I would like to speak to you simply and frankly with the hope of encouraging and inspiring you in your day by day task. Because I am a mother, because I know something of what members of the women's clubs of North Carolina, and the nation, feel about youth and its problems, I am interested and want to make other people more interested in what you are doing. These are my reasons for coming today.

Just to give you, as I believe Dale Carnige teaches in his courses, something on which to "hang the points" I am about to make, let's think of the points as "P's" in a pod. Most of us are familar with the pods of peas as one of nature's most efficient plants. The pod protects the develoing fruit inside and when the time comes we enjoy the fresh tasty vegetable. Let's take the "P's" in the pod as we come to them. The first one is purpose. If you are like most of us, ordinary human beings, there comes a time when the real purpose in what we are doing escapes us. We need continuous reminding of it. When I was thinking about what I should say to you today I began to think; we read the morning papers, we skim the headlines, shake our heads, voice an opinion or two and make this comment, "Oh! they should do something about that." Most of us are of the "Let George do it school." (I am, especially, since that is my husband's name.) All of us sometimes or anothter say, "they should do something about that" and it occurred to me right then, and there that you people here today are one of the "they" groups. You are people, who are doing something about youth problems. The community's failure, has provided your opportunity. I am sure that as the days go by there come times of tedious uninspiring routine which undermine your spirts. When they come remember what you are doing has a purpose. This purpose is the correction of the patching up the errors of a human being, and giving real purpose to young lives which would not otherwise have any meaning. So the purpose in what you are doing is also to give purpose; to help the young

people with whom you work; young people who have already met with discouragement, depression, dirt and filth. Help them find purpose with a capital "P" in thier lives, lives which so far haven't promised to much. Someone said, " A task without a vision is drudgery. A vision without a task is a dream. A task with a vision is victory." This anonymous slogan can be and shocld be applied not only to your own purpose, but to the other facet of this first "P" in the pod. Your task is not without a vision, therefore, never consider it a drudgery. Your vision is not without, a task therefore, it is no dream which may disappear or evaporate under close scrutiny. Yours is a task with a vision and sometime, somewhere, it will turn into victory. Your victory comes when even a slight improvement and enlightening, however little or big, comes to youth who depends on you for help.

I had a good laugh the other day when Paul Harvey, in his clipped style, told of the young teenager who had been trying for two or three years to "find himself." It is an expression we hear often and I am sure you hear it more often than we do. Mr. Harvey said that this boy, son of a friend of his, had tried several channels through which he hoped to find himself. Then, as time passed, this youngster went down to the barber shop and had his hair cut and--there he was! Beneath the humor in this story, there is truth. Some times it is the simplest truth that helps some youngster find himself. That is your purpose.

For the sake of time let's make "split P" soup. One is preparation. All of you in some way have had preparation for the kind of work in which you endeavor. You had some preparation, or personality plus which made you the choice for your special job. All I can add is the fact that preparation is a continuing thing. New ideas and new experiments cause continual change in everthing today and your field is not different. Do not neglect the challenge you face. Staying abreast of your field will help you more quickly and more completely accomplish the purpose we just talked about.

Another "P" in the pod is perspective. I am Duplin County's ranking amateur artist and perspective is a key factor to an artist. If the road doesen't curve correctly or the ground lie as it does naturally, then the picture becomes funny instead of beautiful. Perspective in your work as in all areas means keeping your mind and heart co-operative, putting first

things first, remembering that a young life is the only life that a certain young individual has and your influence on it may make it or break it. Perpective — — It was Michelangelo, the great artist of the Renaissance who once said he could see an angle in the rugged stone on which he was working and it was his task to liberate it. I am a mother and no one needs to tell any mother that there are tifes when perspective flies out the window. Human frailties like temper, selfish interest, frustrations all happen whether we want them to or not and so all I can say to you is keep the perspective, review your purpose from time to time and be re-inspired by the fact that, like Michelangleo, you can see beyond the problems and frustrations to the potential in every life.

All of which calls for the fourth "P" in the pod, perseverence. Our generation grew up on the admonition, "if at first don't succeed try, try again." I wonder how many times I read the story of the little engine that thought he could--"I think I can." Do parents say that to youngsters anymore? I don't hear it as I did when I was growing up. I would be interested to know. Anyway, you should take great pride in your work. You are the people we outsiders are asking to do something obout one of our greatest and saddest problems. Never forget that. The great human itarian of all history said it best, "Inasmuch as you did it not to one of the least of these you did it not to me" or in the more modern language of Phillip's translation of the New Testament, "I assure you that whatever you fail to do to the humbiest of my brothers you failed to do to me." Service which enhances the human dignity and self-determination or the person served is more important than service which fails to accomplish things. You are leader in this field. A poem I found encompasses all I our greatest and saddest problems. Never forget that. The great humanaration, Perservance, and Pride.

"A builder builded a temple.
He wought it with grace and skill.
Pillars and groins and arches,
All fashioned to work his will.
Men said as they saw it's beauty,
It shall know decay.
Great is thy skill O builder.

Thy fame shall endure for aye.
A teacher builded a temple,
With loving and infinate care.
Planning each arch with patience,
Laying each stone with prayer.
None praised her unceasing efforts.
None knew of her wonderous plan.
For the temple the teacher builded
Was unseen by the eyes of man.
Gone is the builders temple.
Crumbled into dust.
Low lies each stately pillar,
Food for consuming rust.
But the Temple the teacher builded,
Will last while ages roll.
For that beautiful unseen temple,
Was a child's immortal soul."

Hattie V. Hall

Thank you so much for the opportunity and the privilege of meeting with you.

* * * *

Never let us be discocraged with ourselves. It is not when we are conscious of our faults that we are the most wicked; on the contrary, we are less so. We see by a brighter light; and let us remember for our consolation that we never perceive our sins until we begin to cure them.

If you are in a 'fix' remember that sweatng will help you more to get out than swearing.

So many are ready to spread a bouquet. and slow to give a cup of cold water.

Associate yourself with men of good quality if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

JACKSON CAMPUS TAKES ON A NEW LOOK

With the coming of Spring the Jackson Campus is definitly taking on a new look. Mr. Suther and his boys have been working very hard to improve the looks of the entire place. The large area in front of the cottages in the central part of the campus has been plowed up and grass planted. This should greatly improve the appearance of the main portion of the campus.

The old shubbry around the administration building has been removed and replaced with box wood. The area around the southwestern part of the cafeteria has been grassed and will shortly take on a "greenish" look.

Of course with the coming of spring things take on a new look generally. Much fertilizer has been put on the grassy areas and is beginning to have its effect. The flower gardens around campus have been cleaned, and in many places the pansies are showing their color.

The lawn mowers have been in action the last few days as the warm weather brought out the grass. The many trees on campus are taking on new growth with the new leaves already beginning to show.

Not exactly coincidence with spring, but in the light of improvement, it must be mentioned that the infirmary is getting an addition. This will increase the services of this building.

Mr. Cannon has leveled out the softball field by the gym getting ready for the ball games. New parking lots have been added at various spots around campus. The cottages have been cleaning the areas around the buildings.

All in all it can be said that when spring came on March 20th Jackson was ready.

* * * *

There are two occasions when the mouth should be kept shut-when sleeping and when swimming.

"The law insists that the contents of a can shall come up to its label. You bear the name of 'Christian'; are you true to label?"

THE HISTORIC MACE OF OLD NORFOLK

Reposing in a great vault of a time-honored bank in Norfork, Va., is a silver Mace, presented to the ancient Borough of Norfork in 1753 by the Honorable Robert Dinwiddie, representative of the crown and commander-in-chief of the Dominion from 1751 to 1758.

Through investigation has revealed the interesting fact that Norfork is the only city in the United States which possesses a silver Mace inherited from Colonial times, and that with the exception of the Mace of the State of South Carolina, which is kept in the State House at Columbia, Norfork's is the only mace of which there is any record in this country..

How this historic Mace, magnificently wrought from pure silver, escaped the ravages of wars and the desecration of subsequent raids; lay buried in a humble garden in a neighboring town during the Revolution; it's whereabouts unknown up to the beginning of or during the early part of the War Between the States,—and years later was found amongst a heap of rubbish in a state of sad neglect and disrepair—is a story to excite the interest of the most casual listener or reader.

But first, what did the mace symbolize, and for what purpose was it intended? Here too, is an interesting tale.

In medieval times, the mace was used as a war-club, and was capable of crushing through the heaviest coat of armor. Thus, prior to the fifteenth or sixteenth centuries, maces were classed distinctly as weapons of war. Later they were used largely by military leaders, and in time came to be regarded solely as a symbol of authority.

The earliest ceremonial maces were intended to protect the persons of the King, and were carried by sergeats-at arms, a royal bodyguard established by Phillip the second of France. Eventually, the ceremonial use of maces became more popular, and as a consequence, the tendency to make of them elaborate accouterments of office. Here then, began the complete evolution of the mace. Warlike blades, knobs and spikes gradually disappeared, giving way to peaceful ornamentation. The enrichment process continued for years, precious metals and stones often being used in the creation of maces, and later, engravings, heraldic devices, and other elaborate embellishments. Thus the mace became a work of art rather than an instrument of cruelty and offense, but never lost it's supre-

macy as a symbol of authority.

During the Restoration in England, there were designed for use many famous maces, notably those of the House of Commons and Lords, and of the City of London. There are eight maces once used by British Kings and Queens. Eighteenth century maces followed closely the lines of these maces. Norfork's magnificent mace, bearing the date 1753, is attributed to Fuller White, famous jeweler and silversmith of London, and is said to be simular in form and detail work to the mace used in the British House of Commons, which was the symbol of authority of the speaker and made in 1649.

Lieutenant Govenor Dinwiddie, with his wife and two daughters, arrived in Virginia on November 20, 1751, remaining for seven years before being relieved at his own request. His correspondence reveals a deep interest in the Colonist, and great degree of distress at their sufferings at the hands of the French and Indians. Certain it is that the Minutes of the Common Council of the Borough of Norfork clearly indicate that those who composed it regarded Govenor Dinwiddie's gift of the Mace as a token of peace and goodwill, and an evidence of the affectionate esteem in which he held the Borough of Norfork.

Although Norfork's Mace bears the date 1753, it was not until April 1, 1754, that the Mace was formally accepted. The lapse of time between the two dates is thought to b attributable to the poor transportation facilities between England and Virginia which required months in those days for mails to reach their destination. Athorities have assumed that Govenor Dinwiddie wrote to England in 1753 placing his order for the mace, authorizing that date to be used in the inscription, but that the time taken by the silversmith to design and complete the mace, coupled with the delay in mails and shipping, acounted for the difference in dates of the actual gift and finally it's presentation and acceptance.

The Mace of Norfork is made of pure silver—an exquisite and truly resplendant ornament of office. The actual figures and details of the Mace are given in the following decripton: "The Mace weights approximately 104 ounces (six and a half pounds avoirdupois.) There are nine sections which are screwed together to form the complete mace, which is 41 in. long. The head is in three scetions and the staff is in six, bearing the let-

ters "F.W." (initials of the maker;) also the prescribed hallmark, a lion rampant, proof of the standard fineness of the silver.

"The staff is 28 inches long, of irregular sizes, and averages two and a half inches in diameter. It is elaborately oramented with leaves and scrolls. The bowl or head of the Mace is cylindrical, seven inches in lenght and five and a quarter inches in diameter. The top is slightly rounded and on it, under the open work of the crown, are the Royal Arms of Great Britian in the reign of George the second, the letters G and R, the usual motoes, being between the lion and the unicorn.

'Around the largest part of the bowl are the emblems of England and Scotland, France and Ireland, each of these being in a separate panel, while in the fourth are the combined quarterings of Great Britian. Ornamentations consist of the Rose of England and the Thistle of Scotland growing on the same stem, and the Fleurs-de-lis of France and the Harp of Ireland. There is also a crown in each compartment over the emblems.

"The bowl is surmounted by an open crown, eight inches across, which is formed by four bands united at the top to support a standing cross. In a gracefully curving line around the base of the cylinder is the inscription in Roman letters: "The Gift of the Honorable Robert Dinwiddie ,Esquire Lieutenant Govenor of Virginia, to the Corporaion of Norfork, 1753."

While the feeling of the Colonists regarding all royal insignia naturally ran high at the time of the Revolntion, the Mace was still reverenced. Thus when Norfork was burned by Lord Dunmore in 1776 the Mace and some public documents were among the few valubles to escape the conflagration, having been sent to Kempe's Landing, known today as Kempesville, where, according to tradition the Mace lay buried in an obscure garden, even as Lord Sterling and his Royal Highland Regiment raided Kempsville.

Just where or whom the Mace reposed prior to or during the early part of the War Between the States, is not known. The legends surrounding it are legion. In May 1862, when Norfork was evacuated by the Confederates, Mayor Lamb, becoming alarmed as to it's safety, is creditied with having taken the Mace to his home on West Butte Street, where it is said to have been carefully hidden beneath a hearth in one of the rooms. However, on July 12, 1894, it was found in a state of despair lying in a

heap of litter and old records in a room at the police station, and at the request of city officers, the officers of Norfork National Bank (now a part of the National Bank of Commerce) accepted it's custodianship, and undertook the expenditure necessary to recondition and preserve it. Today, in it's old age, the Mace has an honored and safely sheltered place in a glass case in the great vault of this same bank.

In it's earlier days, the Mace was carried ahead of the Mayor in processions and upon entering court, but during the last century it's public appearances have been few. On September 15, 1836, when the one hundredth anniversary of the granting of the Charter of the Borough of Norfork was celebrated, it is recorded in the news of the day that the beautiful and bright, though ancient silver Mace was carried by the deputy sergeant of the city. Again on May 13, 1857, when the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the landing at Jamestown was observed, the Mace was carried to Jamestown Island and delivered on the platform. President Tyler and Governor Wise were among the speakers.

In 1907 when the Jamestown exposition was held, the Mace again made a public appearance, and on the first Armistice Day after the World War ended, it was carried at the head of a triumphal procession. On August 16, 1932, the Mace once again appeared in procession, when the two hundred and fiftienth anniversary of Norfork was commemorated.

From now on, however, it is safe to venture that public appearances of the Mace will become increasingly rare.

Truly it may be said of this venerable silver symbol of authority two lines from Kipling's immortal "Recessional." It has heard "the tumult and shouting die"—has seen "the captains and king's depart—" and withal, has witnessed the transition of Norfork from a mere trading village to a city of world-commerce, and like the ancient Borough itself, has passed through the baptism of fire, battle and plunder.

* * * *

God be thanked for good books. They are voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages.

All men are fooled at some time in life, and it has been well said: "The first time you get fooled, it is not your fault; the second time, it is."

A TRUE INDIAN STORY

The New England woods were aglow with the colors of autumn. Squirrels were scampering from tree to tree seeking nuts to add to their winter store. Even the birds were busy, for each must have a snug retreat ready when the deep snows came and the bitter winds blew through the forest.

A young man, a pack carried on his back, appeared on one of the trails leading leading through the woods. He was a tall young man of slender build and delicate features. He did not look strong, and yet he was equipped apparently for a journey through the wilderness, even for camping-out.

The young man, David Brainerd was as yet in his early twenties, and just the year before this fall when he had started on a long journey into the wilderness, in 1744, he was ordained to the ministery. Prior to that time he had been, at his own request, a regularlary appointed missionary to the Delaware Indians. He had already established one mission, that at Crossweekrung, New Jersey. And he had built at another place a church entirely for the Indians, the very first Indian church in all our country. Now as he trudged along his fade glowed happily at the remembrance of the scene in this church on a previous Sunday when he had given their communion to his Indian converts, thirty-two of them. He saw again their eager glowing as he had sat with them about the communion table. How happy he had made them by telling the Wonder Story of a Saviours love. He had studied their languages so that he might make it all plain to them and he had the Testament in their language which the Rev. John Eliot had translated and published some years before.

Now he was answering a call, a call that he could not resist. The Indians of a settlement far away across the wilderness, hearing of what this young white man who loved them had done for the red men of the New Jersey and Massachusetts slettlements, had sent messengers to plead with him to come and tell them the Wonder Story. Leaving his assistant in charge of the missions, he was setting forth on the perilous journey, for he well knew it was perilous, every mile of it; that he was risking his life to undertake it. Between him and these Indians, who were pleading for the gospel, was a section of the wilderness occupied by bands of hostile red men, bitterly aroused against the white people because of the lands that had been taken from them. They had decreed death to any white man who dared to

enter their territory.

Where one trail through the forest crossed another, David Brainerd found a little band of friends awaiting him. They were from the nearby town of Northampton, Mass., where he had spent his boyhood and young manhood in the home of the Rev. Jonathan Edwards, whose protege he was.

One of the men put his hand on the youth's shoulder as he said, "David, we have come to dissuade you from this rash journey. It must be as clear to you as it is to us that you are risking your life to undertake it." But they could do nothing with him. He answered all their arguments with the one firm statement, "The call has come and I must answer it."

"But why," he was asked, "why, if you feel you must go, do you not wait for a better season, for the late spring, or the beginning of summer?"

All seasons are alike for the Master's work. He who watches over the birds will care for me," was his answer.

They stood looking after him with wistful eyes and aching hearts. No one of them ever expected to see him again; and each one of them knew perils that, as he himself said, "the Mafe of my precious Saviour may be scholarship, had had calls to the pastorate of some of the foremost churches in New England. And yet he had refused them all for the hardships of a missionary's life among the Indians. He had deliberately chosen to live in a rough oneroom cabin that he had himself built, to live mainly on boiled corn brought to him by the Indians, and to sleep on a bed of straw. When friends protested, he had said, "There are many ready for soft places, but few will take the hard ones." Then, after a pause, "No hardship borne for Christ's sake is really hard."

And now he was gone into the wilderness, to face hardships and that this young man, who had learned at Yale College a record for brilliant made known among the heathen."

He had been so rash as to go on the journey without a guide and at the end of the second day he was lost in the wilderness, an almost impenetrable wilderness it was proving to be. He slept in the forest two nights, and then, on that third day, as he was still wandering, uncertian of the way, the dread Indian warwhoop rang out, and there in the path stood a band of savages with hideously-painted faces and tomahawks raised ready to strike.

"You have come spying on us," the chief said to him, glaring angrily. "Now you must die. The white man in his greed has taken nearly all our lands. There is but little left, and now they would take that."

I am no spy cryed Brainired best am about my Fathers bussinless. Who is your Father? asked the chief.

"God; who is your fother and mine. The chief wanted to know more so he told them about God. The Indians then made friends; and no longer wanted to kill the white men.

The chief begged him to come with him to their village, so that he could tell to others of his people that Story of Wonder. Brainerd told him he could not do so then, but he promised him he would visit them on his way back. They stood aside those grim warriors to permit him to depart in peace. And not only this, but the chief sent two of them with Brainerd to put him on the right trail to the settlements to which he was bound.

On the return however the young missionary was unable to keep his promise to visit the chief's village. He was severly wounded by an Indian arrow shot at him from ambush. These Indians, convinced that he was no enemy took him in and cared for him.

If God is our Father one asked if He really loves us? why has he gone away and left us? He hasn't left you, Brainerd replied. He speaks to you in the wonders, and through the words of the birds and all life is in him. He brightens the world every day.

Never physically strong David Brainerd's health soon gave way under the heavy tax he put on it. He would allow himself no rest, so eager was his desire to give the gospel to the Indians. In 1747 broken in health he sought the white settlements for care and nursing. He found a loving welcome in the Edward's home. He was engaged to be married to Miss Jerusha Edwards. When she had pled with him to be merciful to his frail body and give up his life of hardships he replied, "And leave all those to grope in darkness? No, no, no!" He died October 9, 1947, when only twenty nine years old. To the very last his thoughts dwelt upon the work of missions.

His life, though brief, left a lasting influence. The story of his courage, his heroic endurance in the face of perils and hardships has influenced others to be strong courageous and steadfast. There is the record of more than one life consecrated to missions after reading the heroic story of David Brainerd the first missionary to the American Indians.

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE ELEVEN

Cottage eleven had birthday party for the benifit of six of the students in the group These were Jerry Cobler, Ivey Collins, Ronnie Fink, Thomas Houser, David Smith, and William Scott. These boys recived nice gifts, that were given by the "Womens Clubs" over the State

The party begin by the students playing two games of Bingo, the winners of each game received gifts, the students were Barry Reid and Thomas Houser.

Later on during the party, we played two games of dropping close pins in a milk bottle, the winners of these games were Marshell Manus and Ronnie Fink, they got two nice gifts and each of them placed nine out of twelve pins in the bottle.

The boys sold bottles that have been accumilated for a long period of time with the money from these we got Ice cream and drinks. Mr. Ervin, and his boys baked a real nice cake for the boys. We want to thank Mr. Ervin and his boys for the fine cake and Mr. and Mrs. Rouse for making the party, possible.

—Randy Mc Donald

—:—

4-H NEWS

Our last meeting was held on Friday, Feb. 23, 1968. The meeting was started with the Pledge of Allegiance and the 4-H Club Pledge.

The new officers elected are President: Randall Freeman, and Secretary-Rtporter: Steve Orbison

Then Mr. Query read devotions and Johnny Atkins called the roll. The reporter then read the starting new projects,and how we could improve our present projects. Sammy Reaves, Kenneth Skipper, Bobby Giddings and Jesse South are going to give speeches about their projects at the next meeting. Refreshments were served and then the meeting was adjourned.

—Johnny Atkins

—:—

HOOKERS RETIRE

On March 14th, 1968 Mr. and Mrs. Ross S. Hooker retired as Cottage Counselors at Jackson. Mr. Hooker came to Jackson on Oct. 8, 1945, which gives him some twenty two years on the staff. Mrs. Hooker came to work at Jackson on January 16, 1946 which gives her some twenty two years of service to the state of North Carolina. On Wednesday, March 13, the Hookers were presented presents from the other staff members. This presentation was made in the school cafeteria. Mr. Sloop, Superintendent, made some appropriate remarks. Mr. Adams, Assistant, had a few words to say concerning the Hookers. Mr. Hughes, Director of Cottage Life helped in the cermony. An added attraction was the apperance of Mr. Warren Ellis, Director of Cottage Life, Board of Juvenile

years.
Correction. All the speakers praised the Hookers and thanked them for the years of dedicated service to Jackson and the youth that passed through Cottage 14, where the Hookers resided for so long.

The Hookers were given grass clippers on rollers, stainless steel dining utensils, bill fold, key chain and some other necessary items.

The Uplift salutes the Hookers for their years of service, and wishes for them all the happiness they deserve during their retirement.

—:—

STAFF MEMBERS IN THE HOSPITAL

Mr. J. F. Caldwell

Mr. Caldwell, Special Education teacher, spent some time in Cabarrus Memorial Hospital during the month of March. Mr. Caldwell had surgery that caused him to miss several days of school. We hope that by the time the Uplift is printed Mr. Caldwell will be back with us.

Mr. Frank Thomkinson

Mr. Tomkinson had quite an extended stay in Cabarrus Memorial Hospital during the months of February and March. Mr. Tomkinson had some major surgery that required his absence from Jackson for some time. Mr. Tomkinson is now back on the job, but is still not going at full speed. We hope that by the time this is printed Mr. Tomkinson will be back with us 100%.

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

PRINT SHOP

In the print shop, we have been busy printing the Uplift delicated to the Governors visit. It contained the governors speech and a message from Mr. C. A. Dillion, Chairman of the Board of Juvenile Correction.

We have also been, busy setting up new C-T forms. We recieved a new boy this month, his name is Albert Leffew. We hope he, makes the best of this stay.

We also had a press boy to go home from the print shop this month, his name is Steve Pendleton and we wish him success.

—Rick Martin
—Johnny Nipper
Jerry Flinchum

—:—

OFFICE

We the boys of the office have been working hard this month. We have two new boys here they are Schotty Cook and Jerry Rippy. We also have one boy going home very soon, his name is Terry Crews.

—Wade Sherrill
—Terry Crews

—:—

PURCHASING DEPT.

We bought the school a new car this month. Mr. Sloop and Mr. Cress went to Ralelgh to pick it up. We

also got a refrigerator for the bakery and one for Mrs. Bost. Of course the regular work of sending out food and supplies has been going on as usual.

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

This month we overhauled the 706 tractor. The things we replaced were the sleves, rings, inserts, and pistons. We also ground the valves. We think we did a very good overhauling job.

We striped down the Super C tractor to renew the starter band. We are intsalling a new starter bendix too.

One of our boys is in the infirmry. We hope he gets well soon.

—Ricky Warriax

—:—

CAFETERIA

The boys of the kitchen have been very busy this month. Two of our boys went to the pancake jamboree the 14 th of this month. They were Billy Davis and Freddie Coulter.

—Freddie Coulter
—Charles Ford

—:—

LAUNDRY

The boys in the laundry have been working very hard this month. We have also been helping out the Glee Club by preparing their shirts.

We have two new boys. Their names are Kenneth Stafford and Richard Little. We hope they enjoy their stay and make it as profitable as possible.

— Archie Richardson
— Joseph Scott

—:—

PLUMBING SHOP

We have been working on several boilers and furnaces.

We put a stoker in the Gym boiler. We got it from Dobbs Farm. It seems to be working fine now. We also put some new copper pipe on the Dairy furnace fuel line.

Now we are working on the boiler we got from Morrison. It is to be new Infirmary boiler. So far it is coming along fine. We hope to have it complete as possible.

This month we have received two new boys. Their names are Wayne Spencer and Carl Mc Inytre We hope they make their stay enjoyable as well as profitable.

—Harry Rush
—Wayne Spencer

—:—

SHOE SHOP - BARBER SHOP

John Spencer and Bobby Giddins went home this month. Both boys were real good barbers. We have three new boys. John Burton, Gregory Gibson, and Alvin Hunter.

—Phillip Graham

—:—

ARTS AND CRAFTS

We have been working hard lately making shirts, and building the cafeteria supply of aprons and towels. We have a boy who is suppose to go home, pretty soon, his

name is Ronnie Bazemore. We have been making wall plaques from plaster paris molds and as always making pillows which everyone enjoys.

—Robert Nipper
—Ronnie Bazemore

—:—

BAKERY

This month the Dough Boys have been working, fairly hard. We had to help prepare foods for the Govenor Day. We made such goodies as, cherry pie, whipped cream, oatmeal cookies, sweet rolls.

— Kenneth Hall

—:—

CARPENTER SHOP

We have been working very hard these last two weeks on odd jobs. We have now started fixing the porches for the cottages.

We have two boys going home very soon. Their names are, William Wynn and Barry Reed.

—Mike Cash

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

GRADE 8-B

In history we have just finished one of our tests. We have been studying about one of our Great Depressions. We are now starting to study about the United States fighting a Global War. The Global War was a war that took place all over the world. We call it World War II.

—Paul Miller
—Roger Young

—:—

GRADE 6 M

We have been studying the Roman Empire in Social Studies. We have learned many interesting facts concerning this period in history.

Since many of 6M boys are new boys we have been learning to add and subtract common factors. In language we are studying verbs, verb phrases. The 6M boys are reading in Scope. The stories are interesting.

—:—

SPECIAL A

March 25, Redell Locklear went home. We have several new boys and we hope their stay will be a pleasant and profitable one. Most of the boys in Special A have been making progress in reading and arithmetic and writing.

—:—

GRADE 8 A

The Language Arts Classes elected Editors to help in putting out the first edition of Jackson Flowers. Jackson Flower is a literary publication containing the work of Jackson students. It is hoped that some of the works may be entered in statewide poetry competition.

—:—

GRADE 9

Civics

In 9th grade Civics classes we have just finished a most interesting (?) chapter on "Education and The School." Mr. Lentz, told us at the beginning of the, chapter that we would not find this section so interesting, but it turned out, to be pretty good after all.

We talked a little bit about the beginnings, of our free, compulsory educational system in the United States. The first public schools were established, in New England. These were set up, in order for the young people to be able to read and understand the Bible. From this beginning has come our modern comprehensive high school.

We had a section on teacher training and certification. Many of us had our eyes opened to new facts while discussing this item.

One of the sections, in our book concerned the characteristics of a good school. We mentioned, books libary materials A-V Aids athlectics buildings and other facilities. We concluded that the real measure of a good school was teachers that wanted to teach and pupis that wanted to learn.

We concluded by discussing some problems of modern education. This including the curriculum fed eral aid to education and equal education for all.

Even though we talked a lot about schools we did enjoy this chapter.

SPECIAL D

We're busy teaching the boys about verbs and nouns. We're also having difficulty in writing sentences. We have a new boy this month Robert Smith. In arithmetic and new math we have started at the first of the book. We have renewed our bulletin board.

—:—

GYM

We have been very busy putting fielding soil on the softball field. Now that spring has arrived we will be playing softball, and are planning to time the boys on the 100 yard dash and 440. We also Plan to use the shot put, and run and board jump.

Several of the Gym boys are going home, pretty soon. So we will be looking, for some replacements.

—Tommy Dodson

Take things as they come, if you can handle them that fast.

A mosquito is just like a child—when it stops making a noise it is getting into something.

The only person who listens to both sides of the argument is the bystander.

The guickest way to be convinced that spanking is unnesessary is to become a grandparent.

JACKSON GLEE CLUB GOES TO ALBEMARLE TO SING

On Thursday, March 14, 1968 the Jackson Glee Club went to Albemarle, N. C. to sing for the Albemarle Rotary Club. Mr. Roy Whitly, Program Chairman for the day had heard the boys sing when he visited Jackson on Open House Day sponsered by The Ferderated Womans Club. He invited the boys to come to his Rotary Club in spring to give a program. Mr. Howard Mabry, Mr. Frank Connon and Mr. Paul Lentz went with the group. Of course Mrs. Sides, Director, went, too. The boys sang a wide variety of numbers which gave them a chance to show off some.

The Rotarians thought the program was a very, good for they gave the Glee Club two rounds of applause, and many of the men, came by to congratulate Mrs. Sides.

The Rotarians thought the program was very good for they gave haved themselves in a very nice manner, and all looked very "dressed up" in their white shirts and maroon ties.

* * * *

PRAYER FOR A PRNITER

To the Great Printer who **PRINTS** in all **COLORS** of the rainbow and whose **TYPE FACES** are stars and clouds, autum leaves and sunbeams, snow-flakes and flowers, this is my prayer:

That I may **SET UP** my life to the **measure** of a man;

That I may **LOCK UP** within my heart idle tales, gossip and words that hurt;

That I may **MAKE READY** for the chances to serve that come my way;

That I may **REGISTER** in my memory the splendor of sunsets, the glow of friendship;

That I may **PRESS** forward in the spirit of adventure;

That the **IMPRESSIONS** I make on the pages of time may impress all;

That I may **BIND** together a prosperous life;

And finally, O Master of Printers, help me avoid the disgrace of making **PI** of my life and guide me safely by the yawning mouth of the **HELL BOX.** —From Masonic Pocket Magazine.

HONOR ROLLS

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

FEBRUARY

COTTAGE NO. 1

William Wynn
Bobby Giddings

COTTAGE NO. 2

Joseph Graham
Kenneth Hall
Billy Price

COTTAGE NO. 3

David Camp

COTTAGE NO. 5

Kevin Buchanan
Kenneth Pendleton
Ervin Stalvey

COTTAGE NO. 6

Steven Parris

COTTAGE NO. 9

Patrick Kennedy

COTTAGE NO. 10

Larry Costner
John Suggs

COTTAGE NO. 11

William Scott

COTTAGE NO. 13

Charles Rogers
James Sweeten

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jesse South
Tommy Braswell

COTTAGE NO. 17

Harold Johnson
Roger Haynes

INFIRMARY

Robert Pyatte

TRADE HONOR ROLL

FEBRUARY

PRINT SHOP

Peter Marlow
James Little
Rick Martin
Johnny Nipper
Raymond Simmons
Jerry Flichum
Lew Cabral
Steve Penelton

Timothy Ayers
Kevin Buchanan
Wayne Suggs
Willie Winebarger

YARD FORCE

Steve Parrish
Randy Smith
Woodrow Walker
Ronnie Weatherman
Jimmy Harris
Robert Smith

COTTON MILL

Jerry Cobler
Bobby Davis
Douglas Hall
Johnny Moussiou
Ray Worley
Jerry Tollison
Ronnie Fink
Gary Creason
Gary Boss
William Carter

FRAM

James Lamb
Mike Dickerson
Melvin Stamper
Johnnie Atkins
Kenneth Skipper
Eugene Rigney

CAFETERIA

Fred Winzinried
Bobby Emory
David Guiton
Danny Liles
Donnie Calhoun
Richard Sweeter
Fred Coulter
Billy Davis
James Kennedy
Billy Potts
Ervin Stalvey
James Fink
Harold Johnson
Johnny Pope

DAIRY

Tommy Braswell
Jessie South
Steve Upchurch
Ronald Cagle
Grover Beckley
Wesley Hall
Clifton Sparrow
Lewis Shackleford
Ronnie Humphrey
Louie Myers
Willie Locklear
Mick Cashwell
John Hall
Bill McNair

POULTRY

James Davis
James Boggs

CRAFTS

Ronnie Bazemore
Wrenn Drummond
Randy Black
Jessie Gautier
Ronnie Jones
Leon Martin

CARPENTER SHOP

Vernon McKenzie
Clearence Taylor
Horace Cummings

LAUNDRY

Joe Scott

Archie Richardson
Larry Costnor
Authur Adcock
Franklin Collins
Stanley McCray
David Davis
Donell Davis
Jonathan Robinson
James Reynolds

MACHINE SHOP

William Murphy
Rcky Warriax
Joseph Williams

OFFICE

Terry Crews
Wade Sherrill
Tom Hughes
Ed Kuplen

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

MARCH

COTTAGE NO. 2

Ricky Martin
Gene Bost
Phillip Graham
Kenneth Hall
Billy Price

COTTTAGE NO. 5

Kevin Buchanan

COTTAGE NO. 6

Steven Parris

COTTAGE NO. 7

Terry Crews
Glenn Lewis

COTTAGE NO. 8

Ricky Warrix
Joe Williams

COTTAGE NO. 9

Patrick Kennedy
Joseph Hussey
William Emory
Melvin Stamper

COTTAGE NO. 10

Allen Bjork
Larry Costner
Sammy Reaves
John Suggs

COTTAGE NO. 13

Darrell Butler
James Sweeten
Charles Rogers

COTTAGE NO. 17

Roger Hayes

TRADE HONOR ROLL

MARCH

OFFICE

Eddei Kuplen
David Watkins
William Hughes
Wade Sherrill
Terry Crews

DAIRY

Ronnie Humphrey
Louie Myers
Willie Locklear
Mike Cashwell
Bill McNair
John Hall

Roy Evans
Steven Woods
Steve Upchurch
Wesley Hall
Jessie South
Ronald Cagle
Lewis Shackleford
Clifton Sparrow

CARPENTER SHOP

Jessie Turner
Billy Adams
Robert Reece
Wynn Howard
Anthonv Howard
Edward Taylor

LAUNDRY

William Hummings
Larry Costner
Franklin Collins
Richard Little
Archei Richardson
Joe Scott

CAFETERIA

James Williams
Fred Coulter
James Kennedy
Darrel Butler
Ronnie Simmons

BAKERY

Paul Rhodes
Roger Whisnant
James Fink

PRINT SHOP

Willie Winebarger
Ricky Martin
Raymond Simmons
Peter Marlow
James Little
Lou Cabral
Jerry Flinchum
Johnny Nipper
Tim Ayers
John Suggs
Kevin Buchanan
Kenneth Pendleton
Paul Miller

It is very hard to fight temptation. There is the nagging thought —it may not come agian.

If you can't stand solitude, maybe you bore others too.

A diet is a small matter once you get your mind over platter.

"The boss is a man you should never get smart with, for you might be the one he is able to part with."

You've reached middle age when you've learned how to take care of yourself and intend to begin almost any day now.

Change is not necessarily an improvement; sometimes an old setup is better than a new upset.

People will buy anything that's only one to a customer.

Check us if we're wrong, but doesn't it generally take twice as long to tell what you think than to tell what you know?

MEET THE STAFF AT STONEWALL JACKSON SCHOOL

Mr. And Mrs. James Henderson

Two of the persons that new boys coming to Jackson first meet are Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson, Counselors at The Receiving Cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Henderson have had this position for better than fourteen years. Needless to say they have made a lasting impression on many, many boys during those years.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were both born in Mecklenburg County. They attended the public schools in Huntersville, N. C. They both have strong ties with Huntersville, even today, for both of the Hendersons are life long members of the Huntersville Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Henderson is the former Ona Mae Whitley. After marriage the Hendersons moved to Kannapolis, N. C. This was in 1938. Mr. Henderson worked at Cannon Mills for approximately fifteen years. He was a maintainance man for that company. This entailed work as plumber, mechanic, and steam fitter. Mr. Henderson now uses these skills as his hobby for he "fixes things" for his friends and neighbors, as well as for himself. He is very good at repairing power lawn mowers, garden tillers and most any type motor or engine.

On February 1, 1954 the Hendersons came to Jackson as Cottage Counselors in the Recelving Cottage. This is a most important job as this is where the new boys stay during their orientation period at Jackson. The Hendersons have guite a job in this position. They have to be able to cope with most any kind of a situation. Some boys come into thier cottage with a big chip on their shoulder. Other boys come in very timid and withdrawn. Practically all the new boys come in "scared." It is up to the Hendersons to console, sympathize, "baby", guide and direct the new boys during their first two weeks at the school. All this, plus, answering the well known thousand guestions that are asked them by boys away from home, many of them for the first time. The impression that a new boy receives from the Hendersons stays with him throughout most of his stay at Jackson. The Hendersons have had more than three thousand boys go through their cottage since that day in February, 1954 when they assumed their present position. Since they have been in the same position

for so long, and it is such an important position, the Hendersons must do a fine job.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson are the parents of one daughter, now Mrs. Frank Melton of Kannapolis. Mrs. Melton is the mother of three children which makes the Hendersons grandparents, and mighty proud ones. Mrs. Melton, her husband and three children live in Kannapolis so the Hendersons get to see their family guite often.

Mr. Henderson recalls, with some pain in his voice, the conditions at Jackson when he first came to work. The men in the cottages had to work all day, as well as keep the boys in the cottages. Mr. Henderson said they did get one half day off every week, and one and one-half days off once a month. He says things are much better now.

Away from work the activities of the Hendersons can be summed up in one word, FISHING. Both of the Hendersons like nothing better than going fishing, anywhere, the big lake at Jackson, the coast of North Carolina, or even to Florida. In connection with this hobby the Hendersons at one time kept a large house trailer at Long Beach, which is near Southport N. C. Now they have a smaller travel trailer that they can hitch up and go where the water and fish are at most anytime.

Mr. and Mrs. Henderson keep two or three boys in their cottage who are refered to as "regular boys." This means they stay with the Henderson to help with the new boys who come into the cottage. When the number of new boys gets low enough the "regular boys" are in for a treat. The Hendersons quite often take them on picnics, to the lake for fishing, or on a longer trip to some interesting spot.Mr. and Mrs. Hendersons have pictures of most of the regular boys that they have kept over the years. Many of these boys come back to visit thier cottage counselors. On March 25, 1968 Mr. and Mrs. Henderson were especially proud of one of their former regular boys. This boy is now Reverand Roland Jones of Norwood, N. C. who came to Jackson to hold the Monday Night Vesper Services in the Chapel. Rev. Jones has his own church in Norwood. Many fovorable comments were heard about Rev. Jone's program.

Mrs. Henderson is quite a gardener. Not only does she raise the usual garden vegetables, but grows some rare herbs and spices. Of course she has Mr. Henderson close by to keep the tiller in good running order.

Even though the Hendersons have been at Jackson more than four-

teen years they still have guite a few years of service left. It will be no simple matter to replace the couple who have guided so many boys through their orientation period at Jackson.

* * * *

There can be no rainbow without a cloud and a storm.

Night brings out stars as sorrow shows us truths.

Speak not evil of the absent for it is unjust.

One of the best ways to honor your family and church and country is to be what you ought to be.

Everybody knows how to express a complaint, but few can utter a graceful compliment. It's a matter of practice.

If God calls, it is none of your buisness whether you have shoes or clothng, whether you have transportation, or whether there is a home awaiting you. It is your business to answer the call and go.

The more a man is edccated, the more it is necessary for the welfare of the state to instruct him how to make a proper use of his talents. Education is like a double-edged sword. It may be turned to dangerous usage if it is not properly handled.

Be honest with yourself, whatever the temptations; say nothing to others that you do not think, and play no tricks with your own mind. Of all the evil spirits abroad in the world at this hour, insincerity is the most dangerous.

Joyous souls do not grow old nearly as fast as souls which are constantly permeated with gloom and distress. Joy keeps the spirit going and makes one more helpful and efficient. It is smiles and laughter, sunshine within and without, that makes life worth living.

FORMER STUDENT CONDUCTS VESPERS

On March 25, 1968 the Vesper services were held in the Chapel with cottage eight conducting. Ricky Warriax introduced the speaker for the evening with unusual pride since it was a former cottaage eight boy that was going to preach, and he had visited in the cottage many times since leaving Jackson in 1954.

The Rev. Roland Jones, pastor of the Church of the Nazarene at Norwood, held the boys almost spell—bound while he told them of his stay here at Jackson and the experiences he has had since leaving.

After Roland was released from Jackson in December 1952 he returned to his home in East Flat Rock and finished High School and later attended the John Wesley College at Greensboro. He worked with a newspaper at Hendersonville, Brevard and High Point. This was the trade he learned while here at Jackson.

It was while he was working at Brevard that he became interested in the Church of the Nazarene and later joined this denomination and after his schooling became a minister with the Home Mission Church at Brevard. At the present he is serving as a fulltime pastor of the Norwood Church of the Nazarene. He has a membership of 62 and an average Sunday School attendence of 85. His church is located on Flynn Road in Norwood.

Roland is married to the former Irene Crowder of Hendersonville North Carolina and they have three children. He plans to continue his college education this fall.

In speaking to the boys the Rev. Jones told them about a boy from Africa who came to America to go to school. He wanted to join the track team and after several practices the coach found out that he was an excellent runner and had broken the record of all taking part. He was allowed to enter the tournament and had broken all records down to the last race when for some reason he began to slow down. He realized his need to win the last race for his team but the speed just would not come. Finally, as he was falling further and further behind he began to pray. He asked the Lord "just pick up my feet, Lord and I'll put them down." He won the race.

The young minister spoke about breaking rules and laws-- man's laws as well as God's laws. He told the boys about the high cost of sin.

He advised them to respect the rules and laws they come in contact with, and advised them to accept the training and help that was offered them here at Jackson.

It was a real joy to have the Rev. Roland Jones visit our school and speak at the evening Vesper services. We are indeed proud of him and wish for him the very best in his studies and further work in the ministry.

—Joe Williams, Cottage 8

* * * *

Opportunity for distinction lies in doing ordinary things well and not in erractically striving to perform grandstand plays.

The man who flees from the burden of responsibility is simply running away from success.

"Faith is a venture of the soul in opposition to the reason."

Doubts are a sign of weakness rather than an evidence of greatness.

Giving is a better way of saving than hoarding.

"Sympathy for others is the safeguard of the soul against selfishness."

"How poor is the heart that knows no pity!"

"History is a race between education and disaster."

"The more self is visible in a person the more invisible in Christ."

Make large adventures: trust God for great things.

"A pleasing personality tunes in with the best in others."

"Troubles come in pounds and leave in ounces."

"No man has ever gotten to the right place by going the wrong way."

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"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."
—Edwin Markham

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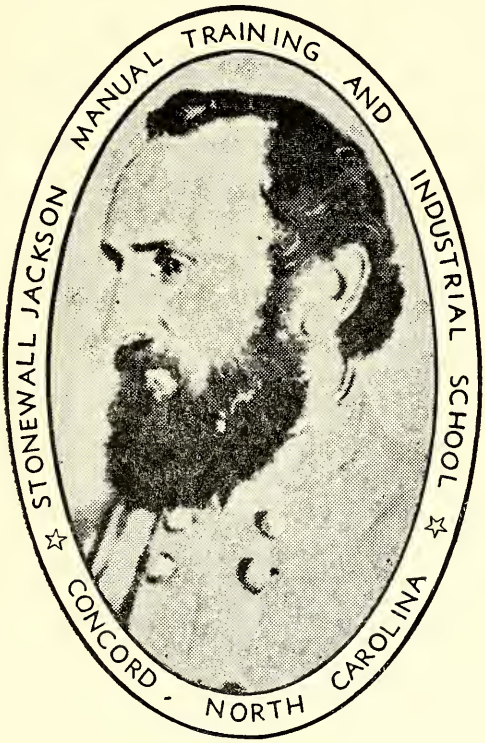
The UPLIFT

"Maxima Debetur Puero Reverentia"



STONEWALL JACKSON
1824 — 1863

APRIL 1968

THE UPLIFT

NORTH CAROLINA BOARD OF JUVENILE CORRECTION
Blaine M. Madison, Commissioner

VOLUME LV **APRIL 1968** **NUMBER 4**

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NED'S APRIL-FOOL JOKE

Come on fellows; I've thought of a fine joke," called Ned, beckoning a group of his special cronies, over to a corner of the playground. The prospect of something new was attractive and the boys trooped after him. He spoke mysteriously.

"You know, fellows, next Friday is April Fools Day.

" Of course, we know that. Was that what you wanted to tell me?" asked Mat King rather scornfully.

"No, it's a new plan for an April-fool joke. You know how proud Geoff Halstead is of his old composition, and how certain he is that it will take the prize. Well, the compositions are to be handed in on the first of April, as it happens, next Friday. I'm going to slip his composition, out of his desk and substitute a lot of blank sheets, and when he hands it to Dr. Marston, it will be too late to write it over, even if he could. Good joke eh?

"I don't see it," said Tom Prescott, dryly. "How will you get to Geoff's desk without him knowing it? And will he stand for your rummaging it without his leave?"

"Of course not, silly! but that is where you fellows come in. Old Geoff is a grind, and hardly ever leaves his desk, even for recess. So you must call him out for a game or something, and while he is gone I'll slip in and change the composition for the blank sheets. See?"

"I see; but I don't think much of it as a joke. Geoff has worked hard over his essay, and it's a shame for you to spoil his chances of the prize when he needs the money and you don't."

Tom was the only one of his special party who ever ventured to dispute with Ned when he had made up his mind to some trick or plan. His remonstrance was received now with airy scorn.

"Oh, go on! Old Geoff works hard on everything, anyway. He needs a little taking down; he thinks he can just walk away with all the prizes, and he'll have a little lesson to bring down his pride. I'll manage my part of it if you fellows will manage yours."

"I'll have nothing to do with it," said Tom walking off in disgust. The other boys looked at each other in some dismay.

"Do you think he'll put Geoff up to the idea that something is liable to happen to his precious essay, and warn him to be extra careful of it?"

suggested Fred Morgan.

"No. Tom isn't that kind. He won't give us away," said Ned, confidently. "I've a little grudge against Geoff for carrying off the mathmatics prize last year, when he knew I wanted it, and now's my chance to pay him back."

So the plan was carefully laid. Other tricks were to be played, of course, as a blind, that Geoffrey might suspect no design against his prize composition, over which he had worked so long and so carefully. A prize of $50 had been offered for the best essay on the subject, "America: Her Past and Her Future." It was a sufficiently large subject for schoolboys, but nothing daunted them. The prize essays had been the chief topic of their thoughts for the past month, and history books had never been so faithfully scanned before. Many of the boys had dropped out for awhile, growing tired of the effort; but a group of the best students in Dr. Martson's history class had kept on; and it was the general opinion that Geoffrey Halstead would win the prize. He was inclined to hope so himself, as he put the finishing touches to his composition on the last day of March, folded it and placed it in an envelope, ready to be handed in at the close of school. This done, he laid it carefully in his desk and tried unsuccessfully enough to forget all about it.

All during the morning of the first of April the boys played their usual jokes on each other—jokes in which Geoffrey took no part. He was busy studying, and, as his books and pencils were not molested he never thought of examining his desk to see whether it had been tampered with.

Recess-time came, and the boys trooped out, shouting. Geoffrey, as he often did, remained in his seat, studying an unusually difficult lesson which came soon after recess. But soon there came shouts for him from the playground, and one of the small boys came running in to call him.

"They want you to play in Ned Foster's place. He's gone home sick," he gasped. Quite unsuspicious, Geoff rose goodnaturedly and put down his book. "All right. I dare say I'll study all the better for some exercise, anyway Run and tell them I'm coming, Ted," he said. Hardly had he disappeared by one door than Ned entered by the other, and, hurriedly searching in the desk, found the long envelope with "Prize Essay" written on the back. There was no time to lose; someone might come in at any moment. Ned hastily took out the folded sheets and substituted a similar

manuscript, thrusting the one he had taken out into his own desk, to be disposed of more at leisure. While he was doing so the door opened and Professor Marston walked in. Ned's guilty start attracked his notice, but the boy was at his own desk, and the doctor suspected nothing. "What are you doing, Foster? You should be out in the yard at this time. Play is as necessary as study, you know," he said. "Yes sir; I'm—just going," stammered Ned, taken aback. When the boys came in from recess Ned was with them. Geoffrey looked surprised at seeing him. 'Why, I thought you had gone home sick," he said. "Oh, I felt better and come back," returned Ned; and then the bell tapped for silence and the boys fell to work.

School went on quietly, save for a few tricks, such as a substituted book or an unexpected empty ink-bottle; and at the close of the session Professor Marston called for the compositions. One by one the boys walked up and laid their folded papers on the master's desk, then filed out.

Ned from his seat watched anxiously to see if, by an unlucky chance, Geoff would open his mancscript for a last look before handing it in, but he merely took out the envelope containing the false essay and unsuspiciously took it to the desk and laid it down. Ned breathed freely, chuckling to himself as he pictured the surprise of the teacher when he should open those blank sheets. He would accuse Geoff of playing a trick on him, and so the joke would be a double one. At the thought of Geoff's face when the trick was disclosed to him, Ned fairly doubled up with silent laughter. The next morning the boys who were in on the joke on Geoffrey waited in breathless suspense to hear the outcome. Professor Marston had a pile of papers before him, and he looked around on the assembled school with a smile of approval. "Young gentlemen," he began, "I must say that I have bten very much pleased with the results of the prize competition. Your essays are very creditable, very creditable indeed, and I congratulate you all—except the one who handed in a sheaf of blank leaves—typical, I judge, of the condition of his own mind. To dispose of this first, I will ask the young gentleman whose envelope contained the blank pages to come up and get it. Edward Foster!' With a face as blank as the pages, Ned obeyed, looking inquiringly at the boys as he returned to his place. Had they played a trick on him? But their faces were as dismayed as his . Then the teacher said: "The essay which seems to me the best deserping of the prize, as showing careful work and thoughtful study, was

written by Geoffrey Halstead, and the prize of $50 dollars is justly his."

Great was the amazement on the faces of the boys, and there was much lauhgter, at Ned's expense, when they reached the playground.

But what happened?" he said, utterly bewildered. "I took the composition out of Geoff's desk and stuck it into mine, and put the blank sheets in his envelope. How did they get into my desk again, so that I handed them in by mistake for my own? And what became of mine?"

Tom Preston laughed. "The joke is on you, Ned. I was determined you should not spoil Geoff's chances, and I went there after you and put his composition back into his envelope and the blank pages in your desk, thinking that of course you would discover the exchange too late to play the trick again. The rest you did yourself. What became of your essay? You didn't destroy it, did you?"

"No, I meant to give it back to Geoff, or let him find it. It is in the waste-basket in the hall," confessed Ned. "Well, I admit the joke is on me boys. It would have been a mean trick to play on Geoff, and I'm not sorry it turned out as it did. Geoff did deserve the prize, and I'm glad he got it. The next thing is to explain to the professor, I suppose. I'll recue my essay from the waste-basket, or wherever it is, and show it to him to prove that my bean isn't such a blank as he thinks. Don't give me away to Geoff, and I'll give you my word of honor never to play such a trick as that again."

Ned kept his word, and when the next prize competition took place he actually succeeded in winning the prize fairly, thus proving to the teacher that his brains were not of such an inferior quality after all, finding, to his own surprize, much greater satisfaction in his own performance. The boys kept the secret loyally, and Geoffrey never knew of the plan to substitute blank paper for his essay; and, when Ned was scccessful, his congratulations were so warm and sincere that Ned was more than ever ashamed of his so-called joked. But, as it was the beginning of a lifelong friendship between the two boys, it proved, after all, a case of "all's well that ends well."

* * * *

Culture is to know the best that has been said and thought in the world.

STUDENTS AT JACKSON TOUR CATAWBA COLLEGE

Saturday morning we started on a trip to Salisbury to make a tour on the campus of Catawba College. We started the tour first going to the chapel which was just recently built in 1964. Then we continued the tour by going to the Community Centre, housing 1500-seat auditorium, 250-seat little theater. It was built with funds given by members of the college and Salisbury-Rowan communities.

We then went to the Biology Laboratories where we observed insects and animals preserved in containers filled with formaldehyde. Our guide then took us to the other side of the campus to the library. They have a collection of about 65,000 books and anoher section for more recent books. They have the latest publications of top authors. Also in the library on the second floor there is a listening room and a typing room where the students go to type special reports which were assigned during classes.

At noon the boys enjoyed themselves with a well prepared meal and the main dish was beef chow mein. Following our lunch we were luckly enough to get to watch a baseball game that afternoon.

We watched the Catawba Indians play Western Carolina College. We watched three innings of the game and Western Carolina was winning 5 to 1. We then returned to the bus and started "home".

Mr. Hughes and Mr. Caudle accompained us and Mr. Caudle drove the bus. It was a nice trip and the boys enjoyed it. Here are some of the boys who were fortunate enough to go on this trip; Timothy Ayers, Wayne Suggs, Paul Miller, Lew Cabral, Gary Mains, Gene Bost, Willie Winebarger, Eddie Taylor, Donald Orbinson, Gary Lang, Eddie Mody, Joe Albanese, Joseph Williams Randall Freman, Earl Carter, Melvin Stamper, Phillip Mortan, Robert Sanders, Boyd Shell, Howard Stencil, and Lewis Shackleford.

—Paul Miller
—Timothy Ayers

* * * *

"Cheer up me man!" said an Irish doctor to the man suffering from Wounds. "Only one of your injuries is fatal; from the other two you may recover."

MEET THE STAFF AT STONEWALL JACKSON SCHOOL

Mr. Robert Faggart

For almost twelve years the man who has been responsible for "putting the meat on the table" at Jackson has been Mr. Robert Faggart. Not only does Mr. Faggart do this important job he also has other tasks that he performs around Jackson.

Mr. Faggart was born in Cabarrus County longer ago than he cares to think about, but it has not been so long ago as that. He attended several schools in boyhood days. These schools were McGraw School, Litaker School, and eventually Mt. Pleasant School, all in Cabarrus County.

After his formal schooling Mr. Faggart went to work at Kerr Bleachery in Concord, N.C. He worked at this job for about ten years. He has also had experience selling insurance. Mr. Faggart came to work at Jackson on May 21, 1956.

On October 24, 1947 Mr. Faggart married Miss Lisla Kate Freeze. The Faggarts live at 222 Corban Avenue, S. W. in Concord, N. C. Mr. and Mrs. Faggart belong to the St. Andrews Luthern Church in Concord.

As has already been mentioned Mr. Faggart has a variety of jobs at Jackson. Not only does he slaughter the pigs and beef cattle for consumption by the boys, he also is responsible for much of the feeding and raising of the livestock. Most of the boys who work for Mr. Faggart usually say that they work at the "piggery." This work involves grinding the feed, storing the feed, mixing the feed as well as the actual feeding. This is quite a job since the feeding is no hit and miss affair. The mixing of the feed and the feeding is done from a scientific standpoint. Mr. Faggart and his boys are usually caring for about two hundred pigs at any time. In a normal years time Mr. Faggart and the boys in his care will kill about two hundred pigs. This averages about five pigs a week. Mr. Faggart will slaughter about sixty beef cattle a year. After the animals are processed at the slaughter house the boys under Mr. Faggart's care take them to the cafeteria where they are carefully welghed and put into the big walk in refrigirators.

Aside from his duties in the above capacities Mr. Faggart helps with the transplanting of the young plant from the greenhouse. These include the young tomato plants, peppers, cabbage plants, and above all else Mr.

Faggart is responsible for the growing of the watermelons and cantaloupes that everone at Jackson enjoys. Mr. Faggart also puts in some time in the dairy since he is the relief man at this job. Sometimes this means that he has to leave home early enough to get to Jackson by 5:00 A.M. in order to get the cows milked. Since the animals at Jackson have to be fed everyday in the week Mr. Faggart takes a turn at doing this job on the weekends. When Mr. Faggart first came to work at Jackson he did some relief work at one of the cottages.

Away from Jackson Mr. Faggart has several hobbies to occupy his time. One of these hobbies is very unique, raising pheasents. Last year Mr. Faggart raised about forty of these tasty fowl. This year he hopes to raise about the same number. Mr. Faggart knows that pheasant are very pretty animals, but he does not raise them for their looks. Mr. and Mrs. Faggart are interested in collecting antiques. Mr. Faggart is an avid hunter, going out on frosty mornings at every opportunity in search of wild game. Closely associated his vocation with his avocation Mr. Faggart is a home gardener. On the passive side for a hobby he likes to watch good baseball games. At one time Mr. Faggart was a member of the group of noon time horse shoe pitchers at Jackson. He has now retired from this sport.

Around Jackson Mr. Faggart is known as a rather quiet individual, but one who enjoys a good joke, either telling or listening to one. Mr. Faggart also enjoys good food but being a pretty good sized man this is understandable. Gardening, raising pigs, growing watermelons, relieving at the dairy, raising pheasants, collecting antiques, watching ballgames, all these add up to a well rounded individual in the person of Mr. Robert Faggart, a valuable man on the staff at Jackson.

* * * *

"Friendship," said Uncle Eben, "don't mean no mo" to some folk dan a license to borrow money."

Show your own colors, sound your own note; it is precisely for this that you are here— to be yourself, to be sincere, give out your own authentic thought— this is your salvation.

HONOR ROLLS

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE NO. 2

Gene Bost
Phillip Graham
Kenneth Hall
Rickie Martin

COTTAGE NO. 3

Wayne Hand
Roger Whisnant

COTTAGE NO. 4

William Hughes
Eddie Moody
Gary Creason
Danny Thomas

COTTAGE NO. 5

Kevin Buchanan
Johnny Nipper
John Smith
Jerry Blount

COTTAGE NO. 7

Joe Albanese
Emanuel Cooper

COTTAGE NO. 8

Glenn Poole
Ricky Warrix
Joe Williams

COTTAGE NO. 9

Melvin Stamper

COTTAGE NO. 10

Allen Bjork
Larry Bryon
Ronald Chavis
Larry Costner

COTTAGE NO. 11

Ivey Collins
Ronnie Fink
Boyd Shell

COTTAGE NO. 13

Darrell Butler
Charles Rogers
James Sweeten
Ricky Ward

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jesse South

TRADE HONOR ROLL

MACHINE SHOP

Joseph Williams
Roger Young
Ricky Warriax
Jimmy Conners
Raymond Hart

PRINT SHOP

James Little
Pete Marlow
Johnny Nipper
Ricky Martin
Steve Brown
Lou Cabral
Raymond Simmons
Kevin Buchanan
Keith Brown
Willie Winebarger
Paul Miller
Timothy Ayers

CARPENTER SHOP

Myrlt Mc Cormick
Rafert Reece
Ronald Wallace
Billy Adams
Charles Pruitt
William Wynn
Timothy Christian
Jessie Turner
Jerry Keziah
Edward Taylor
Vernon Odam
William Hamilton
Tony Houser
Danny Jones

CAFETERIA

Fred Coulton
Charles Ford
Darrel Butler
Earl Carter
Ricky Ward
Michael Jackson
Clyde Grant
James Kennedy
Ronnie Simmon
David Guiter
James Williams
Paul Rhodes
Dennis Allen

TEXTILE

Jerry Cobler
Douglas Hall
Jerry Tollison
Sherman Munger
Ronnie Fink
William Carter
Danny Hazelwood
Larry Mosteller
Gerald Price

PLUMBING SHOP

Harry Rush
Nathan Potts
Billie Price
Joe Mains
Charles Knight
Leroy Taylor

ARTS AND CRAFTS

Ronnie Bazemore
Bobby Nipper
Randy Black
Richard Rippy
Leon Martin
Wren Drummond
Ronnie Jones
Frank Mabe
Jessie Gautier
John David Smith

LAUNDRY

David Davis
Stanley Mc Cray
Darrel Davis
Fred Taylor
Marshall Manus
Donald Horne
Jonathan Robinson

Ronnie Chavis
Wilbur Humins
Richard Little
Larry Costner
Joe Scott
Frank Collins
Thomas Pruitt
Arch Richardson
Kenneth Stafford

YARD FORCE

Jackie Phelps
Pat Kennedy
Jimmy Harris
Robert Sanders
Randy Smith
Steve Parrish
Woody Walker
Gilbert Leeper
Tony Tilley

DAIRY

John Hall
Roy Evans
Bill Mc Nair
Willie Locklear
Steve Woods
Maxie Bolton
Jesse South
Wesley Hall
Clifton Sparron
William James
Mike Cashwell
Lewis Shackleford
Alexander Cooper
Steve Upchurch
Ronald Cagle
Roy Pyles
Larry Boyd

FARM

Kenneth Skipper
Jerry Blount
Melvin Stamper
Richard Hand
James Farmer
Robert King
John Moore
Boyd Shell
Steve Chapman
John Freeman
Danny Fritts
Johnny Roberts

OFFICE

Jerry Rippy
Gary Lang
Terry Crews
Doug Robinson
Tommy Hughes

It takes more than a shoe shine to give a man polish.

She's such a poor driver that the police gave her a season ticket.

Give some people an inch and they want another inch. Before you know it, they have become rulers.

As soon as the average person pays one fiddler off, another one begins to tune up.

The difference between a poor man and a millionaire is that one worries over his next meal and the other over his last.

Experience is what you get for being inexperienced.

DREAM MADE INTO A REALITY

Prof. Chas. L. Coon, county superintendent of the Wilson county public schools, who has led a successful fight to make the public schools of his county function in a manner unsurpassed by any county in the state or elsewhere, was invited to Johnston county to make a school address. From the Smithfield Herald we gather the report of his address.

He can stand up and face his people and daclare with pride "this has been done for childhood of the county, who looked to us for aid; is there any man ashamed of the accomplishment?" Could a public school official of _____ county face an audience and have the nerve to call upon the people to view with pride and satisfaction what had been accomplished educationally during the past six years? What has been done could have been done by all informed grocery clerks, nothing appearing in the record as the work of picked school men. The harvest is ripe for constructivte leadership.

The people of Meadow township and the surrounding community had the opportunity last Friday of listening to what the speaker himself characterizes as a "sermon," when Mr. C.L. Coon, superintendent of Wilson County Schools, made an educational address at the Meadow school commencement.

Mr. Coon has made a reputation for himself and his county for the work he has done in Wilson in lengthening the school term and in building school houses. He addressed his audience in a plain matter-of-fact way saying that he had come to Meadow, not in the capacity of a politician for he was not running for any office, but he had come to endeavor to create in the minds of the people before him a vision of what education might mean in Johnston County. Tersely expressed this vision is, that every child in Johnston County may have the same kind of school house, the same length of school term and paid for at the same rate of taxation.

Mr. Coon said that when he lived in the country as a boy, and when as a young man he taught school, he had had a vision of the good school teaching could do. He had dreamed of the time when every boy and girl in North Carolina would have a chance for an education. After ten years of work in Wilson he is beginning to see his dream realized. And what can be done in Johnston? He made an appeal for a uniform county wide tax.

Why should not the railroad tax which helps to educate the children at Benson help to pay for schools for the children in Meadow township also?

"Can you build schools in Johnston?" he asked. "Can if you want to," was his own reply. Have you ever heard of any one moving from Wilson to Johnston to escape taxes? Is the truck expensive? Is everybody satisfied? These are some of the questions which Mr. Coon asked and answered. Schools cost money but folks canot afford not to educate their children. "I would rather put some sense into Sally's and John's head and leave them a lot of property and not give them an education," was one of Mr. Coon's statements. Not all are satisfied, he said, nor will everybody be satisfied when Gabriel blows his trumpet.

Mr. Coon pictured a life in the country with good schools and churches which will keep the young folks on the farm. He pointed out that the country was the best place to live and the best place to have a good school. The distractions of moving pictures, etc., do not have to be contended with in the country, which makes for a better school.

In closing he told of some of the aspirations he had for the schools in Wilson county. He hopes for the time when a country library shall be established from which books shall be distributed to all the schools in the county. He wants to see the time when the schools shall serve everyone in the community, grown-ups as well as children, and he is planning for courses which shall benefit grown-ups.

Mr. Coon recieved warm applauses when he had finished, an evidence that the seed he had sown had not fallen on barren ground.

* * * *

An untrustworthy tongue can spoil a fine character.

Air Cooled Milk.—Two tourist from New York City were passing through Holland. The wife, on seeing a windmill, said to her husband, "O John isn't it nice of those people to put up that big fan to cool the cows?"

An irratable temper is a bad temper. Give it a real name and give it no quarter.

GLEE CLUB SINGS FOR KANNAPOLIS MUSIC CLUB

On Tuesday night, April 16, 1968, the Jackson Glee Club, under the direction of Mrs. Ashlyn Sides presented a program for the Kannapolis Music Club. This club is composed of people interested in music and some professional musicians. Mrs. Sides is a member of this club. Knowing the make up of the audience Mrs. Sides had worked the boys long and hard.

It paid off, however, as the members complimented the boys with a long round of applause, and gave Mrs. Sides many compliments after the program. The April meeting of the Music Club was held at Cabarrus Memorial Hospital, Concord, N. C., in the auditorium of the Nursing School.

Some of the student nurses came to hear the boys sing. Mr. Howard Mabry, Mr. Robert Readling, Mr. Frank Cannon, and Mr. Paul W. Lentz accompanied the boys to the hospital. The boys making the trip were Ray Bourne, Larry Boyd, Ronald Cagle, Donald Calhoun, Tim Christian, William Corn, Freddy Coulter, Jerry Flinchum, Josh Freeman, Jackie Galloway, Jesse Gautier, Phillip Graham, Jimmy Harris, Michael Harris, Ronnie Jones, Eddie Kuplen, Wayne Land, Gary Lang, Gilbert Leeper, Frankie Mabe, Pete Marlow, Leon Martin, Stanley McCrae, Bobby Nipper, Tommy Osborne, Nathan Potts, Barry Reid, Harry Rush, Joseph Scott, Boyd Shell, Wade Sherrill, Raymond Simmons, Clifton Sparrow, Noah Smith, Robert Smith, Jerry Tollison, Woody Walker, James Williams, James Wimbley, and Willie Winebarger.

* * * *

Second thoughts are best. Congress introduced 13,000 bills at the last session and only passed 1,000 of them.

Procrastination is more than the thief of time; it is the murderer of opportunity.

Humility is so frail and delicate a thing that it is gone if it but looks upon itself.

If you are too big to obey, you are too little to be obeyed.

PRISONERS OF THE WARTBURG

Despite his bonds, like Paul he labored on
With holy zeal to spread the gospel light
And speed the message to the hearts of men
Chained in the hopeless gloom of error's night.

Faith unmoved, sustained by God's own strength
He spent the lonely hours in deep research;
And gave his fellowmen and gave the world
The Bible—the true treasure of the church.

For he had girded on the Spirit's sword
And in its mighty strength withstood the throng
Of Satan's messengers, and put to flight
His foes—delivered those oppressed by wrong.

In presence of earth's highest potentates
He stood undaunted, unafraid of harm—
He stood alone, but underneath he felt
The strength of God's own everlasting arm.

Clad in the armor of the mighty God
He overcame, and triumphed in the strife,
Then joined the glorious company of those
Whose names are written in the Book of Life.

—Rose M. Swingle

* * * *

MR. TOMKINSON HAS SURGERY

Mr. Thomkinson, counselor of cottage 13 entered Cabarrus Memorial Hospital April 21, 1968 for major surgery. He had his operation April 23.

He returned home May 3. He is recovering very well, and will return to his work as Cottage Counselor soon.

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE ONE

Cottage One went to the Concord Speedway last Saturday night. We watched the cars come in and warm up, we also watched them qualify.

There were a few short heats but I think the boys enjoyed the thirty lap race the most, it was a very exciting race. At first no. 18 and 17 were battling it out until no. 18 went over the rail and then it was 17 and 21 , a blue Chevelle from Madison N. C. After a few laps no. 21 spun out on the second turn. He got back into the race but he was in last place. It was near the end of the race when no. 21 was really doing some driving. After a few more laps the Chevelle was closing in for first place. The cars were really battling it out. I think most of the fans were for no. 21. No. 21 came up to first place with only a couple more laps to go. He was really pouring it on now. As he came around the fourth turn he got the white flag, only one more lap to go. He was really moving. As he raced by the checkered flag all the fans cheered as he won the race.

I think all of the boys enjoyed the race and would like to go again. We thank Mr. Hinson for taking us.

—Keith Brown

—:—

COTTAGE EIGHT NEWS

Saturday evening April 20, 1968 Cottage 8 enjoyed a birthday supper in honor of one of the regular boys, Joe Williams. He celebrated his 17th birthday on April 18th.

The menu consisted of char-coal T-bone steaks, potato chips, pickles, coca-cola's, tea and cake.

Ricky's parents Mr. and Mrs. Elias Warriax furnished the steaks for this supper. Mrs. Henderson char-coaled them for us. Mr. Ervin and the bakery boys did a wonderful job baking the birthday cake. It was beautiful as well as delicious.

To make the evening more enjoyable Rev. Roland Jones and family came just in time to help us enjoy this meal. Rev. Jones is Pastor of The Church of the Nazarene, Norwood, N. C.

—Glenn Poole

—:—

COTTAGE ELEVEN

On April 27, 1968 Cottage eleven was honored by the women of the W.MU. of Franklin Baptist Church, in Salisbury. It was an insparation to the boys of cottage eleven for these fine people to show their love for us.

Mrs. Parchment read the 100th Psalms, and Mrs. Roy Wilson lead us in prayer before the refreshments were served. They served us with cookies and punch, and then they give each of us a washcloth, tooth paste and Rightguard.

We are grateful for the nice gifts and refreshments, It's things like this that lets the boys know that someone cares.

DAIRY BOY OF THE MONTH

Jessie South

Jessie is a mountain boy from Zionville, N. C., near the Tennesee N. C. State line. Being a farm boy and having had some dairy experiance before coming to us he has been a real good dairy hand. The day he came into the dairy, Jessie operated a milking machine. Often milking for several weeks he wanted other work to go along with milking. Jessie was recommended for 4—H and given a heifer calf to care for. He named the heifer "Shirley" and gave her extra atttention, and all the while he was feeding other calves too. He was feeding calves milk, hay calf grower keeping fresh water for them, and keeping the calf barn clean.

After Jessie had fed calves and cows and milked cows he still wanted to learn more. He asked to be put into the processing plant. Now he can pasturize milk, Homogenize milk, and fill dispense cans, also seperate cream.

Jessie has shown unreserved interest in his work since coming to Jackson. I feel sure he will be an assest to his community when he returns home.

Jessie has practiced dariying from start to finish. From feeding a new born calf, to a growing heifer, to a young cow to a good milk producing cow and processing milk and consuming the processed milk.

—E. D. Moretz

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

CARPENTER SHOP

The boys in the carpenter shop have been working hard these past few weeks. Finishing up painting cottage 14, and other odd jobs. We'll soon be painting the outside of the cottages.

We have two boys going home soon, they are Edward Taylor and Billy Adams.

—Mike Cash
Billy Adams

—:—

YARD FORCE

We have been very busy this month. We sewed grass in front of cottages 1, 2, 3, and 4, and we are proud of our work. We mowed Mr. Sloop's lawn last week and it looks good. We have been mowing grass on campus quite a lot this month. Mr. Suther has gone to Florida for a few days. He went to Cape Cannavril and other places. We hope he will have a nice stay.

— Woody Walker
— Randy Smith

—:—

PIGGERY

We have been getting pigs ready for the annual show this month. Two pigs were bought for the show. They will be shown here at the piggery. Robert King went home for 5

days for Easter. We hope he enjoys it.

— Josh Freeman
— Boyd Shell

—:—

ARTS AND CRAFTS

We have been working hard lately making decorations for Easter. We made some Easter bunnies out of washing powder to decorate the Cafetiria. We also made some small bunnies out of eggs to help make the Cafetiria look more like Easter. We have a boy who is going home soon his name is Ronnie Bazemore. He is suppose to go home May 5th.

— Ronnie Bazemore
— Robert Nipper

—:—

OFFICE

We worked hard over the Easter holidays. We had quite a few visitors Easter Sunday and we wanted everything in ship shape order. We cleaned all the offices and the Adminatration Building. Lots of visitors gave us compliments on our work.

—Terry Crews
Wade Sherril

—:—

LAUNDRY

The boys in the laundry have been working hard this month, doing the Laundry for the cottages, and the Staff.

—:—

PLUMBING NEWS

We boys in the plumbing shop have just finished unstopping the sewer line the first of this month.

We wouldn't have to do all this work if we could, get a little cooperation out of the school, it would be a much easier job for the boys in the plumbing shop. People shouldn't be throwing things down the toilets because the sewer line won't disolve such things as rags, grease from the cafeteria that causes the sewer to stop up.

—Nathan Potts
—Wayne Spencer

—:—

PRINT SHOP

In the print shop this month we have been very busy, working on the April Uplift and also on a newspaper for Central Cabarrus High School. We have also finished a pamplet for Samarcand Manor's Chapel Funds.

We finished the new Citations and write-ups for the school. This makes it easier for the counslers to give a Citation, or a Write-up to the boys.

After we finished our work and got caught up in our other work we went to Camp Cabarrus and stayed that night and half of the next day We enjoyed this trip very much.

—James Little
—Johnny Nipper

—:—

BARBER SHOP

Not much is happening in the barber shop this month. We are progressing better in cutting hair.

We have two boys going home that work in the evening, they are both going home next month. They are Gene Bost, and Phillip Graham. That is all from the barber shop.

—Gene Bost
—Phillip Graham

SHOE SHOP

About the same is happening here at the shoe shop. We are fixing shoes as always. We have a new boy in the shop his name is Mckinley Briley, and we also have a boy going home this month. His name is Eddie Moody. Thats all from the shoe shop.

—Billy Smith
—Mike Lee

—:—

BAKERY

The "Dough Boys" have been doing, mainly, the "same old stuff." We did make one special treat for Easter; Marble Pound Cake! I hope everyone liked it. We have made the regular desserts such as: cakes, ice cream dough nuts, and cookies. Everything has been moving along fairly smooth. That is all from the, "Dough Boys."

—Joe Albanese
—Kenny Hall

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

We have been working on the dairy truck and the cub. Steve Killian is expecting to go home sometime this month. We put a new clutch and pressure plate in the road scraper. We fixed the hydrolic lift on the cub tractor. We are fixing the water cooler, on the transmission of the dairy truck. We are fixing a thing to hook up plows on Mr. Eudy's garden tractor.

—Steve Killian
—Joe Wlliams
—Timmy Corner

—:—

PURCHASING DEPT.

The Purchasing, department purchased a new dessert storage rack for the cafeteria. We also got some new pots and pans for the cafeteria. We have some weiner roll pans ordered for the bakery. Of course we have been filling orders for all the Cottages and trades as usual.

—Mr. Cress

—:—

COTTON MILL

The boys in the cotton mill, have been doing the usual things this month. We have been weaving and spinning lately.
We got one new boy this month. We hope he makes his stay as profitable as possible.

—Johnny Masseau

—:—

DAIRY

The boys in the dairy have taken more interest in work and recreation since Spring has arrived. Taking heifers to summer pasture was a joy for the boys. They like to put a halter on them and lead them

down the road to pasture. Some heifers are full of life when they get out into the open after being in a small lot all winter, and they and the boys travel gaily to the pasture.

Since spring rains have put more water in the fish lake in front of the dairy barn the boys have enjoyed fishing some in the lake.

We are getting ready two classs of dairy animals for a, judging contest Thrusday of this week. There is a class of milking cows, and a class of bred heifers. It is interesting to see who can get their animal looking better. There is great pride shown in the boys work to out do the other in fitting his animal.

—Johnny Hall
—Bill McNair

—:—

LIBRARY

Nothing new has been happening here in the Library lately. We have seen a few movie films over the last month though.

We have our new bulletin board for April up. They are on the subject Easter. All of the boys who came to the library made very good use of their time here.

— Billy Chase

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

SPECIAL B

This month we have been fixing and decorating our bullitin boards for Easter. Our theme for this board was "April showers bring May flowers," so we cut out some little ducks and umbrellas. Also for Easter we cut some little rabbits all of which we tacked on the board.

We have four new boys this month. There names are Posey Higgs, Charles Knight, William Brown, and Charles Locklear. We hope they make their stay both profitable and enjoyable.

—Posey Higgs
—Charles Locklear

—:—

SPECIAL D

In our arithmetic class we are trying to learn how to express gt's as gl's and gl's as gt's.

In our language we are learning to write letters.

In our Social Studies we are naming the states and the capitals, and some of the principal products of each state.

Wesley Hall
Johnny Herring

—:—

NINTH GRADE
Civics

In Civics class this month we have been studying about the Economic part of our country. We read about the different kind of business organizations in the United States. These included the individual ownership of a business, the partnership type of business and the corp-

oration. All of these have their advantages and disadvantages. We talked about buying and selling stock and business cycles that keep coming and going. Our Civics book had a print of the stock market page. We could look to see what certain stocks were selling for on that particular day. We also looked at one of the daliy papers to study the stock market page in it. We talked about competition and the law of supply and demand. Even though none of us own any stock, nor do we own any part of a business we enjoy this chapter and learned quite a bit from it.

—:—

10 th GRADE WORLD HISTORY

In history class we have been studying about World War 1. As Mr. Lentz pointed out this war did not start in 1914, even though that is when the actual shooting started. We were more interested in the long range causes than in the immediate cause. We talked some about the military campaignes, but again we were more interested in the results of the war. Many historians agree that the cause of World War 11 can be found in the results of the first war. In this section of our book we also read about the League of Nations, which was the fore runner of the present United Nations. One of the most interesting parts of this study was the Russian Revolution, for it is from this event that modern Russia emerged. It was also interesting to find out why the United States entered the war, which was the beginning of the United States taking such active part in world affairs today.

A careful driver is one who just saw the driver ahead of him get a traffic ticket.

Some day science will harness lunar power too. Look at how the moon pulls oceans back and forth, and stops cars on side roads!

Money can work two ways. At times it talks—and at other times it stops talk.

He who laughs last probaly wanted to tell the story himself.

Women who are too unselfish make the best wives and the worst husbands.

Those rare individuals who look down on their neighbors are usually living on a bluff.

An argument is when two people are trying to get in the last word first.

When a woman refuses to tell her weight, you can be sure she weighs one hundred and plenty.

Life is what happens to you while you're making other plans.

NEW STUDENTS

Lew Cabral ..... Jacksonville

Wilbur McIntyre ..... Charlotte

Moffitt G. Sherard ..... Charlotte

Jerry R. Tollison ..... Charlotte

Charles H. Montgomery ..... Greensboro

Ronald Deyton ..... Morganton

Waltham J. Spach ..... Winston-Salem

Keith S. Brown ..... Walnut Cove

Clyde Eugene Trexler ..... Marksville

Archie Richardson, Jr. ..... Fayetteville

Darrel C. Butler ..... Shelby

James C. Lamb ..... Asheboro

Delbert S. Collins ..... Asheboro

Horace Bowman ..... High Point

Ralph Ellerbee,Jr. ..... Fayetteville

Robert Witherspoon ..... Concord

Michael L. Grubbs ..... Leaksville

Robert L. Rice ..... Kannapolis

Roger D. Whisnant ..... Hudson

John L. Shackleford ..... Greenville

Jim L. Meadows ..... Statesville

Tom E. Pruitt ..... Reidsville

Jerry Trent Rippy ..... Shelby

Richard Dean Rippy ..... Shelby

Clyde R. Grant ..... Boger City

Ronald D. Frick ..... Ruffin

Paul E. Rhodes ..... North Wilksboro

James Boggs ..... Asheville

Carlton W. Turpin ..... Spruce Pine

Ernest R. Pyles ..... Dobson

Terry W. Raynolds ..... Winston-Salem

Johnny L. Johnson, Jr. ..... Winston-Salem

James M. Kennedy ..... Winston-Salem

Charles R. Brooks ..... Raliegh

Andrew Carson Weathers ..... Dunn

Wayne Canter ..... Mocksville

Glenn Taylor ..... Greensboro

Michael Garren ..... Asheville

Randy Koonts ..... Lexington

Roger Morgan ..... Albemarle

John Smith ..... Laurinburg

Richard Hand ..... Madison

Virgil Manus ..... Reidsville

Richard Little ..... Albemarle

Thomas Hauser ..... Winston-Salem

Anthony Hauser ..... Winston-Salem

Gregory Gibson ..... China Grove

Tommy Osborn ..... High Point

Vernon Odom ..... Hamlet

Jerry Cobler ..... Rockingham

James Williams ..... Salisbury

Larry Sellers ..... Yanceyville

Dennis Allen ..... Roanoke Rapids

Alvin Hunter ..... Mt. Airy

Danny Morgan ..... Gastonia

Douglas Robinson ..... Gastonia

James Langley, Jr. ..... Gastonia

Keith Harshman ..... Raliegh

Marvin Stubbs ..... Whiteville

Garl Tucker ..... Troy

Robert Lawson ..... Wilmington

Maxie Bolton ..... Wilmington

William James ..... Wilmington

Jerry Kessiah ..... Charlotte

James White ..... Statesville

Frank Mabe ..... Madison

Scotty Cook ..... Dallas

Theo Bryant ..... Goldsboro

Emanuel Cooper ..... Elizabeth Ctiy

Robert Lee Tilley ..... Sophia

Harold Bernard Loyer, Jr. ..... Cherry Point

Vincent Alan Strote ..... Cherry Point

Ronnie Deblin Barbee ..... Concord

George Gerald Price ..... Gastonia

Wiley Edward Lankford ..... Winston Salem

Jimmy Pack ..... Kernersville

Johnny Gentry Cribb ..... Greensboro

Albert Hudson Leffew, Jr. ..... Greensboro

Steven Hoefle ..... Lowell

Bobby Dolian Martin ..... Cavel

James Elbert Abram ..... Charlotte

Larry Randy Morre ..... Charlotte

Leslie Lamont Brown ..... Fayetteville

Larry Mosteller ..... Lincolnton

McKinley Briley ..... Washington

William John Morgan ..... Troy

Jimmy Wayne Peedin ..... Selma

Douglas Arthur Lyles ..... Roanoke Rapids

David Henry Graham ..... Roxboro

Claude Fuller ..... Roxboro

Posey Clare Higgs ..... Roxboro

Charles Lester Knight ..... Greenville

Arthur James Story ..... Greenville

John Robert Laws ..... Durham

Michael Smith ..... Wilmington

Jackie Phelps ..... Lincolnton

Alfred William Sumlin ..... Concord

William Ronald Wallace ..... Charlotte

Tony Lee Watson ..... Charlotte

Major Ray Roberts ..... King

Alexander Cooper ..... Greenville

Charles Henry Siemers ..... Winston Salem

Robert Dean Huffman ..... Greensboro

Steve Lynn Chapman ..... Fayetteville

Frank Bailey ..... High Point

Jack Sherman Munger ..... Lexington

Cleophus Jerome Powell ..... Kinston

James Roger Kennington ..... Charlotte

Lawrence Burchell, Jr. ..... Leaksville

Eddie Ray Spivey ..... Winston Salem

Micheal Docglas Wiles ..... Conover

William Arthur Scott ..... Blanche

Charles Ray Kornegay ..... Dudley

William Monroe Brown, Jr. ..... Charlotte

Tommy Lee Morris ..... Charlotte

Charles Locklear ..... Lumberton

John Michael McDuffie ..... Wilmington

Charles Sherwood Nichols ..... Rockingham

Morris Herbert Bolding ..... Gastonia

Ricky Lawrence Pittman ..... Belmont
Charles Ray Riley ..... Mt. Holly
Benjamin Aaron Smith ..... Asheboro
Tony Michael Jarrell ..... Asheboro
Sanford Lee Pulliam ..... Stokesdale
Daniel Wayne Christmas ..... Durham
Harry Lee Henderson ..... Charlotte
Perry Eugene Cox ..... Hendersonville
Roy Michael Transeau ..... Thomasville
Robert Earl Cox ..... Salisbury
James Lee Barber ..... Winston—Salem
Charles Thomas Vawter ..... Winston—Salem
Robert Witherspoon ..... Concord
Ronald Eugene Williams ..... Graham
Bernie Lee Bowlin, Jr. ..... Sanford
Albert Lee Bingham ..... Rockingham
Billy Lee McGinnis ..... Granite Falls
Benny Dale Bost ..... Albemarle
James Wayne Farmer ..... Valdese
Mabrey Allen ..... Concord
Tony Dean Smith ..... Reidsville
James David Guinn ..... Rockingham
Johnny Wayne Guinn ..... Rockingham
David Dean Carter ..... Advance
Joe Elias Lowe ..... Madison

NIGHT TIME

The night was clear
And the moon was yellow.
The leaves came tumbling down.
There I was just standing
Watching the city,
And loving the sound.
I could hear the cars
And longing distant bells.
Even though I have no feelings
The whole city gave a message
For myself I could never learn,
You will love it just as well.
By my best freind taught me
And now it is all mine.
You know you look in the sky
Some warmful night,
In the sky you see more than stars.
You see a great creation,
A creation of understanding and love
And we all know, some where up there,
There is **God**.

—Tim Ayers

Nothing is beautiful but what is true; the truth only is lovable.

"Nobody can be really good who is not good for something."

Fine actions which are hidden are the most worthy.

The actions of men are like the index of a book; they point out what is most remarkable in them.

"FRIENDS"

If nobody smiled and nobody cheered
And nobody helped us along,
If each and every minute look after
Itself,
And good things went only to the strong;
If nobody cared just a little for,
And nobody thought of me,
And we all stood along the battle
Line of life- - -
What a dreary old world this
Would be.

Life is sweet just because of the
Friends we have made,
And the things which in common we
Share;
We want to live on, not because of
Ourselves,
But because of the people who care.
It's giving and doing for
Someone else-
On that all Life's splendor depends,
And the joy of this world when it's
All added up,
Is found in the making of friends.

—Wayne Suggs

* * * *

While I will do my best to get hold of the thief of the opposite party I will try, if possible, a little harder to get hold of the thief of my own party. When I was president I endeavored to act so that there should be no need of raising the cry among my opponents of "turn the rascals out," because I turned them out myself just as fast as I could get at them.

THE PAIN OF SCHOOL

The pain of school to us teenage boys
Is like the pain of broken toys.
To go to school on a day like today,
Where you are inside; and you cannot play,
And in the winter, when it's snappy and cold,
You're inside where there's very little soul.
But when you're older, and you take a wife,
That's when you see what's happened in life,
You're on your own now. You know it's hard,
And now you see what's happened in life,
And you have played your cards.
Then you think of those days in school,
Where they tried to teach you, to live by other's rules.

—James Little

It is our own past which has made us what we are. We are the children of our own deeds. Conduct has created character; acts have grown into habits, each year has pressed into us a deeper moral print; the lives we have left us such as we are today.

Oh God! that man would see a little clearer And judge less harshly where they cannot see Oh God! that men would draw a little nearer To one another; they'd be nearer Thee.

Labor disgraces no man, but many men disgrace labor.

If you'll only keep a-going you can pull through anything, For it's only while you're in it that you feel a sorrow's sting. And oftentimes, in looking backward, see 'tis blessing in disguise, For the cloud that looms the blackest hides a vision of the skies.

"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."
—Edwin Markham

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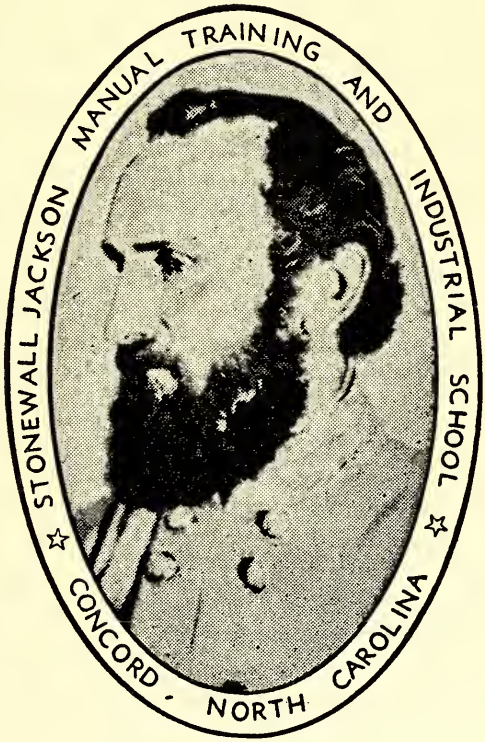

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1824 — 1863

MAY 1968

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4 - H SPEAKING CONTEST WINNERS

(Editorial note: The 4-H Club Public Speaking Contest was held in the Home Economics Lab and two boys from Jackson were winners. The speeches were judged on orginality, composition and delivery by Mrs. Elsie Litaker, ASCS county manager and Mr. Hugh Price, Soil conservationist. The contest was sponsored by Gulf Oil Distributors of Concord.)

NARCOTICS AND THEIR EFFECTS

All men and women will benefit if they learn how to protect themselves and their freinds from one of the worst dangers of all time - - "drug-addiction." This is even more dangerous than our wars and many automobiles. There are so many in the United States today who have been ruined for life, or actually killed by the use of narcotics. We should all have protection from this danger, and the best protecton is to know the plain truth about what it does to the human body. These can ruin the body if permitted to do so. We have lots of facts gatherd from medical experts on certain drugs. Some, if used in the right way, are helpful, some are harmful. Life expectancy is somewhat greater than in the early 1900's.This is due to the discovery and use of better drugs. A drug addict is one who continues to use such "habit forming" drugs as morphine and heroin. These are just two of the addiction producing drugs. The taking of one of these drugs can cause addiction in a very short length of time. Many of our criminals today have done what they have done because of their being under drugs. Do not permit yourself to be led on to takng any kind of drugs, unless by a doctor's advice. Once a person has been addicted,he can't seem to go wthout the drugs. In the early stages the addict's breathing and pulse slows down, blood pressure drops, and body temperature lowers. His eyes become "bloodshot," the pupils become pinpointed, and his eyelids droop.

He may become very physically active and then become drowsy and inactive, drift into light sleep, awaken quickly, and drift back to sleep, having fantastic dreams-sometimes very unpleasant. He may suffer from great dizziness. The addict becomes constipated always and his pupils remain pinpointed. When he is unable to get the drug any longer, he becomes very restless and irritable. His eyes start to water, he yawns very

frequently, and mucous runs from his nose. Later, his muscles violently twitch. His back, arms, and legs severly ache. He has stomach pains vomits, has diarrhea, kicks his legs, and jerks his arms. He curls up in as many blankets as possible in bed, or on the floor. Finally, sleep is an impossible task. He may lose as much as ten pounds within 24 hours. After three days with out the drug, he is in great torment. He neglects all thoughts of decency. The addict is unable to sleep and suffers from extreme weakness and nervousness, and his muscles ache and pain for several weeks, even after he begins to recover from the violent reactions to the drug. This does not form a very pretty picture, does it? It is not supposed to! This is something everyone should know for his and his friends safety. Everyone should help to do away with this curse or mankind. It was said earlier that some narcotics are helpful, and some are harmful. Let us look at some of these.

First, we will look at the helpful drugs. Remember, they can be helpful only if used properly, otherwise, they become harmful.

DEMERAL - This drug is used to relieve pain. It may cause dizziness, sweating, and dryness of the mouth.

MEPERGAN - Is used for moderately severe, to severe pain. It may cause blurred vision or dryness of the mouth.

DOLOPHINE - Is a drug used in the control of coughs associated with the common cold and whooping cough. It may cause nausea, vomiting, dizziness, and dryness of the mouth.

PANTAPON - Is recommended for relief of pain instead of morphine. It may cause bronchial asthma, and respiratory depression.

COCAINE - Is a drug used for anesthetics by physicians and denitst It can ruin physicial and mental health.

PERCODAN - This drug is used for relief of severe migraine headaches, influenza, hemorroids, and backaches. Nausea may occur from its use.

CODEINE - Is used to relieve coughing. It seldom has side effects when used as directed.

MORPHINE - This drug is used by doctors to relieve pain. Large doses will cause sleep. An overdose will cause death.

BENZADRINE - Is used in nasal sprays.

Mepergan, dolophine, pantapon, cocaine, percodan, codeine, and norphine are habit forming. Morphine is one of the most habit forming drugs. We have seen helpful drugs, now let us take a look at the harmful ones.

MARIJUANA - This drug comes from the hemp plant. It has no value as a medicine. The user has no control over himself. People who use it iften become addicted to heroin.

BARBITUATES - Are drugs used to aid in sleep. Overdoses cause great sickness, and often death.

OPIUM - Comes from oriental grown poppies. It brings a feeling of happiness and beautiful visions. It is very easy to become addicted to. The victim falls asleep and becomes only half conscious and lazy.

L. S. D. - This drug can produce hallucinations and often, even more unfortunate, deep mental disturbances. If L. S. D. be administered properly, it can become useful in treating alcoholism and minor illnesses.

HEROIN - This drug is made from morphine. It has been used to relieve coughing, but the United States forbids its use. It expands the ego of the user, removes pity, remorse, and all sense of responsibility. Its users become antisocial and criminal. Most drugs effects can be cured if caught in time. The best way to prevent it is not use it. I feel that thinking people, knowing the facts, will avoid this happening to them.

Thank You,

Joe Albasese

TEEN - AGE RELIGION

With all the varied activities of my generation today as told to us by T.V. and the newspapers most folks have decided that we don't have any sense , much less religion. It is too bad that statistics don't tell about the good teen-agers of our time. There are many wholesome young boys and girls in our land that you as the older generation can be proud of.

We will have to admit though that many crazy, mixed-up kids are searching for something, and my guess woud be that this something is a religious faith, something they can believe in.

Many teen-agers don't find real religion in church today. They go because they are made to go. Now there are good points for and against this plan. For instance some Sunday mornings I am sleepy and would like to stay in bed and if I were not made to go chances are I would have very few Sunday mornings I really wanted to get up and go to church. On the other hand some folks think that youth in the late teens should have a chance to decide whether they should go to church and what church they should go to. It is possible that the beliefs of the parent's denomination would not be those of the youth, therefore I feel that when I am a little older I should have a say-so in this decision.

Some youngsters go to church today by force of habit. They have gone all their lives and it just seems to be the natural thing to do. So an important question here would be, "Is it better to go to church by force of habit rather than not to go at all?"

Just going to the church building does not mean that the teen-ager is a christian. He must establish his own standards, and sometimes these standards are higher than those of the church. For instance the subject so predominantly before us these days in race relations. We teen-agers have our standards about this subject. In my cottage I have several real good friends who are Negroes. I do not think of them as being diffrent—but just another buddy, very much like myself. We share the same bedrooms, eat at the same table and play the same games together. Many churches and church members do not enjoy this association. Thus my standards are different from theirs.

Where we might criticize the church for its race relations I feel that we must approve and uphold its moral teachings and standards. If teen-

agers today had a close relationship with the church and were more interesting in its teachings and activities I believe the moral standards of our younger generations would be entirely different.

On the other hand the church has an obligation to its youth to make its beliefs and teachings as attractive as possible and still stay within its moral code. I would suggest a church that would look at youth as youth and not as a scaled down adult. There is a growing need among my generation for a better understanding of ourselves and our problems, as well as how to adjust to the problems of others. The church can play a great roll in filling this need. If only they could recoganize our problems as problems and not as "un-important discomforts that pass with maturity". It could encourage us and provide wholesome activities that could replace the "hang-out" or "pool room" or "Hipster pad." The church could provide the teen-ager with opportunities to be useful and responible citizens in the church and community.

To sum it all up I would like to make this plea: HAVE FAITH IN US! IN OUR GENERATION. We do not all burn draft cards, or rebel in the class rooms, or riot in the streets. We are young people who have plans and dreams of a happy future with good jobs, equal opportunities, a home and family of your own built on the sound and sacred teachings of Jesus that is just as workable today as it was in your day or even centuries ago.

By: Kenneth Skipper

* * * *

Whatever you may be sure of, be sure of this, that you are dreadfully like other people.

There is nothing noble in being superior to some other man. True nobility is being superior to your previous self.

Economy is in itsef a source of great revenue.

The man who never quits is never finished

SCOUTS HONOR LISKE

Frank Liske, veteran scouter and past president of the Concord Boy's Club, received an honorary life membership in the Order of the Arrow, Itibapishe—Iti—Hollo Lodge, first award of this type ever given in Central North Carolina Council, Boy Scouts of America, during the council camporee at the Camp John J. Barnhardt last weekend.

OA Chief Norman Alston was in charge of the ceremonies and the Rev. Richard Allen, council camping supervisor, made the award for the OA, "national honor society" of scout campers.

The certificate was signed by Claude Thomason, member of the National Board of Directors, Boy Scouts of America.

Mr Liske has been an employee at Jackson over 40 years.

CITIZENSHIP AWARDS MADE

On Wednesday evening, May 8, 1968 the annual Citizenship Awards were made to three boys at Jackson. The boys recieving these awards were: Phillip Graham, Cottage 2; Kevin Buchanan, Cottage 5 and Ricky Warriax, Cottage 8. These boys were chosen from a number of names that were submitted by the staff members. The Evaluation Committee made the selections. Each of the winners were given as a prize $10.00 and a tie pin. The Colonial Dames of America have been making these awards available to boys from Jackson for the past several years. Mr. Joe Holding, Jr., Concord's Junior Man of The Year made the presentations to the winners. Mr. Holding also made a short, but very timely, speech to the boys, all of whom were assembled in the auditorium. Mr. Holding used as a topic "You Can If You Think You Can." He related a number of incidents concerning boys from Jackson who made good after they left the school.

As an added attraction Mr. Joe Holding, Sr. offered to buy two new flags for the school auditorium. These will be the flag of the United States and the flag of the State of North Carolina. These two flags will soon be displayed in the auditorium. We will take this opportunity to thank both Mr. Holdings for theirs contributions to Jackson. We would also like to thank the Colonial Dames of America for making the program possible, as well for the gifts that the three Jackson boys recieved.

* * * *

An untrustworthy tongue can spoil a fine character.

Procrastination is more than the thief of time; it is the murderer of opportunity.

It's the little things you do, of which no one knows but yourself, to brighten some soul-wearied wanderer's path, that make your own beaten path a path of gold.

Humanity is so frail and delicate a thing that t is gone if it but looks upon itself.

MR. J. LEE WHITE DIES

J. Lee White, 80, one of Cabarrus County's best known and most active citizens and for years known as "Mr. Democrat," died at 6:15 p.m. Friday at Cabarrus Hospital.

He had been seriously ill since January. Final rites were held Sunday at 3 p.m. at Rocky River Presbyterian Church, with the pastor, the Rev. C. W. Jennings, officiating. Interment was in the church cemetary.

The body was taken from Wilkinson's Funeral Home to the home Saturday afternoon, and will be taken to the church at the hour of services.

Active pallbearers were Mr. White's great-nephews, John S. Pharr, Jr. William Cranford, John R. Boger Jr., William B. Boger, C. Watson Bost Jr., Harry P. LeGrande Jr., Edmund LeGrande and Andrew LeGrande. Surviving are two sisters, Mrs. C. W. Bost Sr. and Mrs. F. W. Pharr, both of Concord; and a brother, W. M. White of Concord. Mr. White was born in Township 10 in Cabarrus County Aug. 29, 1887, son of the late J. M. W. White and Mrs. Isabelle Flowe White. He lived at 1640 Old Charlotte Rd. in the Jackson Park area. Mr. White was married to the former Miss Bernice Pharr, who died in 1964. Active in local, state and national politics, as a life-long Democrat, Mr. White served on the Board of County Commissioners from 1930 until 1957, including 15 years as chairman of that county governing board. He resigned as commissioner in 1957 to accept appointment to the N. C. Highway Commission by Gov. Luther Hodges. Mr. White also was a member of Cabarrus Democratic Executive Committee for 12 years and served on the N. C. Democratic Executive Committee. Last December, Mr. White was re-appointed by President Lyndon B. Johnson to the North Carolina Committee of Agricultural Stabilization and Conservation Service, on which he had served since 1961. Among other of Mr. White's numerous activities and accomplishments were: President of Cabarrus County Fair Assn. from its organization; Member of Concord Chamber of Commerce, and president of that board in 1953; Member of the board of directors of Cabarrus United Community Chest from 1953 to 1964; Member of the first board of directors of Concord Community Boys Club in 1949 and president of that organization in 1952-1953; President of Concord Rotary Club in 1954-1955; Chairman of Cabarrus Board of Health from 1945 to 1957;

Named Jaycee Senior Man of the Year in 1953. For 32 years, Mr. White served as farm superintendant at Jackson Training School before

retiring Oct. 1, 1947. A lifelong member of Rocky River Presbyterian Church, Mr. White served on the board of trustees and as chairman of the building committee. He also served as chairman of Cabarrus County's Confederate Centennial Committee, 1961-1965.

* * * *

If you are too little to obey, you are too lttle to be obeyed.

I pity no man because he has to work. If he is worth his salt he will work. I envy the man who has a work worth doing and does it well.

"He who has the truth in his heart need never fear the want of persuasion of the tongue."

The world's greatest need is resolute, energetic workers. Ability is worthless without the power to put it into action.

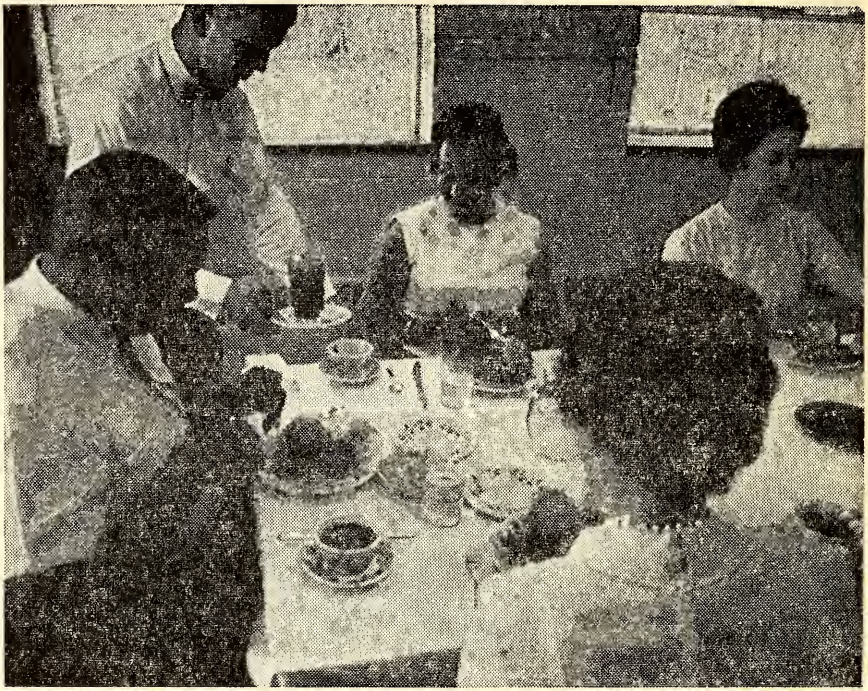
The wages of sin are always paid. If there is any delay in settlement, compound interest is added.

"What is life without honor? Degredation is worse than death. We must think of the living and of those who are to come after us, and see that by God's blessings we transmit to them the freedom we have enjoyed.

Just remember there are others who've a heap more grief than you; Give a word of courage to them, 'tis a kindly thing to do. And your task of overcoming will to you a blessing bring; If you only keep-a-going, you can pull through anything.

The absent are the children, helpless to defend themselves.

Cheerfulness is as natural to the heart of a man in strong health, as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholsome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life.



ROWAN TECH PROGRAM AT JTS MAY SPREAD TO OTHER FACILITIES

Rowan Technical Institute has initiated a training program at Jackson Trianing School that may soon spread to other institutes throughout the state, according to officials who were guest at the local school Friday.

In cooperation with Supt. Hoyt O. Sloop and cafeteria supervisors at Jackson, Mrs. Frank Milholland of Rowan Tech is in the final week of training both students and supervisory personel in proper technique for waiters and waitresses.

Institutional supervisors and some 10 or more guest from the North Carolina Juvenile Evaluation Center, Swannanoa, were guest for lunch Friday and gave the trainees their first opportunity to put their newly acquired skills into practice.

The youngsters in sparkling clean white shirts and neat black bow ties moved about the tables in a prescribed, professonal manner, but were obviously nervous Friday at serving their first guest.

Cafeteria supervisors, headed by Mrs. Beatrice Bost, stayed at their elbows as their confidence grew and serving continued.

"The demand for food servise personnel is great and growing," Mrs. Milholland said.

"So great, in fact, that Rowan Tech is offering this course at Jackson and a similar course to any who wish to participate at the Salisbury school free."

A total of 12 boys and six members of the JTS staff are trainees in this program at present and all 18 of these persons will recieve certificates when they complete the 60 hour course," she said.

Other members of the JTS staff participating in the class besides Mrs. Bost are Mrs. Wade Honeycutt, Mrs. Sherman Lowder, Mrs. Paul Mann, Mrs. Don Hill, and Mrs. Juanita Cranford.

T. E. Stiles of Statesville, native Cabarrus Countian and coordinator supervising instructor at the Swannanoa center, expressed enthusiasm for the program.

"Judging from the reaction of our representatives here, I look for programs of this type to be introduced in institutions across the state," Stiles said.

* * * *

Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind. The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

The diligent farmer plants trees, of which he himself will never see the fruit.

There is no feeling in this world to be compared to self-reliance—do not sacrifice that to anything else.

WAITER TRAINING COURSE OFFERED AT JACKSON

Under the supervision of Mrs. Louise Milholland, from Rowan Technical Institute, a course in Waiter Training is being offered to the boys and staff members at Jackson. This is a 60 hour course. Those persons attending go to class two hours a day from nine until eleven oclock, Monday through Friday. The course is presented through lectures, films and practical experience. The "students" are being exposed to such subjects as the proper setting of tables, proper serving, proper clearing of the table, the correct manner of approaching a customer, the proper method of taking an order and other items that will make the graduates a more professional waiter or waitress.

Mrs. Bost and Mrs. Cranford from the cafeteria staff are enrolled in the course. Other personnel from Jackson taking the course are Mrs. Huneycutt, Mrs. Lowder, Mrs Mann and Mrs. Hill, all Cottage Counselers. Other than staff members approximately 12 boys from the cafeteria are also enrolled in this training. The boys are finding the lessons interesting and are learning quite a lot about being professional waiters. Some of the ladies have said that they never knew there was so much involved in an every day matter of setting a table and serving a meal.

* * * *

Defeat is education. It is the first step to something better.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we condemn in others is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than others so.

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must some time fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand.

Conciet may puff a man up, but can never prop him up.

A MOTHER'S LOVE

The one golden name that blesses earth, that is echoed in heaven, is that of mother. Around it shines a glorious halo of bright rays, that never illumines any other terrestrial title. It interprets purity it means truth, it denotes devotion. Like the divine essence of Eternal Love, a mother's love remains , from cradle to coffin, the unfaltering, unwavering unselfish sentiment; it never knows any diminution; it sings songs of self—consecration, to become stronger and bolder as years roll on. To the children it appears always fresh and young; it blooms in full blosem till death's portals open to receive the warm, true heart that beats in the human breast of woman. The wrecks and disasters of life form no mist over maternal eyes; estrangements and alienations cannot decrease the strength of affertion; separations only intensify the attachment; life's errors and blunders are lost in the depths of love. Like a guardian angel, a mother shields her child. And tenderly and gently succors and sustains the guilty and the erring. The world may blame and refuse to listen to extenuations, and the culprit, condemned and laden with opportunities, full of dismay and despair, beholds himself an outcast and a rebel, but this beacon light, a mother's love, points to a safe and sure harbor, that will gladly shelter the lone and desolate.

Every hand may fail, even God's mercy seem hidden behind a dar' sky; but on mother's bosom may the drooping, despondent child res' She will impress a warm kiss on pale lips; to her it is still the wild boy c frolicsome girl of a happy childhood.

"While she breathes lives one who sees, Stands they pure or sin—defiled,
But the child, whom she crooned to sleep and rocked upon her knees."

There are mothers who bewail and lament filial ingratitude, whose heart are pierced with bitter wounds, and bleed and ache, because children prove recreant to duty; but though such mothers pass through fiery furnaces, there are no fires that can burn their love to gray ashes or dead embers. The helpless babe, the crowing infant, the prattling child, the giddy boy, the innocent girl, the proud man, the comely woman, are all to her the same dear treasures of her love. Near or far, at home or abroad, the mother's jewels are kept in the casket of her heart.

The scene on Calvary finds some of its grandeur in the manifestations

of love between mother and son—that sacred hour when Jesus, the crucified on the rough cross, with a dying utterance gave unto the meek and gentle Apostle St. John, the care of his bereaved mother. Then were heard the memorable words that signified that all mothers, of every land and clime, are precious in his imortal sight; that for them is his sympathy and that grand hymn sung that there does not come the thought of the fifteen hundred souls who stood on the sinking compassion mingled with a sacred pity. This was an inestimable legacy to all mothers; a certain testimony that before the great white throne there is an Intercesser, even the Son of Mary. This death—scene no human pen can portray or delineate of matternal love filial affection—the weeping mother and the dying son. We may ask ourselves why the burden is laid so heavily on many a tender—hearted mother! A portion of Mary's sorrows at the foot of the cross is a reminder of Him who softens all sorrows that mothers bear. Above is the invisible eye that watches all a mother's trials, notes her tears, counts them up, to record them in the unread book of the lives of universal motherhood.

'Aye, on his cross he thought of Mary's woe,
He pities still the mothers left below."

Gems and crowns, rich jewels sparkling in luster, await in paradise-palaces the Christian mothers.

* * * *

If you would be happy, be active as a running stream, not cloudy and morbid as a stagnant pool.

Every man is his own ancestor, and every man is his own heir. He devises his own future, he inherits his own past.

That which is striking and beautiful is not always good; but that which is good is always beautiful.

Courage is fear that has prayed.

HISTORY OF MOTHER'S DAY

The story of the beginning of the celebration of Mother's Day in our country is a very beautiful one, but something similar to it had been celebrated for years in England before it was reconized by law in this country in 1914. Years ago life in England was very dull and anything that brought joy into the drab days of tts hard working people was eagerly welcomed. In those days there were very few schools in the towns and villages of England, so those parents who could afford it sent their children away to boarding schools. As time went on it grew to be a yearly custom in these schools for all the pupils and teachers to go home for a visit to their parents on what was called "Mothering Sunday." Out of this custom our own Moter's Day probably originated.

Miss Anna Jarvis was the women who started this beautiful custom in our own country. Under the Christian mother's teaching Anna had grown into noble unselfish womanhood when her mother died. Just a year after her death, on May 9, 1907, Miss Jarvis asked a friend to keep the anniversary of her mother's death with her. While they were together the thought came to Miss Jarvis that there were many other mothers who would be remembered.

Little by little she succeded in interesting people to set aside one day in the year for this purpose, and finally in 1914, Congress passed a bill which was signed by President Willson, making the second Sabath in May a legal holiday.

The white carnation has been chosen to wear for a mother who is no longer with us. Because of the sweet perfume and because it lasts so long it was selected as typical of the sweetness and endurance of our mother's love. And it is a beautiful custom to wear a red carnation if our mother is still living, because it means that her love is still glowing for us.

* * * *

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life, the best phillosophy; a clear conscience, the best law; and honesty is the best policy.

Thinking is the talking of the soul with itself.

CAMPUS NEWS

FORMER STUDENT RETIRES FROM NAVY

On May 21, Carlton Henry came by the school to pay a visit and see if any of the folks he knew thirty years ago were still here. Carlton was admitted to Jackson on Febuary 1, 1935 and released October 11, 1939. He was only ten years old when he came here and was placed in cottage number twelve.

After leaving Jackson in 1939 Carlton returned to his home in Rockingham where he attended school until he became old enough to join the United States Navy. At the time of his enlistment the United States was at war and Carlton says he got a taste of both theaters. He was in North Africa and took part in the invasion of Normandy, and later aboard the U.S.S. Nelson (DD-623) he saw considerable action in the Pacific in the invasion of Japan and around Okinawa. Carlton says he will always have a vivid reminder of that action because he has a piece of metal lodged in his chest. In the battle of Normandy the Nelson was hit killing 20 of her boys and doing extensive damage to the stern.

Carlton retired last year with the grade of Seaman First Class. He is married to the former Geneva Everson of Providence, Rhode Island and they have three children, Charlton III, James Claude and Eenise. They are living at Route 1, Box 19, Rockingham where Carlton is working as a meat-cutter for the Wynn Dixie Food Store. He says he is grateful for the expreience he gained here at Jackson and really feel that had he not been sent here he would have really gotten into some serious trouble. He was delighted at the great improvements at Jackson and yet marveled at the many familiar landmarks around the campus.

It is always a joy to have our former boys return for a visit and we wish for Carlton and his family many happy years of retirement.

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MRS. BURTON GRADUATES FROM PFEIFFER

Mrs. Lillian Burton, wife of Mr. Wilson Burton, of the Social Services Department at Jackson, graduated from Pfeiffer College on May 13, 1968. Mr. Burton has been with Jackson since September, 1961. Mr. and Mrs. Burton live in one of the apartments just off the Jackson campus. Mrs. Burton not only received her college diploma, but also is qualified to teach school. She will do just that come next September. Mrs. Burton did her practice teaching at Mt. Pleasant, N. C. where she will teach the second grade this fall. Mrs. Burton was honored with several social events upon her graduation. The Uplift congratulates Mrs. Burton upon her achievement.

MR. AND MRS. WATSON PARENTS OF NEW SON

On Monday, May 20, 1968, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Watson became the proud parents of their second child and first son. Mr. Watson is the head of the Social Services Department at Jackson. At latest reports mother and child were doing fine. The new Mr. Watson was christened Jon. Mrs. Watson is the former Sylvia Peck, whose parents, Mr and Mrs. James Peck, recently retired from the staff at Jackson.

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MR. SCOTT ATTENDS UNITED METHODIST CONFERENCE

Mr. J. Frank Scott, former Superintendent, and Mrs. Scott have just returned from a trip to Dallas, Texas where Mr. Scott was a deligate to the United Methodist Conference representing the Western North Carolina Methodist.

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MR. AND MRS. MANN AND BOYS MOVE TO COTTAGE FOURTEEN

On the first of May the boys from cottage 17 moved to cottage 14. Of course Mr. and Mrs. Mann who had been the Counselors at 17 moved with their boys. Cottage 14 had been vacated when Mr. and Mrs. Hooker recently retired. The boys and Mr. and Mrs. Mann are fairly well settled n their new home by ths time. Mr.Mann especially, likes the locaton of his new cottage becaause he does not have to make the long trips he was accustomed to when he lived in Cottage 17.

COTTAGE ONE AND TWO VISITS COWANS FORD DAM

Cottage one and two visited the Cowans Ford Dam Saturday May, 18 We went on a tour which consisted of an eight minute film on the history of the Dam. Afterwards we went through the four turbines of the Dam which when turned by falling water distributes electricity for many miles around. The Dam is very large and a great place to visit.

COTTAGES GET REPAIRS

Several of the cottages have been getting needed repairs. A roofing company from Charlotte has been working for the past several weeks putting new roofs on the cottages that needed this work done. Melted tar does not smell too good, but most of us could stand it when we realized that the results would be worth the little bit of unpleasantness. By this time all the cottages in the central part of the campus should have a new roof.

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

SPECIAL "D"

Larry Little went home this month and Johnny Herring is trying to be good so he can go home. We welcome Theadore Bryant into our class this month. Elmo Rogers is trying to learn how to sing. At last Feddy Taylor has gotten a citation.

Our social studies class is learning how our cities are built. The boys are getting along fairly well

with new math.

—Elmo Rogers
—Johnny Herring

—:—

6th GRADE

The 6th Grade is doing a study on the countries of Southeast Asia. One of the important countries is one that should be familiar to us all Vietnam. We feel this is true because of the number of men from our country who are fighting there.

We find the story of Southeast Asia can be told in a few words warm rains, rice, rivers, and forest. Southeast Asia is a tropical land with a lot of rain, many important rivers, and covered with tropical forest.

Rice is the most important food crop. We hope to get a better understanding of these people for which we are fighting, and why we are fighting their war.

—:—

7th A.M.

The entire class was sorry to see Phillip Graham go home. In the last week, we have been working in Literature. We have been reading a great variety of material. The play we gave in class was very enjoyable. In the near future, the class is planning to give a short play.

C. F. Gibbons

—:—

FIFTH GRADE

In this class we try to teach long division and how to multiply. The boys don't know their multiplication tables.

In science we are studying longitude and latitude.

In language we are studying verbs and letter writing.

We also have one new boy, his name is Theodore Bryant.

—:—

NINTH GRADE
Civics

We have just finised a most interesting chapter in Civics class. This chapter of our book dealt with labor and the labor unions. We talked about the number of workers in the United States to start with. We also read about the different kinds of jobs that there are in the U.S. The most interesting part of the chapter was the discussion about the labor unions. Our book had a short history of organized labor in it. We learned several new words such as lockout, closed shop, union shop, boycott, blacklist, yellow dog contracts and strikebreakers. While we were studying this chapter the telephone strike was settled and we read about it in the newspaper. We also talked about the Taft-Hartley Law and the Wagoner Act. These both had to do with labor unions. Our book had a picture of Mr. George Meany and Mr. Walter Reuther in it. These are big names in the AFL-CIO, which is the name of the all powerful labor union in the United States. We also studied about the position that our governent takes in regard to labor and management.

TENTH GRADE
Biology

This month in biology class, we have been studying insects in the group Arthropods. Most of the study was of the grasshopper. We studied the grasshopper and his met amorphosis, life stages. We have one new boy in the tenth grade, his name is Ronald Williams.

-Rick Martin
-James Little

—:—

SOCIAL EDUCATION

This month we have been seeing alot of films on Social Education. The classes concern the boys and their social behavior. Mr. Hester says he hopes through participation in this class that the boys will go back to their community with a better understanding of the ways of living.

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

GYM

We have been trying out some boys for track for the 440 yard dash and the 50 yard dash. We have had some pretty good time trals in the morning classes, so far David Davis and Phillip Graham has the fastest time in the 440, and in the 50 yard the fastest were Marshal Manis and Roger Whisnant.

We also worked on the running broad jump and standing broad jump, low hurdles, throwing the 8 lb. shot and throwing the discuss. The 8 lb. and the discuss was won by Timothy Ayers and Elmo Rogers. Barry Reid won the broad jump. The afternoon boys will be tried out later.

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PRINT SHOP

In the print shop this month we have been as busy as usual. We have just finised running some CT forms. We have one new boy in the Print Shop, his name is Ronald Williams, we hope he enjoys his stay.

-Rick Martin
-James Little

—:—

INFIRMARY

We have been very busy this month with the spring cleaning. We also have been planting flowers and trying to keep the infirmary clean.

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

In the machine shop we are changing the beds on the trucks we just received. We also are taking off the parts that will not be used on the tractor we received not too long ago We have two new boys is the shop, their names are Tommy Morris and Eddie Spivey.

-Roger Young

—:—

CAFETERIA

Here it is summer, that means more work for everyone at the cafeteria.

Everything is covered with strawberries and sugar peas. That means we will have lots of strawberry short cakes next winter. We are all looking forward to camp and vacation.

—:—

DAIRY

This month down at the dairy the boys have been workng hard getting ready for the calves. We have had one boy to go home this month, his name is Jessie South and the boys and Mr. Moretz wish him the best of luck. Bill McNair is suppose to go home the 29 th of this month. We hope he does.

—Ronald Cagle

—:—

OFFICE

The grounds around the Administration Building have a "new look." Boxwoods have replaced old shrubbery, some old tres have been removed. The grass is very green and growing well. Our lawn around the Administration Building has been greatly improved by sewing new grass at the side of the building.

—Tommy Hughes

—:—

CARPENTER SHOP

We, the boys of the carpenter shop, have been working very hard this month painting cottage 5 and making screens for the cafateria. We are now fixing cottage 17 for the new counslers. We had one boy to go home this month, his name is Edward Taylor. We wish him luck. We have two more boys going home soon. Their names are Billy-Adams and Barry Reid.

-Mike Cash

—:—

YARD FORCE

We have been working very hard this month setting out flowers and mowing all the lawns. We have four boys going home soon, they are Tony Tilley, Gilbert Leeper, Steve Paris, and Randy Smith.

—Woody Walker
—Randy Smith

—:—

PAINT SHOP

In the paint shop this month we have been doing a lot of painting on cottages five and seventeen.

We have started on number five, but were delayed because of the recent rains. We hope to start back on number five sometime soon. We have one boy going home this month, his name is Edward Taylor.

—Vernon Odom
—Jerry Keziah

—:—

LAUNDRY

The boys in the laundry have been working very hard this month. They have been doing the laundry for the cottages and the staff. We also have five new boys, their names are Mabery Allen, Benny Bost, Tony Smith Daniel, Christmas, and Bernie Bowling and we hope

that they like their stay.

—Marshall Manus

—:—

THE LANGUAGE ARTS

The language arts dept has been studying verbs. Through this study it is hoped that most of the students will have a better command of grammar.

—The Language Arts Dept

—:—

COTTON MILL

We have been doing the usual this month in the cotton mill. We've been running the picker the last couple of days, and the weave room boys and the spinning room boys have been doing a fine job.

—:—

PLUMBING SHOP

We have been working very hard this month making minor repairs all over the campus. We also have a new boy, his name is Tony Jarrel.

We also have a boy going home the 24th of this month, his name is Billy Price.

—Charlie Knight
—Harry Rush

—:—

ARTS AND CRAFTS

Our classes have increased untill we have 9 boys in the evening group and 7 boys in the morning group. We continue to make shirts, aprons, pajamas sheets, barber coats ect. Our crafts and decorating have been limitted to the bulletin board and Mother's Day Remembrances.

We had ose boy to go home, his name is Ronnie Bazemore.

—Jessie Gautier
—Frank Mabe

—:—

BARBER SHOP

The barber shop boys have been cutting a lot of hair this month. We have a boy to go home this month, his name is Phillip Graham. We hope he makes out good.

—Prillip Graham

—:—

SHOE SHOP

We have been working hard this month fixing shoes. We have a boy to go home this month, his name is Charles Rogers. We hope he makes out good.

—Mike Lee
—Glenn Poole

There's nothing like a dish towel for wiping the contented look off a husband's face.

Of course the average man has faith. You can tell by the way he drives his car.

Sign in a city park: "May it be said of these flowers that they died with their roots on."

Most people hate any change that dosen't jingle in their pockets.

HONOR ROLLS

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE NO. 2

Rickie Martin

COTTAGE NO. 3

Wayne Hand

COTTAGE NO. 4

Clyde Grant

COTTAGE NO 5

Kevin Eugene Buchanan
James Abram
Jerry Blount
Johnny Nipper
Raymond Simmons
Randy Smith

COTTAGE NO. 6

Steven Parris

COTTAGE NO. 7

McKinley Briley
Charles Kornegay

COTTAGE NO. 8

Ricky Warrix

COTTAGE NO. 9

Joseph Hussey
Melvin Stamper

COTTAGE NO. 10

James Davis
Larry Costner
Ronald Chavis

COTTAGE NO. 11

Billy Byrd
Jerry Cobler
Ronnie Fink
Gary Helms
Tony Jarrell

COTAGE NO. 13

James Sweeten
Danny Morgan
Darrell Butler

COTTAGE NO. 15

Steve Upchurch
Willie Locklear

TRADE HONOR ROLL

PLUMBING

Harry Rush
Nathan Potts
Charles Knight
Billy Price
Leroy Taylor

Randy Whitfield
Joe Mains
William Scott

PRINT SHOP

Kevin Buchanan
Lew Cabral
Timothy Ayers
Johnny Nipper
James Little
Pete Marlow
Raymond Simmons
Ricky Martin
Keith Brown
Steve Brown

CAFETERIA

Fred Coulter
Darrell Butler
Ronnie Simmons
James Kennedy
Clyde Grant
James Williams
Tony Watson
Dennis Allen
Ricky Ward
Paul Rhodes

DAIRY

Wesley Hall
Ronald Cagle
Steve Upchurch
Larry Boyd
Mike Cashwell
Willie Locklear
Bill McNair
Steven Woods
John Hall
Roy Evans
Lewis Shackleford
Ray Pyles
Maxie Balton
Alexander Cooper
William Wallace

FARM

Claud Fuller
Bill See
Richard Hand
Kenneth Skipper
Jerry Blount
Melvin Slamper

CARPENTER SHOP

Mike Cash
Jessie Turner
Billy Adams
Ronald Wallace
Robert Price
Myertt McCormick
Tommy Houser
Danny Jones
Charles Pruitt
Timothy Christian
Jerry Keziah
William Hamilton
Tony Houser
Vernon Odom

YARD FORCE

Steve Parrish
Randy Smith
Woodrow Walker
Ralph Ellerbe
Randy Taylor
Robert Sanders

LAUNDRY

Donnell Davis
David Davis
Alfred Sumlin
Stanley McCray
Donald Home
Larry Costner

Archie Richardson
Kenneth Stafford

OFFICE

Jerry Rippy

MACHINE SHOP

Raymond Hart
Roger Young
Ricky Warriax
Joseph Williams
Emanual Cooper

FIGURE THIS ONE

During a trial in Oklahoma the judge asked a witness, "Do you have any brothers or sisters?"

" No," replied the witness, "my only sister died 150 years ago."

"That's not possible!" exclaimed the judge.

"On the contary," said the witness, "at the age of 20 my father married and had a daughter. She died in infancy. When my father was 72, he became a widower and married again. Four years later I was born and now I am 94."

In one large Aferican city sime sixty years ago there were only two automobiles. And—you guessed it—they meet one day in a head-on collision.

ANOTHER RUSSIAN RECORD

The Moscow Radio announced a few days after Joseph Stalin's funeral in 1953 that five million Russians filed past his bier in 72 hours. That means, according to the calculations, that the mourners, two abreast, three and one-third feet apart, traveled past the bier at twenty-two miles per hour is 9.3 seconds a hundred yards, which is the world's record for the hundred yard dash—heretofore recorded only by Americans.

AMAZING INTELLECT!

Here is an assortment of answers from a high school test papers:

It is raining cats and dogs, and there are poodles in the road.

Diphtheria and smallpox are prevented by intersection.

Moses died before he reached Canada but he saw it from a mountain.

Fillet Mignon is an opera written by Puccini.

PROGRESS (?)

Development of the complimentary close on business letters:

1900 — Your Obedient Servant.
1910 — Respectfully yours.
1920 — Yours truly.
1930 — Yours.
1940 — Sincerely yours.
1950 — Cordially yours.
1960 — Affectionately yours.
1970 — Send it in.

If you are guick, you are fast. If you are tied, you are fast. If you spend too much money, you are fast. And if you quit eating, you are fast. This is a fast age.

A lady hired a new maid, and asked her, "Do you have any religious views?" The maid replied, "No, I haven't, ma'am, but I've got some dandy snapshots of Niagara Falls and Great Lakes."

MOTHER'S DAY

I wear it for you, O mother o' Mine.
  Your hopes may strive to fulfill;
Your tender caress, O Mother o' Mine.
  It lingers in memory still.
The prayers you said, the tears you shed,
  Each from your lips so divine,
I recalled them once more from days gone before,
  To bless me, O Mother o' Mine!

A whte rose for you, O Mother o' Mine!
  To mark the long years that have sped;
Since you with a smile, O Mother o' Mine,
  Laid your loving hands on my head.
The hurts that you bound, the solace you found,
  The love that your heart did enshrine,
Are memories dear of each vanishing year,
  To lead me, O Mother o' Mine!

A red rose for you, O mother o' Mine
  I would it were given to me
To bow once again, O Mother o' Mine,
  In the evening prayer by your knee.
To close my tired eyes to your sweet lullabys,
  Your hands in my hair to entwine.
Be the rose white or red, the prayers you said
Still guides me, O Mother o' mine.

Rastus—"Yes sah, ah's a great singah."
Sambo—"Wheah did you learn to sing?"
Rastus—"Ah graduated from a correspondence school."
Sambo—"Boy! yo' shuah lost lots of yo' mail."

NEW STUDENTS

Tony Lee Grant ..... Lexington

Clifford Hicks ..... Biscoe

Randy Lee Taylor ..... Roanoke Rapids

Willie Davis Milton ..... Polkton

Richard Lee Parker ..... Whitsett

Clifford Wayne Seagraves ..... Gastonia

Boyd Russel Barefoot ..... Charlotte

Roger Dale Green ..... Dallas

David Ray Bousman ..... Charlotte

Ted Curtis Ross ..... Charlotte

Steve Douglas Hewitt ..... Charlotte

James Robert Cornell ..... High Point

William Avery Jenkins ..... Belmont

William Eugene Goins ..... Bessemer City

Michael Gabriele ..... Durham

Jesse Earl Fullerton ..... Durham

Ronnie Dean Watts ..... Dallas

Linwood Earl Hannah ..... Greenville

Leo Wooten ..... Greenville

Ricky Ellis Buchanan ..... Gastonia

Theodore Ham, Jr. ..... Monroe

Donald Gerald Dockery ..... Lexington

Joseph O. Dennis ..... Wilmington

Edmund Walter Holland ..... Fayetteville

Bynum Harrison Parsons ..... Lenior

Louie Jackie Myers ..... Gastonia

Terry Lee Marshall ..... High Point

Grady Eugene Campbell ..... Statesville
Gary Allen Bost ..... Troutman

Ernest Ruben Scevers ..... Charlotte

* * * *

HONOR ROLL BOYS GO BOWLING

On Thursday morning May 30th the boys who had made the Cottage Honor Roll received a big surprise. Insteal of going to the movie in Concord or Kannapolis they were taken to Salisbury for a morning of bowlng. This trip was arranged through the efforts of Mr. Tony Cinquamani, one of the V-R Counselors at Jackson. Mr. Cinquamani had made arrangements with the Woodleaf Bowling Alleys in Salisbury to open the lanes to the boys from Jackson for one particular day. The Honor Roll boys were the logical candidates to take advantage of the generous offer. Mr. Rouse, Counselor at Cottage 11, and Mr. Cinqumani went with the boys on the trip. The boys making the trip were: Ricky Martin, Wayne Hand, Roger Whisnant, William Hughes, Danny Thomas, Jerry Blunt, Kevin Buchanan, Johnny Nipper, John Smith, Emanual Cooper, Glen Poole, Ricky Warriax, Joe Williams, Melvin Stamper, Ronald Chavis, Larry Costner, Ivey Collins, Ronnie Fink, Darrell Butler, James Sweeten and Ricky Ward.

The boys enjoyed the trip, want to go back and wish to thank all who made the trip possible.

If thou art a master, sometimes be blind; if a servant, sometimes be deaf.

The man who goes alone can start today, but he who travels with another must wait till that other is ready.

MEET THE STAFF AT STONEWALL JACKSON SCHOOL

Mr. And Mrs. Buford Hahn

Employees at Jackson, off and on, for almost twenty years, are Mr. and Mrs. Buford Hahn. Mr. Hahn has a split term of employment, while Mrs. Hahn has been here since 1956. Mrs. Hahn, born Vera Hammill, first saw the light of day in the Gold Hill section, Township no. 7, Cabarrus County, N. C. She attended Nussman School, which was right near her father's home. Leaving Nussman she attended Mitchell Home, which is now Pfeiffer College. After Mitchell she went to Mount Pleasant High School. After her formal schooling the future Jackson employee worked in the textile business in Concord, N. C.

Mr. Hahn was born near Mount Pleasant, N. C. in Cabarrus County, Township no. 8. He attended a school of his own name, Hahn School. He later went to work in the textile industry. He likes to tell of working ten hours a day for $1.00 per day. He says he has been working ever since.

Mr. and Mrs. Hahn will soon be observing their thirtythird wedding aniversary for they were married October 19, 1935. The Hahns have two children. Daughter Abby, now Mrs. Eddie Hatley is the mother of one son and one daughter. Son Ronnie is also married. The Hahns are proud grandparents and admit that they have "spoiled " their grandchildren. Mr. Hahn first came to work at Jackson on January 1, 1948. He worked as a farm supervisor and did relief work in the cottage program. After approximatley three years he went back to Gold Hill to live and worked in Rockwell, N. C. Mr. Hahn came back to Jackson on April 12, 1954. He again was one of the farm supervisors and did relief work in the cottages. Mrs. Hahn joined him on May 24, 1956. When the new cottage program came into effect the Hahns chose that kind of work. They have been Cottage Counselors at Cottage no. 2 for approximately ten years. This means that close to 400 boys have "lived" with the Hahns, and been under their influence.

Away from Jackson the Hahns own a home and several acres of land near Gold Hill, N. C. At one time Mr. and Mrs. Hahn and their two children did a lot of farming work. Now Mr. Hahn rents out most of his farm land.

He and Mrs. Hahn still do some small gardening. Mr. Hahn's land produces much corn, milo and wheat. Mrs. Hahn is a life long member of

Bethlahem Methodist Church, located near her home. Mr. Hahn was raised a Luthern, but became a Methodist after marriage. For hobbies both Hahns like to travel, and "camp out." They own two trailers which they can use to take off for Florida, Kentucky New York, or to their favorite spot, Myrtle Beach, S. C. Mr. Hahn is an avid fisherman, but can not get Mrs. Hahn interested in this sport. Mr. Hahn also fixes old bicycles and makes lawn furniture for other leisure time activities.Mrs. Hahn spends as much time as possible with her grandchildren and likes "to do" for them. Mr. Hahn is still a farmer at heart, and "loves to farm and look after beef cattle."

Even though the Hahns are grandparents they still have several more years of service to North Carolina. The rest of the staff looks foward to associating with them for these years to come.

* * * *

SLIPPING AWAY

They are slipping away, these sweet, swift years,
  Like a leaf on the current cast;
With never a break in the rapid flow,
We watch them one by one as they go
  Into the beautiful past.

There are only a few years left to love.
  Shall we waste them in idle strife?
Shall we trample under our ruthless feet
Those beautiful blossoms, rare and sweet,
  By the dusty way of life?

There are only a few swift years—at least,
  No envious taunt be heard.
Make life's fair pattern of rare design,
And fill the measure with love's sweet wine,
  And never an angry word.

North Carolina Collection
The Library
University of N. C.
Chapel Hill, N. C. 27515

"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."
—Edwin Markham

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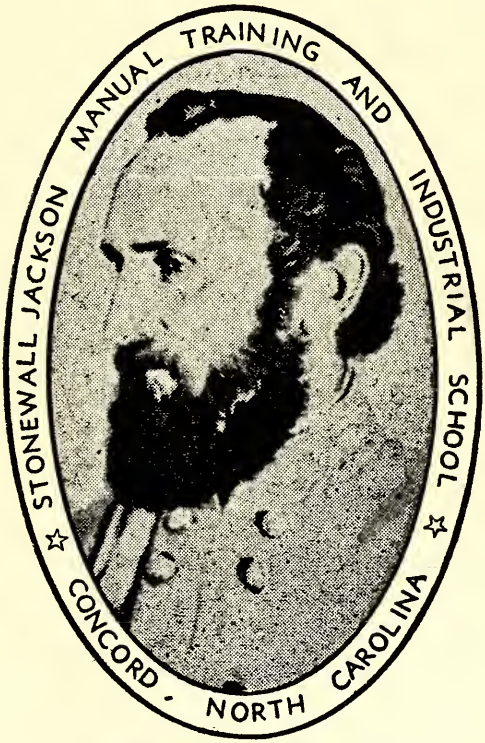

STONEWALL JACKSON
1824 — 1863

JUNE 1968

THE UPLIFT

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GALA CELEBRATION HELD AT JACKSON ON JULY 4th

Honoring the 192nd birthday of the United States of America the boys at Jackson held a mammoth July 4th celebration. Mr. Thomas Edmisten, Business Education teacher; Mrs. Earlree Spence, Libraian; and Mrs. Rachel Liske, Special Education teacher headed a committee that planned the days activities. Actually two programs were held, one in the morning and one in the afternoon so that all the boys could get in on the action.

Due to the very, very rainy conditions on the morning of the 4th the planned outdoor activities had to be shifted to the school "gym". Mr. Frank Cannon,Physical Education teacher, proved an able host. To get the program underway a volleyball game was held among the boys. One of the boys from each school section represented his grade. After the winner of this game was declared the staff members playing were Mister Burr, Troutman, Cheek, Mackie, Hester, Edmiston, Burris, Cannon, and Lentz. This team of old timers soundly whipped the boys team. In the afternoon the boys team won over the staff members. This may have in due in part to the fact that Mr. H. Faggart played instead of Mr Lentz. Following the volleyball games a modified track meet was held. One boy from each school section represented his grade. Following are the winners in these events:

	A.M.		P.M.
Sack Race	Carl Edwards	SP. ED.	Wren Drummonds
3 Legged Race	Roger Samples		Randy Black
	Ronnie Jones	SP. ED.	Wiley Lankford
	Harry Henderson		Cleo Powell
	Jerry Blount	High School	Wm. Wallace
Potatoe Race	Jimmy Harris	SP. ED.	Richard Little
	Terry Renolds	High Sshool	Mike Transeau
Inner Tube Race	Joe Lowe	SP. ED.	
	Mr. Troutman's 8th Grade	High School	Mr. Cheeks 10th Grade

Basketball Shoot and Dribble	Wm. Moye	SP. ED.	Archie Richardson
	Johnny Johnson	High School	Douglas Wiles

As an added attraction Mr. H. Faggart outran Mr. Lentz in a modified Potatoe Race.

When the indoor track meet was concluded the boys were served refreshments. Mrs. Beatrice Bost, Dietian, and her staff provided the "goodies." These consisted of oatmeal cookies and lemonade, pink, no less! Mrs. Ruth Billups, Arts and Crafts, was in charge of serving refreshments. She was assisted by Mrs. Sara Morton and Mrs. Sara Barbee, Special Education teachers. All the boys seemed to enjoy the food and drink, as well as the track meet.

Turning to the more serious side of the 4th Mrs. Liske and Mrs. Spence had arranged for a program in the school auditorium. Following is the program presented after all the boys had moved from the gym to the auditorium:

* * * *

TEXT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE IN CONGRESS JULY 4, 1776

When in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station which the laws of nature and of Nature's God entitled them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to separate- - - We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. - - - That to secure these rights Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, - - - That when any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute new government, laying its foundations on such principles and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem likely to effect their Safety and Happiness.

INDEPENDENCE DAY

JULY 4th, 1968

STAR SPANGLED BANNER	OPENING SONG
AUDIENCE	PLEDGE TO THE FLAG
HISTORY OF OUR FLAG (Mr. Wentz, NARATOR)	FILMSTRIP
BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC	SONG
HARRY HENDERSON	STORY OF THE LIBERTY BELL
KEVIN BUCHANAN	ADOPTION OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
PAUL MILLER	TEXT OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE
STORY OF WRITING OF THE STAR SPANGLED BANNER (Mr. Wentz, NARATOR)	FILMSTRIP
MR. LENTZ	POEM OUR AMERICA

AS AN ADDED ATTRACTION MR. HESTER SHOWED A FILM ENTITLED "ACC FOOTBALL HIGHLIGHTS OF 1967"

One of the highlights of the program occured when the three boys were making their speeches. During this time, ten boys, all holding United States Flags were standing in front of the audience. With the house lights out, and with the stage lights dimly lighted, the sight was quite impressive.

Other than the fun everyone had it is hoped that the "spirit of '76" may have been renewed or rekindled in the minds and hearts of many of the boys as well as the staff members.

The Uplift salutes all those persons who had a part in making this program such as success.

* * * *

Suspicious always haunts the guilty mind. The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

THE CRUCIAL TEST

She was a new girl in town and visiting at the Wilsons. The Wilsons were nice people and highly thought of, although of limited means. Alice Anderson, the newcomer, was blonde and somehow had a way with her which the girls of about her own age in Wellsburg described to each other as "style."

Then the manners of the visiting young lady were a bit different from their own frank, give and take nature. Alice had a graciousness about her slightly tinged with condescension. "Quite," Bess Brown said. "As if she might have been brought up somewhere at a royal court, or at least have associated with people of high rank."

She announced to the Wellsburg girls that she expected to remain most of the summer, as her people were traveling, and she preferred a quiet life somewhere rather than so much tiresome change of scene.

She used the word "exclusive" very frequently, and often mentioned her own many friends of great wealth and position. Those whom she did not consider quite in her class were briefly dismissed with the remark "common" or "very ordinary."

Ruth Judson said that she loved to watch and listen to Alice, for she was just like a character who had stepped out of a book.

Soon quite a rivalry developed for the favor of the young guest of the Wilsons, and it was plain that Alice did not care for a crowd, for almost immediately she selected Kitty Payoson for her chum—that is, for a while; but after a little time she dropped Kitty suddenly and took up with Sue Bellinger.

Kitty was a bit bewildered, but brave and loyal, and did her best to cover the sudden slump in her friendship with Alice. It was not very long, however, before history repeated itself, and Alice dropped Sue and bestowed her favor upon Betty Blair.

Betty was overjoyed, and often she and Alice were in close conference or seen strolling along togeather and were at each other's houses almost constantly. Kitty and Sue naturally gravitated toward each other and struck up a closer friendship togeather than they had ever experienced before. They had something decidely in common.

As the summer rolled away, Alice frequently exhibited these sudden

whims, first favoring one girl and then another, but some way or other Judith King stood on the side and a bit aloof. More than once Alice made advances, but either Judith did not understand or she ignored them.

The other girls noticed it, but they did not wonder because Judith always had been a bit peculiar. Her mother had died when she was young, and she and her rather silent student father had been close pals, and then with the King money and being an only child, Judith could have about what she wanted, anyway.

But it rather annoyed the other girls to have her appear a bit independent with Alice. When they interrogated her about it, Judith would only smile, shrug her shoulders and say brusquely,

"Why yes, Alice is all right, but no better than anyone else, and, for my part, I can't see why we should consider it such an honor to have her smile on us. We live and got along nicely before she came to Wellsburg, and I rather imagine that we'll survive after she leaves. I beleive in being nice to her as much for the Wilson's sake as for her own, but I'll be honest enough to admit that it makes me tired to see some of you chasing her around, and copying everything she says and does, and acting as though you felt too exclusive to care much any more for your older friends.
"Don't you think I am jealous, because I am not," —and Judith laughed in a way that the girls didn't quite understand. And even Alice must have noticed that Judith didn't kowtow to her, for there were several times when she almost turned the cold shoulder on Judith.

Alice remained the greater part of the summer, and parties, and picnics, and hikes and rides were the order of the day. Alice had quite a good deal to say about how she love to help Mrs. Wilson, and what a treat it was to be premitted to do something around a home. So most of the good times were planned for afternoon or evenings.

It was noticable, though, that a number of the girls who had been close friends, were now not the dear chums they had been. Perhaps Judith was the only one who sensed the fact that the oldtime harmony was missing in the group.

Sue Bellinger's brother Ben, who was something of a wag, always joking his sister about it, and Sue resented it.

"I suppose", he remarked to Judith, meeting her on the street one day, "that you'll be chosen for the favor of the grand duchess one these

days! It would make a dog laugh the way the girls have accepted her as the Queen Bee, and how one after another is 'thicker than thieves' with her."

Judith laugh but she pressed her lips together and didn't say anything.

The time was approaching for schools to begin, and Alice to return home, so Bess proposed that they have a party in her honor up at Brown cottage by the lake shore.

The Circle of girl friends who had gone together through the summer were all present, and as the afternoon was warm, they sat in a circle under the trees, most of them lolling on the grass, although one or two had a bit of fancy work with which they pretended to be busy, but Judith was the only one who was really doing anything of a practice nature. She was hemming dish towels.

"Are you starting a hope chest?"laughed Kitty Payson. "Why all this industry?"

"Yes, yes," chorused the rest, "tell us where those dish towels are to be used?"

Judith looked around the circle steadily, and her gaze rested upon Alice.

"Well," she exclaimed, "early this summer I spent several days with Aunt Fannie at her new home in Cragley. She has recently purchased a place there which is very attractive, and as father was going that way on business, you will remmber I went along and spent the week-end there."

Alice had turned suddenly very white but now had flushed scarlet.

"Aunt Fannie," went on Judith "has quite a little land with her property. The rear part is given over on one side to a lovely old rose garden, and the other side to vegetables. At the back of her place is a family who seem to have had many misfortunes, such as sickness, and some legal complications because of wrong-doing of an older son. The cripplel father of this poor family works in Aunt Fannie's garden when he is able, and she does much to help them, for she is one of the kindest souls in the world.

"Sometimes she gets a bit impatient with the crippled man's wife, who is really a dear woman. It seems there is a daughter about our age, and the mother is always straining foolishly, but I suppose rather natur-

ally, to do more for this girl than they can afford. The girl has some very foolish notions which I rather think she has gleaned from the reading of many cheap books. Anyway, she apes the manner and customs of lords and ladies in the comical way.

"Aunt Fannie was quite disgusted that certian money she gave them and which the poor old father owed, was being spent to take this girl out for a summer trip. There were younger children and they needed things, too.

"I had a letter from Aunt Fannie only yesterday, and she wrote me that the mother was ill; she had been over and taken her medicines and some delicacies to tempt her appetite. She was shocked to find the lack of so many necessities, and mentioned that there wasn't even a decent dish towel in the place. We happened to have a whole piece of linen toweling at home, and father suggested that I make a dozen towels and send to this woman, so I am doing it. He thought maybe it would shame the girl when she came home, to know that some one of about her own age had done this for her people while she was enjoying herself."

"That's just like you, Judith," exclimed Bess.

"But do you suppose," interrupted Ruth, "That a girl who would go off and leave her mother, and take the money for fine clothes, would have decency enough to be ashamed?"

"And I'd like to know" burst out Betty Blair, "what kind of people they can be who are entertaining that daugther when she is needed at home!"

Again Judith looked about the circle slowly.

"Oh," she replied coolly, "they are very nice people. I am sure you would say so. They are distant relatives of the cripple man and his family and they have not seen them for a long time and really do not know their circumstances. Then I am told that this girl asked to be allowed to come for the summer, offering to give some little help with the work so as to insure a welcome for herself."

And has she kept her word about that?" queried Sally who was nothing if not practical.

Judith grinned.

"I realy am not in a position to say about that," she responded, "but I

would suppose that a girl who would shirk her own cares wouldn't be any too ambitious elsewhere. Probably though," she added, "she has enough to make herself agreeble to the point of being premitted to stay."

"She ought to have a good lesson and to be exposed to those people," burst out Betty indignantly. "For my part, I despise anyone who pretends to be what she isn't!" frowned Kitty. I presume she is pretending to be some great shakes!" There was a sudden cry from Nettie Dean, who hadn't spoken. "Oh, see, girls! Here comes the Lady of the Lake!"—and sure enough down the lake was to be seen the trim little shape of the steamer which made the trip every afternoon when the weather was fine. The boat was churning the blue lake into white foam. "The sophomore class is having its vacation picnic this afternoon, you know," reminded Nettie.

"They are on that boat. Let's go down to the shore and wave our handkerchiefs to them." The girls were off, quite forgetting the heat—all but Alice and Judith. Judith went on hemming her towels as though this were the most important thing in the world. When the other girls were out of hearing, Alice turned on Judith angrily. "You can't prove a thing," she stormed, "and why haven't you told me before that you were the girl who was at Miss Ingram's in the spring!" Judith looked steadily into the eyes of the vistor from Cragely. "The first time I saw you," Judith replied, "was the day I was out in Aunt Fannie's rose garden.
I had my camera and because it was new and there were so many beautiful roses there, I took some snapshots. I snapped the pictures of the fence between the rear of Aunt Fannie's yard and your place. It was a mass of beautiful bloom. Then that rickety leanto at the back of our house has a beautiful old tree standing beside it, and while I was focusing to take that you came out with a pan of dish water, your father, who was crossing the yard, stopped to speak to you. You posed for me unconsciously. I have the picture here in my hand bag. It is a good one, and if I wished to offer proof it would be indisputable.

"As soon as you came, I thought to make friends with you and to do my part to make it pleasant for you for Aunt Fannie's sake but as soon as you began your extravagant tales I thought that I would keep quiet and not spoil your fun. It's been hard though sometimes to keep from bursting to hear you tell of your grandeur and your exclusiveness and the family travels and your plans for the future."

"Alice's face was hard and angry.

"So I suppose," she snapped, "you will show the rest the pictures you took either now or after I'm gone, and have a great time telling the girls all you know—and of course you are making those towels for my mother."

"I am," returned Judith, "but you are entirely mistaken about my telling the girls. I shall not mention it now or later. I pledge you my word, but I'd advise you, Alice, to drop this nonsense. You know it isn't honest, and if you could only realize how cheap and silly it all is. The secret is yours— not mine. Naturally I can't respect you,— and the others wouldn't if they knew it— but they will never know it from me."

Alice looked suddenly hagard and very, very tired, tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. They were tears partly of relif and partly of regret that she had ever started this thing which, once begun, she had not had the courage to drop.

'That's—that's more generous than I deserve, Judith. I—I wanted to play the part of a rich girl, for I have dreamed of how wonderful it would be to have others seeking my favor. And after I had begun it, it was so easy to keep on. The Wilsons do not know I have been pretending like this."

The other girls were coming back from the edge of the lake.

"That's just the point," nodded Judith quietly. "When we begin to deceive, we are bound to be led farther and farther into the woods. I could see that you took real pleasure in pretending to be snobbish; but do you realize, Alice, that snobbishness is the silly pretense of someone not sure of his position? Alice, Aristocrats are never snobbish because they are the real thing and not the imitation. You are going home, Alice, but go home with a different idea of things. It's the simple, and true, and fine, and strong which merit respect. You ought to have made the girls love you for yourself—for what you are, and not what you are pretending to be."

The rest were coming back by this time.

"What do you think," they cried; "the sophomore class was right on the front upper deck of the Lady of the Lake, and they had that common Natalie Strong with them who works on the bargain counter in the Boston Department Store—she dosn't go to school at all—isn't that the limit?"

"Why not?" pointedly asked Judith. "She's a nice girl, and it isn't her fault that she can't go to school because her father died and her mother is

a widow! If Natalie had been able to keep on with school, she woud have been in the sophomore class. I think that it's fine that they asked her."

"Listen girls." It was Alice who was speaking, and she was white and troubled looking. "I—I wonder just what reason any of us have to pretend to be exclusive. I have said a good deal about it this summer, and I am ready to admit that I am ashamed of it. My own people at home are not the rich, travled group that I have led you to believe, but they are honest and hard working, and dad and mother are so unselfish that I have taken it always for granted. Only lately I have begun to see what a pig I have been. And I would rather have my father who is lame and his workworn hands which he isn't ashamed to soil, than any other father in the whole wide world!"

"Alice's voice was trembling and the tears were perilously near the surface.

"He is a gardener"—there was a gasp. "He works for Miss Fannie Ingram who has a fine estate which adjoins our little place, Miss Ingram is Judith's aunt, and Judith has known all the time that I was only deceiving you. She has kept quiet and wouldn't have told you this if I hadn't. And before I go, I wan't her to know that I admire her more than any girl I have ever known.

There was a sob in Alice's voice.

"You have been very good to me, but Judith has taught me a lesson I'll never forget."

Judith laid the towels aside on the grass, got up and took a step or two to Alice's side. She put her arms around the foolish girl who had lived in a mimic world all summer. And Alice dropped her head on Judith's shoulder and sobbed convulsively.

"Friends and fellow citizens," Judith grimaced, and there were laughter and tears in her voice. "It wasn't really necessary for Alice to tell you all this, and I never should have said a word, that she had done so is absolute proof that rigth down in her own heart she is honest, and fine, magnificently courageous—a real daughter of that dear old dad and brave mother of hers. My aunt thinks a great deal of both of them. I have heard her say that he is one of God's noblemen, and the only fault she has ever found with Alice's mother was that she was too selfsacrificing and too devoted to her family to do herself justice."

Judith smiled brightly.

"Perhaps it has done Alice good to tell us all this, and I know that it has made us love her more than anything else could possibly have done. Perhaps we have all learned something. You know Lincoln used to say that he thought very little of anybody who didn't know more today than he did yesterday. Let's hope that Alice can come back to us for her vacation next year, and here and now I invite her to be my guest for a month if it is possible for her to get away from home—and perhaps we can plan some way tnat her coming will not be a hardship to those left behind."

And the girls who didn't quite understand as yet, somehow felt the challenge of something very noble which had come near to them unexpectedly. They thought more of Alice rather than less, and they had always known that Judith was a thoroughbred.

And not knowing what to do, to end a tense situation, Bess Brown, the cheer leader of the junior class of the Wellsburg High School, led off with enthusiastic vigor:

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
What's the matter with Judith?
What's the matter with Judith?
Rah! Rah! Rah!
What's the matter with Alice?
What's the matter with Alice?
No, no, no!
Nothing the matter with Judith-
Ho, ho ho!
Nothing the matter with Alice!
They are both true blue.
Rah! Rah! Rah!"

And Alice, smiling but with tears in her eyes just the same, turned to Judith.

"Let me help hem those towels," she said firmly.

* * * *

Adversity has the effect of eliciting talents which in prosperous circumstances would have lain dormant.

I HAVE A FRIEND

I have a friend.

He is worth more to me than all of the gold and jewels this world can produce. I know that whatever I do he will stick by me. He understands my mind and I do not have to stop to explain my every action to him.

If I am in need I know that he will help me if within his power. I would give him my last dollor or trust him with all that this world holds that is good to me. I will trust him with my honor, with my purse, and with my good name.

When we meet, we do not have to talk much. Our hearts are in tune with each other and words are often superflous. I have never tried to tell him how much I love him and he has never told me that he cared a fig about me. It has never been necessary. We know.

When the world at large looks askance at me, I go to my friend and tell him my troubles. I know that he may not agree with what I have done and that if he does not approve, he will say so. He will give me the best advice within his power, but if I do not take this advice it will not matter. He is still my friend.

I know that when he criticizes me or my actions, he does it from his love for me and that he is stretching forth the hand of true brotherhood to remind me of the error of my ways. He is ever ready to go out of his way to serve me. I know that when he bends his knees before the Great White Throne in supplication' his prayers are for my welfare as well as for his.

My secrets I entrust to his care, knowing full well that they are locked within a safe repository and that his faithful breast will keep them there until the Julgement Day if need be. I know that the counsel he whispers into my ear is good and that it is prompted, not by any selfish interest on his part, but soley for my own welfare and good.

The world needs more friends and friendliness. It might very well get along with fewer teachers and preachers. It doesn't need more criminologists. Fewer scientists might well do the real work of today.
The world needs more freinds.

There are enough doctors to minister to the physical wants of the people of this old globe of ours, but there's not enough freinds. True freinds, freinds who strengthen and encourage the soul of man, are at a

premium. And yet it's so easy to be a friend. You like and admire another. Forget yourself and your petty interest. Stretch out your hand to advance the interests of the one you like. Give to him that perfect confidence and loving understanding that you would like to receive in return. It will come back to you many times.

Friendship and friendliness begot friendships. But remember, probing, prying curiousity is no mark of true friendship. Your friend will soon enough offer you his secrets in confidence. And when that confidence has been received by you, let nothing drag it from you. Before you violate the trust of a friend, tear your tounge by its roots and cast it from you.

A friend is who doesn't laugh at you. He laughs with you. He joys on your triumphs and sheds tears with your sorrows. He shares your disappointments and helps you carry the weighty burdens which set upon the shoulders of each. True, you carry his burdens also, but in dividing the load, each load is lighter and the companionship you enjoy makes Life,s rough road smoother.

As you journey along the beautiful flowers of Comradship spring up by the wayside, the perfume of Love fills the air, and the birds singing in the branches of the trees are singing a song which tells of the journey's end of the Elysium of that Undiscovered Country from whose bourne no traveler ever returns, but where Faith tells us our Friendship will flower an eternity.

The world is good to me. I have not much of gold or silver. My clothes are often rough and sometimes poor. My dwelling isn't a palance and the winds of Fortune are fickle, indeed, for me. Sickness sometimes lays me low, and sorrow has often crossed my threshold. But it matters not. The world is good.

I have a friend.

* * * *

You will never be sorry for living a white life, for doing your legel best, for faith in humanity, for being kind to the poor, for looking before leaping; for hearing before judging; for being candid and frank; for thinking before speaking.

CAMPUS NEWS

COTTAGE ELEVEN TAKES TRIP

On Saturday, June 15, the boys of cottage eleven were priveledged to go on a bus trip. Mr. and Mrs. Rouse had double duty, so the boys of cottage 13 went also. Mr. and Mrs. Barbee, who were on vacation came back to help supervise the boys, and chip in to buy refreshments.It was a joy to them and the boys to be along. Before leaving, Mrs. Bost and several students who work in the cafeteria, packed us a supper .At valley grocery, on the way to Morrow Mountain, we stopped and bought some refreshments. There the lady to whom the store belonged, gave us some free cookies to eat with our drinks. Verv few students in either one of the cottages had come this way before. The day was a typical summer day. Visibility was great, and the mountains were beutiful in the distance. Once in the park we drove througout the park area, visiting the various sites. Among these were the boat landings, private camping sites, swimming pools, picnic areas, and the historic home of Frances J. Kron, who settled there in 1834. He was appointed as Stanley County Vigiance Committee chairman. He was also appointed as one of nine men to serve as superintendants of the common schools. He was a community doctor. As we left the mountain we drove through Badin, N.C.,and watched water sports for about half an hour. There was a lot of swimming and skiing. When we left Badin, we passed through Palmerville, N.C. We stopped and toured Camp Barnhardt. It has some nice facillities, and we know that boys that used them sure enjoyed them. Although we were having a good time, the day grew old, and we had to head for home. The boys of cottage eleven wish to convey great thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Rouse and Mr. and Mrs. Barbee who made the trip possible.

Gary Helms

—:—

CHEEK'S VACATION

Mr. and Mrs. John Cheek spent their vacation with their son Lt. Robert Cheek who is in tre U.S. Navy. Robert is stationed in Charlston at the Naval Base aboard the USS Vonstewben a polorer type atomic submarine. They also visited the Marine training base at Parris Island.

—:—

WENTZ'S VACATION

Mr. & Mrs. Wentz and Daughter spent their vacation at Ocean Drive Beach in South Carolina. Mr. & Mrs. Wentz caught up on some reading. The girls got a sun tan. On the way back they stopped to see some friends in Rocky Point near Wilmington. Mr. & Mrs. Wentz said they hate to see it end so soon.

—:—

CANNON'S VACATON

Mr. & Mrs. Cannon and children spent their vacation at home and at Cherry Grove in South Carolina. Mr. Cannon also played golf and visiter one day at Camp Barnhardt.

—:—

VACATION AT JACKSON

May the 17th was the start of a two week vacation at Jackson. During this time the teachers were off and this of course meant no school for the boys. Some of us worked and some of us went to Summer Camp. Those of us who went enjoyed it very much. We would like to thank Mr. and Mrs. Till, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Reynolds, Mr. Mackie, the cooks, and all the other people who made Summer Camp possible. The boys who won trophies were Donald Barely, Charles Cornegey, and Harry Rush.

Everyone out there had an excellent time.

—Raymond Simmons

—:—

TROUTMAN'S VACATION

Mr. & Mrs. Troutman spent their vacation with their son, Bill who live in Cincinnati, Ohio. Mr. & Mrs. Troutman and Bill had the privilage in getting to watch the Cincinnati Reds play three games with the Chicago Cubs. Mr. Troutman and Bill watched a game between the Cincinnati Reds and the New York Mets. Mr. Troutman was glad to see one of his old friends, Vern Benson who is the third base coach for the Reds. Having lunch together they enjoyed talking the old times. Bill entertained his parents by taking them out to some of the better Night Clubs. On the way back home Mr. & Mrs. Troutman spent a couple of days with Mrs. Troutmans brother and sister at Bassette, Va. Mr. & Mrs. Troutman really enjoyed their Vacation this year.

—:—

TOMKINSONS VISIT SON, FRED

Mr. and Mrs. Tomkinson went with Mr. and Mrs. James Tomkinson and Devon to visit AIC Fred A. Tomkinson during their vacation recently spending three days with him.He is now stationed at Chanute AFB, Illinois which is in Rantoul Illinois.

Fred is studying and doing ON-The- Job training as a Labratory Technician in the SAF Hospital at Chanute. He entered this base January 15, 1968. He will complete the training September 24, 1968. He is doing good at this time.

Fred was glad to have the family visit him. He was glad to see Dad looking so well after being in the hospital when he was at home for a three week visit over the Christmas holiday.

The Tomkinsons visited other relatives in Rockford, Illinois and Philadelphia, Pennsylvania while on the trip.

—:—

COTTAGE 13 HAS BIRTHDAY PARTY

All the boys in cottage thirteen

enjoyed a birthday party given for boys who have had birthdays since January on June 10, 1968. Games and Bingo were played, winners receiving small prizes. We want to thank Mrs. Tomkinson for the birthday party.

We want to thank Mr. Ervin for the beautiful and delicious birthday cake, we enjoyed it very much.

—Danny Morgan

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

PRINT SHOP

Well it's back to work. Vacation is over. We have printed the programs for Morrison and Leonard training schools. We have to print the summer camp program for the people who participated in the camp program. We had a lot to do this month but a short time to do it in. We have printed the usual CT forms for Jackson and other schools.

A lot of boys that work in the print shop went to Summer Camp, we that went enjoyed it very much.

We have a boy going home this month. He works in the evening. ,

—Pete Marlow
—Johnny Nipper

—:—

SHOE SHOP

We here in the shoe shop have been doing a lot of things this month. We have a shoe shine stand for shining our personal shoes and our brsougs. We have a new boy in the shop his name is Russell Barefoot and we have a boy going home soon his name is Robert Potts. Well thats all from the Shoe Shop.

—Billy Smith
—Mike Lee

—:—

BARBER SHOP

We have been busy in the barber shop this month running 2's on the boys because of the summer camp which will soon be in progress.

—Clifford Seagraves
—Gregory Gibson

—:—

SEWING ROOM

We have been sewing shirts and aprons this month. There was a boy in the sewing room to go home last month his name is Ronnie Bazemore We have also been making curtains for cottage 17.

—Bobby Nipper

—:—

PLUMBING SHOP

We have been busy this month with jobs such as replacing the infirmary boiler. We plan on repairing the draining system and the filter. One boy will go home in June, his name is Nathen Potts.

—Harry Rush

—:—

BAKERY

We've been working pretty hard in the bakery since Mr. Ervin came back from vacation. We've had two of our best boys to go home. But two more are taking there place and we all hope they do good. Well

that's all from the dough-boys.

—Randy Wright
—David Goldston

—:—

LAUNDRY

We have been working very hard preparing for the vacation period. We have been doing the staff laundry. There has been two boys gone home this month, they are Ronnie Chairs and Jonathan Robison. Another boy, Joseph Scott, is going home soon.

— Joseph Scott

—:—

PAINT SHOP

Last month Mr. Petrea added another member to his family. Mrs. Petrea surprised him with a little daughter. She weighed 8lbs. and 4 oz. They named their little girl Mary Paula.

We finished painting number five and are now starting on number four. The painting that we have done has been slow but, we are progressing in our speed. We hope to soon finish number four.

— Vernon Odom
— Jerry Keziah

—:—

GYM

The swimming classes at the gymnasium pool will begin Monday June the 10th. We have been busy preparing for the 10th, cleaning and repairing the filter. The pool consists of 104,000 gallons of water in a pool 15 by 30 feet and 3-9 feet deep. One diving board is located at the deepest end of the pool. The boys are anxious for the pool to open.

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

We have a boy that is going home this month his name is Jimmy Connors. We have put shock absorbers and a trailer hitch on Mr. Ellers car. We are working on the combine. Putting new belts and fixing the clutch.

Joe Williams
Ricky Warriax

—:—

INFIRMARY

About the same has been going on in the infirmary except for a few broken legs. Leroy Brooks sprained his ankle and he might have to have a cast put on it. We all hope that he will be well soon. Mrs. Eller has gone on her vacation. We hope she enjoyes it.

—:—

OFFICE

The office boys have been very busy cleaning up as usual.

We have a new office boy helping us now his name is Ted Ross from Charlotte. Thats all from the office boys this month.

—Jerry Rippy
—Gary Lang

—:—

CARPENTER SHOP

The boys of the Carpenter Shop have been working on a room at the office. We also have begun

work on the dog houses, and other repairs. We have two boys going home this month, their names are Billy Adams and Barry Reed.

—Barry Reed
—Billy Adams

—:—

PRINT SHOP

This month in the print shop we have been doing about the same as usual. We have been running off some Program Awards for Leonard Training School. We have also just finished the May Uplift. Other than that everything is the same as usual.

Keith Brown

—:—

TEXTILE

The boys in the Cotton Mill have been working in various places for the last two weeks. Some have been working in the grainery and the piggery and ect. We got two new boys, their names are Jimmy Mckinney and David Cantrell. We have one boy going home next month, his name is William Carter.

—Jimmy Peedin
—Larry Mosteller

—:—

BAKERY

The boys in the bakery have been working as usual. Mrs. Cranford our evening supervisor has been absent from work. She has been working in the morning taking Mr. Robinson's place here in the cafeteria.

Mrs. Bost has been our supervisor for the last couple of weeks. We appreciate her supervision. Thats all for now.

—Jimmy Ghant

—:—

MEAT ROOM

The boys have been worknig real hard this month getting and cutting meat for the boys and staff out at the summer camp. Everyone is looking forward to the two week vacation.

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

This month in the machine shop we fixed the combine. We put a new chain and we put two new belts on it also. We fixed the motor to the hay lifter. We hope that Mr. Mabrey has a nice vacation.

—:—

PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

We have been ordering supplies under the title one and title two ESEA funds. We have been working getting ready for summer camp. Also we got a truck load of Honey-Comb cereal which was donated to us by General foods. We have in order a auger for grain. We have ordered a new pickup truck for Mr. Query.

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

LIBRARY

There isn't much happenng in the

library this month except that we are practicing for our July fourth celebration. We have made such things as the flag of 1818 and the Liberty Bell. Also we have ordered some new books and hope to receive them soon.

—Billy Chase

—:—

8—B CLASS

The 8—B Class has been working of fractions. In English we have been working on the conjunction of very hard in math class on division verbs, and in Science we are studying phisycal science.

-- Roger Young

—:—

7th Grade A.M.

Our Class has been workng on our reading. Mr. Gibbons has been working on a subject about the Declaration of Independence. It will be for our 4th of July program.

—Danny Jones

—:—

8-A
HISTORY AND SCIENCE

In our science class we have been studying the rock record and the study of the earth's history. Stratigraphy, the study of rock layers. With this study people can determine the place where ancient seas and mountains have been billions of years ago.

The fossils found in certain rock layers tell about certain environment in which the animals and plants have once lived. The British geologist William Smith began an important study in historical paleontlogy. From this we know just about how our earth was long ago and how giant animals lived and roamed our earth.

In our history class we are studying how America was discovered and settled. Most people believe that Columbus was the first one in the new world, but he wasn't Leale Cricsen, a Norseman better known as Vikings came long before Columbus. Cricsen was the first known white man.

America was named for America ns who was the founler of South America. And so thats where our nation got its name, "America."

—Tim Ayers

—:—

5th —D

We have a new boy, his name is Donald Dockery. We are finishing up fractions which the boys enjoy very much. Ronald Cayel is not chewing gum today. Stanley McCreary has done his work right today. The boys are looking foward to the vacation next week. The vacation will be enjoyed by all.

Ronnie Barban
Roney Jones

—:—

8th GRADI

Thursday morning we cleaned our room so that we would not have to do it when we came back from our two week vacation. The boys all hope that Mr. and Mrs. Troutman had a nice vacation during the two weeks.

HONOR ROLLS

COTTAGE NO. 1

Peter Marlow

COTTAGE NO. 3

Timothy Ayers

COTTAGE NO. 5

James Abram
Jerry Blount
Claude Fuller
Kevin Buchanan
Posey Higgs
Johnny Nipper
Raymond Simmons

COTTAGE NO. 7

McKinley Briley
James Ghant
Ben Smith

COTTAGE NO. 8

William Poole
Ricky Warrix
Bernie Bowlin

COTTAGE NO. 9

Joseph Hussey
Melvin Stamper

COTTAGE NO. 10

Alfred Sumlin

COTTAGE NO. 11

Horace Cummings
James Farmer
Ronnie Fink
Thomas Hauser
Gary Helms
Richard Doss
Marshall Manus
Jimmy Peedin
Elmo Rogers
Raymond Thompson
Roy Worley

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Boggs
Darrel Butler
David Bousman
Danny Morgan
Sherman Munger
Paul Rhodes
James Sweeten
Tony Watson
Randy Wright

COTTAGE NO. 14

Joseph Williams
Ronald Hart

COTTAGE NO. 15

John Hall

TRADE HONOR ROLL

COTTON MILL

Jerry Tillison
Roy Warley
Shermon Monger
Larry Mosteller
Danny Hazelwood
Gerald Price
Ronnie Fink
Jimmy Peedin
William Carter
Jerry Cobler
Johnny Mausseau
Johnny Polk

PRINT SHOP

Kevin Buchanan
Timothy Ayers
James Little
Pete Marlow
Lew Cabral
Raymond Simmons
Johnny Nipper
Willie Winebarger
Ricky Martain
Keith Brown

INFIRMARY

Roger Morgan

DAIRY

Lewis Shackleford
Wesley Hall
John Hall
Steve Upchurch
William Wallace
Alexander Cooper
Larry Boyd
Mike Cashwell
James Langley
Maxie Bolton
Robert Cox
Charles Riley
Willie Locklear
Ray Ryles
Clifton Sparrow
Ronald Cagle

OFFICE

Jerry Rippy
Gary Lang
Ted Ross
Steve Collins
Ernest Seeves

CAFETERIA

Danny Morgan
James Williams
Mike Grubb
Fred Coulter
James Kennedy
Gary Helms
Danny Butler
Ronnie Simmons
Charles R. Kornegay
Billy Davis
Clyde Grant

SHOE SHOP

Gleen Poole
Mike Lee
Alvin Hunter
Edwin Holland
Billy Smith
McKinely Brilay
Russell Barefoot

BARBER SHOP

James Farmer
Steve Orbison
Charles Nichols
Gregory Gibson

MACHINE SHOP

Jimmy Conner
Raymond Hart
Joseph Williams
Ricky Warrix

LAUNRDY

Archie Richardson
Benny Smith
William Hummings
Kennth Stafford
Richard Little
Frank Collins
Benny Bost
Thomas Pruitt
Marshall Manus
Bennie Bowlin
David Davis
Darnell Davis
Stanley McCray
Donald Horne
Tony Smith

CAFETERIA

Posey Higgs
Danny Thomas
Roy Cox
Wade Sherill
Billy Goins
Wiley Langford
Jackie Galloway
Doug Wiles
Mike Hussey
Steve Rosses
Johnny Hulin
Billy Waddell
Dwaine Tucker
Richard Sweatten
Donny Liles

A friend is a person who knocks before he enters, not after he has taken his leave.

It is just as easy to say something good about a bad guy as it is to say something bad about a good one.

A local clerkman, upon hearing that liberalism was creeping into the churches, remarked, "If that is true, I hope it will soon strike the contribution box."

The high cost of living doesn't seem to have any effect on its popularity.

Gossip is that which goes in both ears and comes out of the mouth greatly enlarged.

Some people don't have much to say, but you have to lsiten a long time to find it out.

Psychiatrists say that in the process of thinking, blood is drawn from the feet to the brain. This, perhaps, explains why, if we think very long about a proposition, we get cold feet.

The fellow who continues pulling on the oars does not have much time to rock the boat.

The trouble with many people in trying times is that they stop trying.

The man who saves money nowadays isn't a miser—he's a wizard.

You probably wouldn't worry what people think of you, if you knew how seldom they do.

INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF VACATION NEWS

The Roving Uplift Reporter asked the members of the Instructional Staff at Jackson where they had spent their vacation. These are the answers he received:

Mrs. Morton	Outer Banks of North Carolina
Mrs. Barbee	Burnsville and Boone, North Carolina
Mrs. Liske	Douglasville and Pottstown, Penn.
Mr. Caldwell	Stayed at home
Mr. Edmisten	Holdens Beach and North Wilkesboro, N. C.
Mr. Hester	Morehead City, N. C., Atlanta and Athens, Georgia
Mrs. Spence	Virginia, Washington, D. C. and Baltimore, Maryland
Mr. Cannon	Cherry Grove Beach. Played golf and worked garden.
Mr. Troutman	Visited his son in Cincinnati, Ohio. Visited in Virginia
Mr. J. Cheek	Visited son in Charleston, S C. Visited in Parris Island, S. C.
Mr. Wentz	Crescent Beach, and visited friends along coast.
Mr. Mackie	Worked at Summer Camp
Mrs. Billups	Stayed at home
Mr. Burr	Ocean Drive Beach and home
Mr. Readling	"Loafing"
Mr. Burris	Mostly working at home. Renovated kitchen, then went to Gatlingburg, Tenn.

Mr. H. Faggart	One week at Camp John J. Barnhardt with his Scout Troop. Visited friends in Saluda, North Carolina
Mr. Lentz	Visted son in Montana
Mr. Mabry	Stayed at home and worked.

* * * *

THE CHEEK'S VACATION

Mr. and Mrs. Cheek got their vacation this month. It consisted of a car trip to see their daughter and her hcsband SP—5 and Mrs. Earnest Hartsell. On the way they stopped at Gatlinburg, Tenn. to watch the making of candy and to see the different crafts. They also stopped at Hopkinsville to visit the Jefferson Davis monument. They also went to Fort Cambell Kentucky to tour the army base there. On Sunday morning they attended church services at the First Babtist Church of Peabrook, Kentucky where iheir daughter and her husband are now residing. The trip was through Chattanooga, Tenn. and Atlanta, Ga. When they came to Nashville the toured the state capital and the S&H tower which is about one hundred and fifty stories high. They also toured the Music Hall of Fame and the Upper Room Chapel which is sponsored by the Methodist Church and to quote Mrs. Cheek it is worth anybody's time to visit. In the chapel were beautiful antiqces which belonged to missionares hundreds of years ago. In one corner of the chapel there is the prayer room in which students from five colleges nearby used daily. Over the door of the prayer room is a plaque which says: (ALONG WITH GOD).

A useless life is only an early death.

"Life should be measured by deeds, not years."

The absent are like children, helpless to defend themselves.

Doing is the great thing. For if, resolutely, people do what is right, in time they come to like doing it.

NEW STUDENTS

Johnny Ray Marlow ..... Wilmington

Jimmy Leon McKinney ..... Kings Mountain

Arthur Lee Tetrault ..... Kings Mountain

Carl Thomas McDaniels ..... Hickory

David Lynn Cantrell ..... Pisgah Forest

Donald Smith ..... Fayetteville

Roger Dale Pruitt ..... Reidsville

Richard Mourning ..... Elizabeth City

Edward Cecil Lee, Jr. ..... Raleigh

James Edward Bailey ..... Wake Forest

George Locker Midyette, Jr. ..... Bayboro

Ricky Carlton Sturdivant ..... Spencer

Sandy Alonzo Coleman, Jr. ..... Selma

Billy Wayne Hudson ..... Conover

Tommy Mack Carriker ..... Thomasville

John Lowell Lynch ..... Charlotte

Donnie Woolrow Royal ..... Sparta

Michael Anthony Ovalle ..... Spring Lake

Michael Dickerson ..... Durham

Scott Stewart Fraser ..... Charlotte

Tony Eugene Stamper ..... Albemarle

Raymond Richard Griffin ..... Oakboro

Jimmy Edward Chavis ..... E. Rockingham

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

The life that counts must aim to rise
Above the earth to sunlit skies;
Must fix its gaze on Paradise,
  This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must toil and fight;
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
Must stand for truth by day, by night,
  This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must helpful be;
The cares and needs of others see;
Must seek the slaves of sin to free,
  This is the life that counts.

The life that counts must hopeful be;
In darkest night make melody;
Must wait the dawn on bended knee,
  This is the life that counts.

TRUE WORTH

It makes no difference who sang the song
  If only the song were sung,
It makes no difference who did the deed,
  Be he old in years or young.
It matters not who won the race
  So long as the race was run;
So why should the winner be proud of himself
  Because it was he who won.

If the song was sweet and helped a soul,
  What matters the singer's name;
The worth was in the song itself
  And not in the world's acclaim.
The song, the race, the deed are one,
  If each be done for love;
Love of the work—not love of self—
  And the score is kept above.

YESTERDAY, TODAY WAS TOMORROW

"The past? Well what of the past I say?
Poor outworn thing' Can I mend it, pray?
Do tears avail for the misspent days?
Will pining straighten the crooked ways?
Must yesterday's heartbreaks last for aye?
And yesterday's mist hide the sun today?
Nay, Lift is Life, and farer's toll
Is a hopeful heart as the hours roll.
The path ascends, each winding road,
Blooms at the touch of a blithesome mood;
I will hold that the best is a bit beyond,
And drink a toast from the lily's frond,
A toast in dew to the day that's done,
And one to the better day begun."

LIFE'S HIGHWAYS

As I journey along the highway of life ,
I see many joys, and much of its strife,
I see selfish people, unselfish ones, too,
In which class am I, in which class are you?
Am I doing something to wipe out the strife

As I journey along the highway of life?

As you journey along the highway of life
Do you look for its joys, forget all the strife?
Hear the song of the birds, as it flutters on high
Forgetting the clouds, see the blue of the sky?
Just what you put in, you will get—joy or strife
As you journey along the highway of life.

Only once we journey this highway of life
So let's help to blot out and end all its strife
Have a song in our hearts and much joy within
Make happy our friends, as well as our kin,
Then all will be joyous, we'll end all strife
As together we journey the highway life

—Mary C. Scott

North Carolina Collection
The Library
University of N. C.
Chapel Hill, N. C. 27515

"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."
—Edwin Markham

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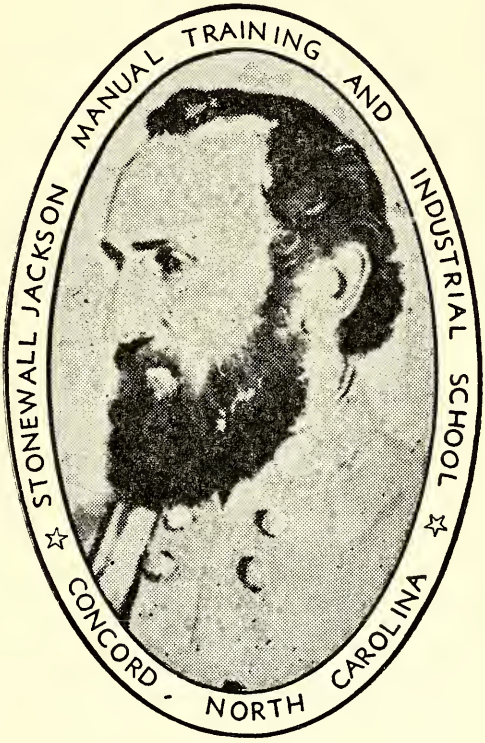
The UPLIFT

"Maxima Debetur Puero Reverentia"



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1824 — 1863

JULY 1968

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SUMMER CAMP FOR JACKSON'S SCOUTS

On Sunday, July 21,1968, ten boys from troop 60 gathered at the print shop for a week of scouting. We were on our way to Camp John J. Barnhardt, by the courtesy of Mr. Jim Propst, a well known Concord citizen.

The boys were given an opportunity to learn and achieve new goals in scouting, such as First Aid, Pioneering, ArcheryMarkmanship, Swimming and Waterfront activities. Most of them were working on Second Class but only three worked on their First Class advancement.

After checking in Sunday afternoon, we were assigned a campsite, the name of our campsite was Chippewa.

Then came the swimming check-out. This was to classify the scouts according to their swimming ability, non--swimmer, beginner, swimmer.

After the check-out we then went back to our campsite to prepare supper. The cooks in the troop has to draw rations from the commisary before each meal.

We commenced our schedule Monday morning at 9:am. First Aid 9-10 am; Second and First Class 10-11am; Free Time and Lunch11am-2pm; A class for the Pioneering Merit Badge was held from 1-2pm; Second and First Class 2-3pm; Troop Swim 3-3:30pm; Free Time 8:30-10pm; Taps 10:00pm.

Wednesday after noon at 4:30, there was held a swimming meet at the pool, which was the highlight of the week.

We won the swim meet by two victory swims, the Free Syle and the Back Crawl, we also came in second place on the under-water swim..

The boys also enjoyed the last night at camp by going on a Scavenger Hunt. We got all the 18 items ranging from a rubberband to an acorn, tenderfoot badge to a honeycomb etc. We were one of the three perfect scores which consisted of 92 points. For this we were given a plaque, which we were to pick up while checking out, you know we forgot it. One of the staff members at camp is going to bring it to the school.

We all sincerly like to thank Mr. Propst for his kindness in making the trip possible We certainly enjoyed that week of camp. Mr. Robert Readling went with us.

Timmy Ayers
Kevin Buchanan

BINGO'S WISDOM

Bingo, Carl Jensen's pet monkey, raced madly along his bamboo pole as his young master started down the hut-ladder. Bingo knew without being told that the missionary's son was starting on a journey-and he was going to be left behind.

Carl stopped on a rung, pushed his helmet back on his red head, and looked at the monkey with a broad grin. "You might just as well stop rattling that chain!" he scolded. "The last time I took you with me on a botanizing trip you got into my collecting case and destroyed some of my choice specimens. No more, big boy-even if you squeal your head off!"

Carl dropped on down the ladder to the ground. Immediately Bingo let out a loud screech and shook his chain so loudly that the house boy rushed out to see what it was all about.

"Give him a banana, Thomas!" Carl called back impatiently. "It's gotten so I can't go anywhere in these Philippine jungles without his wanting to go along. I don't want to be bothered with him today."

The servant hurried into the sala, immediately returning with a large banana which he gave to the monkey. Bingo seized it and hurled it over the veranda railing to the ground. Then he shook his chain and screamed louder than ever.

Carl spread his legs and ran his hands deep into his khaki trousers. you just mlst learn you can't have everything your own way."

Despite Carl's hard words, the monkey seemed to understand that his master was wavering. Bingo immedeiately stopped his chain-rattling and began to plead so pathetically that the erstwhile sterness slid clear of Carl's face.

"I ought to take a strap to you!" the missionary's son growled as he went back up the ladder. He gently cuffed the monkey's ear's then unsnapped the chain from the pole and the monkey sprang to his shoulder with a cry of joy.

"Well I should!", Carl repeated when the monkey put it's arms around his neck and began to chatter like a happy little boy. Carl stroked the soft fur affectionately. "I'm going down to that old hermit cave to look for some fern's, and if you get into my case again you'll get the worst

spanking you ever got!"

Then Carl laughed as he dropped back down the ladder and swung out of the yard towards the forest with Bingo nestling lovingly against his neck. "Which will mean no spanking at all and you know it."

As Carl was turning a sharp curve in the path he came suddenly face to face with an old native whom he immediately recognized as the man who had carried off their rake after finishing the job of cleaning the yard of the missionary's hut a mounth back; Carl and Bingo went and brought the rake home Carl had admonished the old man severly for his theivery, after which he assured the native there would be no hard feelings so long as he did not repeat the offense. And Carl, living up to his promise, had forgotten the matter. He greeted the old man kindly and started to go past him, eagr to reach the cave before the hot hours of the day arrived.

Bingo apparently had not forgotten so readily. With a loud scream he leaped from Carl's shou'der onto the man's back and began to scratch him viciously. Carl jerked up with surprise and bewilderment. He drew the monkey back as the man leaped from the trail and toreout into the brush with a howl of anger.

"What in the name of everything—" Then it dawned on Carl that Bingo had recognized the man. "You resentful little rascal!" he scolded. "I really ought to thrash you for that! That is no for decent people to act!"

Bingo was still growling loudly from Carl's shoulder. Carl called an apology to the angry native in the dialect, but the old man was out of hearing up the trail. "I see I still have some important things to teach you, big boy!" Carl continued to scold. "That man will think I had you to do that. When we get back home I think I'll take you to his hut and make you offer him a very humble apology!"

Bingo proubly didn't understand his master's words, but he must have caught their meaning for he snuggled closer against Carl's neck just as if he were already apologizing for his naughty deed. But Carl noted that he kept turning his head and emitting short growls every few steps.

Carl reached up and shook him kindly. "But you're a faithful old pal, aren't you, big boy," he said. "You do the best you know—that's better than lots of folks."

To reach the cave Carl had to climb down an almost perpendicular cliff wall to the bottom of the gorge, cross a frothing shallow stream, and

then scale up the other side for at least fifty feet. Down-path was little more than notches cut of the rocks, and there was no opportunity to pass anyone on the way save at one or two precarious stations.

While standing on the rim of the cliff Carl caught sight of an old wo man, with a heavy basket of bananas on her head, climbing laboriously toward him. He decided to sit down and wait until she reached the top. He lifted Bingo from his shoulder and placed him on his knee.

"I think I'll give you a bath when I get you down at that running water,"Carl teased him. "You know how you hate to get wet. It'll be good punishment for your naughtiness

But just then Bingo caught sight of the bananas climbing up the rocks toward him. Bingo wasn't interested in a bath then. He ran as far as his chain would permit and waited until the basket rose within his reach. Then before Carl knew what he was up to, he reached out and seized a ripe fruit as if those bananas were meant entirely for him.

Carl pulled him back roughly and jerked the fruit out of his hands. "None of that, big boy! I suppose you think a stolen banana would taste much better than the perfectly good one you threw away up there at the hut. You seem to have lost all your manners today!"

The old woman wearily climed on up and set her basket down for a moment's rest. Carl gave her the banana with an apology in the dialect. With a light laugh she took the fruit and handed it back to Bingo.

"One saging will not be missed among so many," she said.

Bingo looked up into Carl's face before he accepted the banana. "Al right, take it, but shake hands with the old woman first!" he ordered in English, the langauge he always used when talking to the monkey. Then Carl interpreted to the woman what he had ordered the monkey to do. She then understood what Bingo meant when he ran to her and offered his hand. She was so delighted with the intelligence of the monkey that she insisted on giving him another banana. "One is enough mother,"Carl objected. "come on, big boy, hurry up and eat it! I'm not going to wait here an hour just because you happen to think you're desperately hungry."

Bingo came back and took the banana from Carl's hand and began to devour it ravenoiusly The old woman patted him as she lifted the basket to her head My young white friend knows very well how to teach the muching to be good she told him. When I pass the white man's hut I shall alwa-

ys stop to give it the saging.

When the old woman had gone Carl held Bingo on his knee and told him very seriously: "I'm afraid she thinks you're better than you really are.

Now hurry up with that banana—we've got to get across to that cave before the sun cooks us into roast pigs!"

There were many weird tales about the desearted cave which gouged back into the soft volcanic ash-rock that formed the walls of Dulay Canyon Many old people often told stories about a hermet priest who once lived there and was noted for his wonderful cures. Some claimed that lepers had often gone to him, and then returned completely healed. After the priest had died, his secret power had gone with him. No one had ever come to take his place, and the graveyards began to fill. or thus ran the stories of the old men when they sat around their torch—fires and discused the good days that were gone.

As was his custom, Carl accepted those stories with the proverbial pinch of salt. Nevertheless, the deserted cavern intrigued him. It's mouth was almost closed by mats of vines and clumps of dence ferns. While not a real botanist. Carl was an avid col'ecter and had found more interesting spcimens of ferns in the rock crannies in and around the mouth of the cave than he had been able to locate anywhere else. He was just at that moment in securing some fresh specimens for his herarium that he intended to carry away with him when his missionary—father and he returned to the States on their periodic vaction the comming month.

A short distance from the cave door Carl took Bingo from his shoulder and fastend the monkey's chain to a small sapling. "now just wait here like a good boy," he told him. "I'm going inside the door, for there are some delicate little ferns in those crannies, and I don't want you to bother me."

Bingo sat very quite, his little ears drawn tight against his head. He watched the boy's every move until Carl had fastened his chain and started to leave him. Then he let out a scream that could have been heard a mile.

"There you go!" Carl whirled impatiently. "Keep quiet— I'm not going to leave you!'

Again Carl started for the cavern entrance. The monkey ran to the end of his chain and begain to plead and cry until he made the canyon ring with his noise. Carl walked back and cuffed his ears severely—and immediately was sorry.

"You've got to get out of the habit of thinking that everything must go exactly to suit you!"he scolded. "It's not going to hurt you to wait here a few minutes!"

But when Bingo reached out his arms so pleading and the tears began to course down his face, Carl as usual, surrendered. He unhooked the chain and lifted the monkey to his shoulder. "All right, but I'm telling you that you better keep your fingers out of my case when I open it!" he tried to say harshly. " I really will box your ears next time!"

Bingo rubbed a soft hand across Carl's cheek and began to chatter as if to say he intended to do just the right thing. Carl chuckled and pinched the end of his tail. "You better apologize!"

But when Carl got closer to the cave door the monkey slid to the back of his neck and began to growl as if he sensed some invisible danger. Carl turned his head suspiciously. "Now what foolishness are you trying to think up? You asked to go along into that hole! Don't start bucking now—"

Carl took a step foward. Bingo let out a howl right into Carls ear that almost made the boys hair stand on the end. Carl lost his patience completely then. He jerked the monkey from his shoulder and stamped over to a clump of vines. "Now you can squawll till you're satisfied!" he said as he snapped the chain. "I've had all the trouble with you I'm going to have today!"

As Carl turned back towards the cave door Bingo really did begin to scream. He shook his chain, thrashed about in the vines until it sounded as if a whole drove of monkeys were on the rampage.

Squeal!" Carl called to him. "If you yell loud enough you,ll have the folks up in the village think I'm murdering you."

Carl started through the cavern door—then his feet grew tight to the ground. His flesh began to creep, a sickening sensation shot through him.

A long ropey thing was lifting it's head above a rock ledge. Slowly, slowly, until it was eighteen inches above the rocks—and not an arms length from Carl's face.

It seemed to Carl that the sun had time to traverse the entire heavens before he could pull himself back into action and throw himselfe into a fern thicket. "Cobra—a king cobra!" he groaned. And then he weakly rolled farther out of danger. "Now I know why that monkey had been screaming!

He has been trying to warn me!"

And the venemous snake was inch by inch lifting it's flat neck higher into the air. The musles of it's neck were swelling; it's tounge lapped angrily. The head was swinging from side to side like a pendulum, at the same time drawing back as part of a loop. Carl knew it was preparing to strike— and he franticly rooled down the hill.

Then he sat up and watched the beast tensely, silently. The snake aparently having decided that the critical moment had passed, began slowly to draw in it's head. Presantly it turned and crawled father back into the cave.

Carl was so weak he could hardly ge to his feet. He staggerd over to where the monkey was wacthing him curiously. He drew the little animal snugly into his arms.

"Old pal,, I'm terribly sorry!" Carl was filled chock full of remorse now. "Here I have been punishing you when you have been trying to tell me about that snake! I never stopped to think that o little speechless animal could know more about such things than a human being. I'm terribly sorry old pal!"

Bingo was so happy he could hardly hold himself now. He leaped from frist one of Carl's shoulders to the other; he put his arms around his young master's neck and chattered in his ears; he caressed Carl's cheek with his little hands-a sheer bundle of nervous happiness.

"More brains than I'll ever have!" Carl told him, hugging him closer. "You won't need to beg anymore to go along-never! And just wait till we get home! You shall have the biggest pan of rice that Tomas can cook-and can throw away all the bananas you want to-and I won't make you go and apologize to that old man for jumping on his back, even if it was a naughty thing to do!"

And Bingo just kept chattering and slid down to Carl's collecting case and tried to open it as if to put Carl to the severest test he knew. Carl lifted him back onto his shoulder. "There's not a single weed in there!" the erstwhile severe young master chuckled. "If there were I'd open that box and turn you loose in it!'

Bingo must have understood for he crawled tight up under the brim of Carl's helmet and kept on chattering as Carl ran down the steep climb up the opposite wall. And it is just possible that Bingo was thinking of

the future trips he would take with his young master-without having to plead for them. What happiness was his!

* * * *

AFTER THE STORM

There's a flood o' blessed sunshine
  Follows every pourin' rain,
An' we know they both're needed
  If we're to harvest grain.

Underneath the winter's snowdrift,
  Flowers wait t' cheer the spring;
It's when daylight drives out darkness
  That the birds began t' sing.

So it is with life, I reckon,
  All the trouble that we know
An' the handicaps we're facin'
  Comes our way t' help us grow.

When you've had a share o' heartache,
  Or when luck's been bad, I guess
It's a mighty safe prediction
  Of a spell o' happiness.

* * * *

Defeat is education. It is the first step to something better.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves which we condemn in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

We give advice by the bucket, but we take it by the grain.

JACKSON'S SUMMER CAMP 1968

Dear Mom and Dad,

Summer camp is now over and this letter will tell you all about it from an instructor's point of veiw.

Summer camp ran for two sessions. Sixty boys camped each session. The boys arrived at 2:00 Monday afternoon to begin their week of camp. After unpacking, the boys were assigned their cabins and bunks. Then they goofed-off until supper. The first session of campers spent this free time in their cabins because of rain; the second session, getting exposed to land and water sports because of warm, sunny weather.

First nights are always a problem at summer camps and Camp Cabarrus was no exception.
However, after a couple of hours all was apparently quiet as the boys anxiously went to sleep. And even though the camp director got up several times in the night to quieten loud cabins, I slept soundly because I knew Tuesday was a big day and I wanted to be ready for it.

For the camp director the typical day began at 5:00 when he awaken the kitchen staff and open the dining hall for them and the two cooks. But for the boys the typical day began at 6:30 A.M. when the boys rolled out of bed like heavy logs and began their preparation before breakfast.

Flag raising was at 7:10 A.M. As two former boy scouts raised the flag briskly to the top of the pole, we stood at attention, right hands over our heart, saying the "Pledge of Allegiance" in union. After flag raising we then exercised for five minutes under the leadership of the camp director, Mr. Hughes.

These morning calistenics prepared us for the spirit of the day's activties as well as breakfast.

Breakfasts were really great. They included orange juice, cereal, scrambled eggs with bacon, and milk. Sometimes this menu varied substitutes tomato juice, a choice of cereal, and country ham with our eggs. Some mornings we even had sausage. And once we even had hard broiled eggs. These breakfasts were nourishing and an excellent way to begin the day.

After breakfast, the boys cleaned up their cabins and the washroom, then got ready to attend the morning classes begining at 9:00 A.M.

These were form classes to attend; Waterfront taught by Mr. Reynolds Nature Study, tauuht by Mrs. Teal ; Health and Hygienes, taught by Mr. Teal; and arts and crafts taught by me. About fifteen boys were in each group. In Arts and Crafts the boys worked on popsickle-stick baskets and houses, copper tooling from plastic designs that made imprints in the copper plates, wood burning and leaf pressing. On Friday a local archer came and instructed the classes in the skills of archery, complete with target practice.

Morning was over at 12:30 P.M., at this time I got my arts and crafts in order, then treated campers for miner cuts, scratches, bruises, burns, bites and skin poisoning from poison ivy and poison oak.
At 1:00 P.M. lunch was served. Boy were they good. We had all the tea we could drink, three to four vegetables to choose from, a meat, sallad, and desert.

Besides the campers, local supports of Stonewall Jackson School from Cabarrus County ate lunch as the camp's guests. Some of them were the Sherrif of Cabarrus County and some of his deputies; the Mayor of Concord, the Chief of police in Concord, the chief of police in Kannopolis, the State Highway Patrol, a police detective, the director of welfare in Cabarrus County, staff of caseworkers and an area supenism for Alcohol and Tobacco to Tax DivisionU.S. Goverment Special Instructors in Nature Study, Health and Hygiene also ate lunch with us, as did members of the staff at Stonewall Jackson School, including Mr. Sloop the superintendent and Mr. Scott, the former superintendent of Jackson.

After lunch we rested until 2:15 P.M. when land and water sports began. These sports included fishing, swimming and boating led by Mr. Reynolds: touch football led by Mr. Teal:softball led by Mr. Hughes and volleyball led by me. I think all boys learned how to play volleyball that had never played the sport before. I enjoyed coaching these campers very much. Their ability to play and the enthusiasm for the game pleased me very much.

At 4:45 P.M. land and water sports ended for the boys, but was only half over for me, because I then headed for the lake for daily swim. The lake water really felt good. It was sort of like the feeling one gets

when he drank a cool glass of water on a hot sunny afternoon. In other words very satisfying and refreshing.

A big imprisoned oil-drum raft provided extra fun on the lake whenever the boys wanted a break from swimming.

Sometimes though, I feel the raft-men disturbed the fishermen on the bank or in the leaky boats. These camp fishermen really pursued their sport, sometimes fishing until after dark and catching about average size fish. Except for every now and then, the fish never stopped bitting. No wonder so many boys spent their time at the lake.

Retreat was at 5:45 P.M. As our flag was lowered slowly, we all sang the National Antham, in our own timid way, while our hand rested over our hearts, and our bodies stand at attention. Following retreat, sixty hungry boys filed into the dining hall for supper. For grace, we sang a new tune to the "Doxology", called "Jamacian Holiday" That I taught them.

The boys picked up the tune quickly and sang with joyful thankfulness before their meals. Ocasionally, you could hear a camper singing it to himself as he went about his daily fun.

As at lunch, guest were also present at supper, among them, a State senator and his wife, staff members from Jackson School, one of the cook's family, the camp care takers family, Mr. Powell, and the evening speaker. Discussions at the staff table were usually light and brief, but sometimes became deadly serious. Table discussions usually continued on out in the front yard on such topics as marrige, or wheather eighteen-year-olds should be allowed to vote in national and state elections.

Following a rest period after supper the boys heard the guest speaker. Among their guests speakers were a minister of church music and his wife who entertained them with folk music, a pantonine, and a message about the christan faith, a fireman who showed slides and gave a lecture about the Concord fire department and fire saftey, a minister who conducted vespers on Wednesday night; a state highway patrolman who told the boys that the pilice is not to be feared, but respected and assissted whenever he performs his duty on the highway. He also showed the boys his car engine and explained the car all the way through. In his explanation, Trooper Nichols futher told the boys the methods he uses to catch speeders as well as some of the interesting wrecks he has investigated. I know my appreciation for the highway patrol as a friend, not an enemy,

rose as a result of Trooper Nichols' lecture.

After the evening program the boys played softball, volleyball or fished. However one night the first week, the camp director led intergroup competition for an evening activity on Saturday night we played bingo, a spirit of fun prevailed and the boys were drawn closer together as a result of these group activities.

One night we even studied the stars, but sixty campers learning astronomy in a big field at night did not work very well. As a matter of fact, two other campers later told me that they thought that the weather was so good that they decided to leave camp after bedtime and go to town for smokes.

Something else happend the second week that I think you should know. About 10:45 P.M. Wendsday night one cabin sighted an unidentified flying object-a U.F.O. Though I did not see it I could tell from the boy's description that something unusual and unidentifiable had indeed appeared in the sky that night. I called the radar room at Douglas Airport in Charlotte. The man on duty said that jet tankers refuel fighter air craft near Charlotte frequently and the flood lights on the jet tanker made an unusual sight to someone who is not familiar with such sights. After relating this information to the boys in cabin 2, I found some of them still in doubt. This is good because it causes them to find out for themselves if U.F.Os. really exist. This way they will always be curious about the unknown and less afraid of it.

The evening program on Saturday night brought the entire camos community nearest the end of their week together. At this program the groups presented their reports of the week's activities and their recomendations for changes in next year's summer camp. Trophies were then awarded to the best camper of the week and two honor campers winners. The first were Mackinley Briley best camper of 1968. Malvin Stamper and Kevin Buchanan, Honor Campers of 1968. Winners of the second were Harry Rush best camper, 1968, Charles Kornegy and Donie Bryeley, honor campers 1968. These awards were chosen by the four instructors on Saturday morning. As one who helped select the winners, I want to say the job was hard because we had many good campers to choose from.

I really enjoyed working at summer camp 1968 and I hope I'll be able to do it again next summer. It was great fun camping with these

boys and I look foward to doing it again.

As you know, though, nearly all of those boys will not be back next summer and for this reason I am glad. That reason may sound stupid but I would rather see every boy who wants to be at home next summer contributing to his home and community and grateful for his year of training at Stonewall Jackson School than to be here next year because he had not yet learned to obey the laws of good conduct yet. I hope all is well in Yakinville. I look foward to being home soon myself.

Mr. Mackie

* * * *

THERE IS A MORAL HERE

Did you ever stop to think that hard times mean nothing to a hen? She just keeps on digging worms and laying eggs regardless of what is said about conditions. If the ground is hard she scratches harder. If it's dry she digs deeper. If she strikes a rock, she works around it. But always she digs up worms turns them into hardshell profits as well as tender broilers. Did you ever see a pessimistic hen? Did you ever know of one starving to death waiting for worms to dig themselves to the surface? Did you ever hear one cackle because times were hard? Not on your life. She saves her breath for digging and her cackles for eggs.

We are not mentioning any names—but we are wondering how many of our readers can find the moral in this.

In morals, what begins in fear usually ends in wickedness; in religion, what begins in fear usually ends in fanaticism. Fear, either as a principle or motive, is the beginning of evil.

Activity is God's medicine; the highest genius is willingness and ab' ility to do hard work. Any other conception of genius makes it a doubtful, if not a dangerous possession.

JACKSON TEACHER'S ATTEND WORKSHOP

From July 14 to July 18 four of the academic teachers from Jackson attended the annual workshop for instructional personnel. Mrs. Sara Barbee, Mrs. Earlree Spence, Mr. J. F. Caldwell and Mr. Paul W. Lentz were the teachers in attendance. Something new was added this year to the instructional workshop. It was held in the beautiful surroundings of Quail Roost Conference Center. This center is located a few miles north of Durham, N. C. It is the former estate of Mr. George Watts Hill. He gave it to the state of North Carolina a few years ago and it has been used for conferences ever since. The theme of this workshop was "Acquiring Communication Skills." The conference was centered around Reading with some thought being given to the other communication skills. Mr. Ronald Berry, Executive Director of Educational Professional Services, Inc. was in charge of the workshop. He and his aides did a wonderful job of conducting the workshop. He was ably assisted by Mr. Tom Pritchard, Mrs. Katherine Revell and some consultants for one or two sessions. At the opening session of the workshp the participants were honored by the presence of Honorable Pat Taylor, Demorcrat nominee for the office of Lieutenant Governor.

Other outside speakers were Mr. Harold Patton from the National Council on Crime anl Delinquency, Mr. Lacy Presnell, Superintendant of Randolph County Schools; and Mr. Robert Marley, Project Coordinator, ES EA Title 1. Besides learning and enjoying the workshop many of the participants enjoyed the facilities of Quail Roost, such as swimming and fishng All the participants agreed that this was the best of the Instructional Workshops.

* * * *

When you lose your temper some one else is almost certain to find it and greatly to his advantage.

If a man is unhappy, remember that his unhappiness is his own fault for God made all men to be happy.

Depression is an enemy of power, cheerfulness is its tested ally.

A spoiled child is to be pitied. Also its parents.

A SUMMER IDYL

The "Happy Valley" of the Yadkin river, in Caldwell county, is the beauty garden of North Carolina. Just now it is seen perhaps at its best, in the hand of summer, with products passing on to perfection, and the woodland choristers tuning their voice for "the harvest time."

These are golden days in the "Happy Valley," where is located the Patterson School, amid great divine blessings. The sun shines with a benign radiance that gilds the landscape and the mountains with soft golden hue. The days are shot to the heart with inspiring beauty. All nature seems bathed in sweet effulgence and holy calm. The mornings and evenings declare the glory fo God in the beauty of the ever-changing tintings of the coming and going of the great orb of day; so lovely, so varied and so delicate that they could only be wrought by angels' hands who minister under translucent crystal that arches the gold-paved, jewel-gated city of the New Jerusalem, not made with hands. The Yadkin river traces its way in cheerful songs of praise through the valley, and broad acres of smiling products, like a silver chain upon the bosom of nature. One day answereth to another, and the mornings and evenings certifieth to each other. The air altumn's first cool breath. At time vast, wierd masses of fleecy clouds float across the valley, from the pinnacles of the Ripshin to the Green mountains, like supernatural airships and floating islands of supernal snow in aglowing sapphire sea. The maturing crops, the majestic leaves upon the forest trees, down to the tiny blades of grass are all adorned with nature's diamonds, the sparkling dew-drops, which hold in a loving embrace the reflected loveliness of sky and earth. Fruits and flowers blue with all the beauty and modesty of maidens, making their debut, through circlets of green, so delicate that the colors could only have been wrought by mermaids' hands in ocean palaces of shadowy shells.

Periodically, the full-orbed moon, queen of love and romance, sails the fleckless azure, attended by a royal retinue of gem-like stars, and wraps the world in a silver sheen that inspires joy, rest and peace for the troubleld and care-worn soul. If this side of heaven is so transpirtingly beautlful, what must the other side be?

HONOR ROLLS

COTTAGE NO. 1

Richard Little
Johnny Roberts

COTTAGE NO. 2

William See

COTTAGE NO. 3

Timothy Ayers
Charles Nichols

COTTAGE NO. 4

Michael Lee

COTTAGE NO. 5

Jerry Blount
Posey Higgs
Larry Sellers
Kevin Buchanan

COTTAGE NO. 6

Grady Campbell
Donny Jones
Stanley McCary

COTTAGE NO. 7

Billy Hudson

COTTAGE NO. 8

Ricky Warrix

COTTAGE NO. 9

Willard Rosser

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Sweeten

COTTAGE NO. 14

Johnnit Cribb
Henery Ratchford

COTTAGE NO. 15

Jornnie Hall
Wesley Hall
Willaim Wallace

"He who has no courage is but the fragment of a man."

"Don't do things by halves. If it be right, do it boldly; if it be wrong leave it undone."

"The best service a book can render you is, not to impart truth, but to make you think it out for yourself."

"By putting the best construction on what you see and hear you will develop the best in yourself."

CAMPUS NEWS

FORMER STUDENTS VISIT JTS

On July 9, 1968 Charles Blackman stopped by the school to see the changes that had taken place in the past 49 years. "Tar Baby" as Charles was known to the folks back then recalled many unusual events that took place during a time when money was scarce and conveniences were few. One very interesting account was the yearly event of the Brunswick stew always held in the "pasture" behind cottage one and two. The stew was cooked in large black pots and every one had all they could eat . . . "and was it good!"

Charles also recalled the crude method of washing at the spring across the highway and spreading the clothes out on the grass to dry. He said that during his entire five years here at Jackson he had one dime, but this did not bother him for no one else had money. There was no Boys Store in those days and there was no use for money.

It was during his five years here that Charles learned to operate the "flat-bed press" and set type by hand. This trade was a great help to him in later years for he worked in a print shop for several years before going into the Army, where he reached the rank of M-Sgt.

After he was discharged from the service Charles joined the Baltimore Maryland motor cycle police force where he remained until World War II when he went to work for Bethelehem Steel Company in the boiler division. He will soon have 30 years completed with Bethelehem Steel and can retire with a comfortable income.

Charles is a grandfather now and lives with his family at 4730 Van-Cover Road, Baltimore, Md. He expressed his appreciation for what the school had meant to him.

A. Yarbrough

Andrew Thomas who was a student here in 1954 came by the school July 1 for a short visit. He, his wife the former Ida Tydell, and son Andy were on a vacation.

Andrew was a student in cottage 3 when Mr. and Mrs. Homer Faggart were cottage counselors and he was in Mr. Troutman's class at school.

After leaving Jackson Andrew spent 4 years in the United States Navy as a member of the U.S.S. Boston and reached the rank of M M-3. When he was discharged from the Navy in 1959 he went to work for a building supply company in Kinston where he worked for 5 years.

For the past 4 years he has been self employed as a floor covering mechanic and is attending Lenoir Community at night to complete his high school elucation. Andrew said if his present plans worked out he plans to complete college and major in "Data Processing".

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas are living at 1105 Futrell Lane Kinston, North Carolina.

A. Yarbrough
7-1-68

MR. ADAMS LEAVES JACKSON

Effective July 31, 1968 Mr. Reed Adams, who has been Assistant Superintendent for the past year, resigned his position with Jackson. Mr. Adams left Jackson to attend Florida State University where he will enter upon a program of studies leading to a Ph.D degree in Criminology.

Mr. and Mrs Adams were honored at a luncheon held at Jackson on the day of there departure. Mr. Warren Ellis, Director Of Cottage Life, Board of Juvenile Correction, presided at the luncheon and also spoke briefly concerning the contributions that Mr Adams had made during his short stay at Jackson. Mr. Hoyt Sloop, Superintendent at Jackson also spoke of the work Mr. Adams had done at Jackson. The Uplift wishes for Mr. Adams the best of luck in his new undertaking.

—:—

MISS SHOE IN WRECK

Miss Milard Shoe, Budget Officer was recently involved in an automobile wreck. At this writing Miss Shoe is in pretty fair shape. She may be out of work for some time but did not receive injuries that were too serious. The Uplift wishes for Miss Shoe a speedy recovery and a quick return to Jackson.

—:—

BIRTH ANNOUNCTMENT

Mrs. Ashlyn Sides, Music teacher at Jackson, is the proud mother of a new baby girl. Sara Katherine Sides was born June 25 in Cabarrus Memorial Hospital. At latest reports Mrs. Sides and daughter are doing very well.

—:—

JACKSON TEACHERS ATTEND SCIENCE WORKSHOP

Several of the Academic teachers from Jackon have recently been attending a workshop at neighboring Central Cabbarrus High School. Mrs. Morton, Mrs. Liske, Mrs. Barbee Mr. Wentz and Mr. Troutman have all recieved credit toward renewing their teaching certificate by attending this workshop. All the teachers involved have reported the workshop as being both interesting as well as informative. The highlight of each session is each "student" getting to fire a minature rocket. So far none of the Jackson teachers have put their rocket in orbit al though two have reported real good results.

—:—

JACKSON GETS MUCH MATERIAL FROM FEDERAL PROGRAMS

As a result of working with the Federal projects known as NDEA and ESEA Jackson has recieved much material and many supplies for the Science Department, the Library and other school rooms. Mr. John Cheek, high school Science teacher now has a science room that is fairly well equipped. Mrs. Spence, Librarian, has been working very hard cataloging books, records film strips and other supplies and equipment. As a result of these programs Jackson has many things for

the boys to use that we otherwise would not have. Just to mention some of the "heavy equipment" that we have Jackson now has the use of two tape recorders, two record players, two film strip projecters, two 16MM movie projectors, a spirit duplicator, a Thermofax duplicator, a Tach 500 and an overhead projector. As the teachers become more familiar with all the machines and equipment it will be used more and more. Most of the boys are enjoying the new items a great deal.

—:—

MR. HESTER TO LEAVE JACKSON

Mr. William Hester, who has been working at Jackson under one of the federal projects, will be leaving the school. Mr. Hester, a Raleigh native, will return to that city to teach in the Raleigh public schools. Mr. Hester came to Jackson in January and has proved to be rather popular with the boys and the other staff members. His best known achievement is probably his ability to catch fish in the Jackson lakes, or maybe to tell about them after the catch. We wish Mr. Hester success in his new job.

—:—

4-H CLUB NEWS

Our last meeting was held on Thursday, July 25, 1968. The meeting was opened with the Pledge of Allegiance and the 4-H club pledge. Steve Orbison read devotions and then we elected officers. The new officers are President-Steve Orbison, Secretary-Reporter-Alexander Cooper. This meeting was devoted to giving all boys in the club new projects. Some of the projects given were the care and feding of boar hogs,sows, calves, beef cattle, milk cows, and poultry. Other projects are seed collection,shubbery, and plant nursery The boys discused how they could develop their projects better. Ten new boys joined the 4-H club at this last meeting making our present club roll at 14 members. Members present at the metting were : Steve Orbison, James Boggs, James Emanuel, Randy Wright, Jerry Blount, Claude Fuller, Allexander Cooper, Wesley Hall, Larry Boyd, Mike Transeau, Carl Mc Daniels, Johnny Roberts, Steve Chapman, and Charlie Sloop. The meeting was then adjourned by Mr. Ouery.

-Steve Oribison
-Alexander Cooper

—:—

COTTAGE 11 CELEBRATES THE FOURTH OF JULY

On Thursday, July 4th, cottage eleven took a bus trip to Mt. Pleasant for the festivities of the 19th annual 4th of July celebration. The celebration was held at Mt. Pleasant High School. Due to the bad weather conditions, the program, which was supposed to have been held on the athletic field was held in the H.E. Cline Auditorium adjacent the athletic stadium.

Though the weather was cloudy and overcast outside the spirits were really soaring inside the auditorium. Master of cermonies was

Doug Mayes, and Gay Medlin,(Miss Mt. Pleasant) was a feature. Upon arrival, we witnessed a beauty contest which was won by Miss Dixie Roberts. The title was Miss 4th of July.

The main source of entertainment was provided by bands. Among the bands were;

George Hamilton IV
The Rocky River Boys
The Town and Country Gentleman
The Travlers

All the bands were good, but the main attraction was George Hamilton, and his band. They are professionals, and are with "The Grand Ole Opry". They did about every popular country song there is. Twice the program was almost ended but the audience brought them back with applause.

The boys of Cottage Eleven would like to sincerly thank Mr. and Mrs. Rouse, Mr. and Mrs. Barbee, the Civic Club of Mt. Pleasant, Reverand Hubert Brown, and Mr. Adams, without whom, the trip would not have been possible.

Gary Helms

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

TENTH GRADE
World History

In World History class we have started a chapter on World War Two. Mr. Lentz gave us an outline that goes back to the Peace Treaty of World War One, for as he says, this is when World War Two really started. Before school closed we went to the library several days to look up some important men and events that helped to shape the world during these days. It was very interesting to hear reports on such men as Hitler, Mussolini, Stalin, Franco, Goerring, Gobles and such events as the Red Revolution. All of these had their part in World War Two. We are just now studying the underlying causes of the war. Mr. Lentz says we will take quite a bit of time on this unit because it will help explain the position that the United States is in right now. We will not study the military campaignes, but we may get a film from The United States Marines Corps on the battle for Iwo Jima that the 10th grade history students have seen in the past.

"Lasting happiness is found only in constructive work."

"Love will take care of politeness."

When you do not keep faith with your own consience you make yourself unworthy of any man's confidence.

The head and the heart are not more vitally connected than thought and virtue.

The best way to kill time, says Uucle Seth, is to get busy and work to death.

COMMISSIONER'S COMMENTS

Blaine M. Madison

Honorable Thomas J. White, Chairman
Advisory Budget Commission

Members of the Advisory Budget Commission

Members of the Staff of the
Department of Administration

Gentlemen:

May I take this opportunity to welcome you to Jackson Training School today and to express the hope that you will have time to visit the campus and see the program in operation.

The Board of Juvenile Correction has given careful consideration to each item in our Capital Improvements Request for the next biennium. Members of the Board and staff are convinced that the need for these facilities is clear and evident. Jackson Training School is the oldest institution serving delinquent youth in North Carolina.

We are glad to have you visit with us today, and I know that you will give careful consideration to the Request for Capital Improvements.

Sincerely,

C. A. Dillon, Chairman
North Carolina Board of
Juvenile Correction

STONEWALL JACKSON TRAINING SCHOOL

CAPITAL IMPROVEMENTS REQUEST 1969-71

LAUNDRY BUILDING

Justification

Purpose: Laundry

Need: The laundry provides important vocational training for many students in learning to operatee various types of equipment which provides them with practical skills that will be useful to them when they return to their respectiye communities. It is felt that the present laundry is inadequate and badly deteriorated.

A. The present laundry building was constructed in 1921 and the equipment cannot be arranged to the best advantage for supervision and instructing students in the vocational training program.

B. The concrete floor is badly worn and has been repaired many times. Sections of the floor are loose where it has been filled in and the constant vibration of tse heavy machinery makes it difficult to keep the machines secure. Being constructed on two levels, the floor has weakened to the point that supports have been placed underneath the floor to prevent the collapse of the machinery.

C. The washers should be set at floor level with a recessed drain floor. Inasmuch as the present washers are on a built-up floor and the drain is is on floor level, the water continuously spills on other parts of the floor, making it hazardous to those working in the laundry.

D. The high pressure boiler tubes are badly pitted and need

replacing. Through the use of chemicals, this boiler has been made usable but requires constant repair.

E. Most of the plumbing has deteriorated and rusted. Even though some has been replaced, it is evident that the old pipes will have to be replaced in the near future.

F. The ceiling has been partially repaired but many of the rafters have rotted and become loose due to leakage and will eventually have to be replaced.

G. The students' toilet facility is inadequate and in poor coudition.

Cost Estimate

a.	Building	$ 47,000
b.	Utilities	2,000
c.	Access	1,000
d.	Fixed Equipment	35,000
e.	Movable Equipment	5,000
	TOTAL PROJECT COST	$ 90,000

RENOVATION OF BASEMENTS IN FOURTEN (14) COTTAGES

Justification

Purpose: This area was not included in the last renovation and this renovation is needed to provid sanitary, personal space for students which can be maintained.

Need: Present lockers are inadequate and worn out. Floors and walls are unpainted brick and cement, and it is difficult to maintain them properly and keep them sanitary. Storage rooms for clothing are unfinished and inadequate.

Cost Estimate

a.	Building	$ 49,000
b.	Equipment	$ 7,000

TOTAL PROJECT COST	$ 56,000

RENOVATION OF COTTAGE NO. 17

Justification

Purpose: This building was not included when other cottages were renovated several years ago. It also hocses all of the Segregation Units for the institution. These are outdated and the building is in acute need of repair.

Need: Present toilet facilities are inadequate for the number of students living in this cottage. The present facility has only two(2) commodes, one (1) wash basin, two (2) showers and one (1) urinal for twenty-five students. This building was constructed in 1927 and is in need of complete renovation.

Cost Estimate

a. Building	$ 46,000
b. Equipment	2,000
TOTAL PROJECT COST	$ 48,000

GUTTERING AND REPAIRS TO ROOFS OF SEVENTEEN (17) COTTAGES

Justification

Purpose: Preservation of Cottages

Need: A. The slate roofs have been repaired over a period of years py anlhoring new slates in place with metal strips nailed between shingles and bent up over the end of replaced shingles. These strips have deteriorated and are permitting shingles to slip out and fall off the buildings. All of the strips of metal and the broken shingles should be replaced and anchored with copper strips that will not rust.

Need. B. The guttering and downspouts have deterioated to the extent that the fascia of the buildings are rotting underneath and around the edges. New guttering, downspouts and repairs to

the trim are needed to correct these Buildings and prolong the life for furure use.

Cost Estimate

TOTAL PROJECT COST $ 53,000

GUTTERING AND REPAIRS TO ROOF OF ADMINSTRATION BUILDING

Justification

Purpose: Preservation of building

Need: A. The slate roof has been repaired over a period of years by anchoring new slates in place with metal strips nailed between shingles and bent up over the end of replaced shingles. These strips have deterioated and are permitting shingles to slip out and fall off the building. All of the srips of metal and the broken shingles should be replaced and anchored with copper strips that will not rust.

Need: B. Most of the guttering anl downspouts, over a period of years, have deteriorated to the extent that the fascia of this building is rotting underneath and around the gutters and should be replaced.

Cost Estimate

TOTAL PROJECT COST $ 3,000

CONVERSION OF BOILERS FROM COAL TO GAS

Justification

Purpose: Better heating and more sanitary conditions

Need: At the present time some of the boilers are fired by coal and some are fired by oil. We are requesting that the boilers fired by coal be converted to gas. The boilers to be converted are for (17) seventeen cottages, Trades Building, Textile Building, Infirmary and Laundry. The gas company will be responsible for the

cost of running the line to each location.

Cost Estimate

TOTAL PROJECT COST $ 22,000

REPAIRS TO PORCH OF ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Justification

Purpose: Continue the use and safety of the porch

Need: The existing cement porch floor has deteriorated due to settling.This has caused many breaks and cracks that allow water to penetrate under the building.

Cost Estimate

TOTAL PROJECT COST $ 4,000

FLOORS FOR CAETERIA

Justification

Purpose: To decrease maintenance costs and improve sanitary conditions

Need: The student and staff dining room floors are worn through to the concrete slab to the extent that good maintenance is not possible.
The cement floors in the bakery and food preparation rooms are pitted, making it unsanitary.

Cost Estimate

TOTAL PROJECT COST $ 20,000

CONVERT DEEP FREEZE ROOM

Justification

Purpose: Necessiated by population increase and to upgrade health practices.

Need: There has been no addition to the freezing space at Stonewall Jackson since 1953 when the eating population was much less that at presents. Senct that time the production if food and the knowledge of modern processing of frozen foods has more than doubled. This area repuested to be convnerted was originlly planned for this pcrpos e:

The proper freezing of food is one of the most modern methods of storing food and is in keeping with good health practices. More storage is badly needed for processed foods produced at the school.

The freezing and storage of many of the foods, produced at the school, will make it possible to serve more fresh meats, fruits and vegetables.

Cost Estimate

TOTAL PROJECT COST	$ 15,500

FACILITY FOR FEEDING SWINE

Justification

Purpose: The swine herd is a part of the Vocational Program which provides training for the students and food for the school in accordance with dietary needs.

Need: The dirt lot feeding area now used is expensive, wasteful, and promotes disease, flies, bad odor and other sanitation problems. The request is for an inexpensive type feeding facility for the fattening hogs and does not include pigs or smaller shoats.

Cost Estimate

TOTAL PROJECT COST	$ 8,000

RECAPITULATION

1. **LAUNDRY BUILDING**	$ 90,000
2. **RENOVATION OF BASEMENTS IN FOURTEEN (14) COTTAGES**	56,000

3.	**RENOVATION OF COTTAGE NO. 17**	48,000
4.	**GUTTERING AND REPAIRS TO ROOFS OF SEVENTEEN (17) COTTAGES**	53,000
5.	**GUTTERING AND REPAIRS TO ROOF OF ADMINISTRATION BLDG.**	3,000
6.	**CONVERSION OF BOILERS FROM COAL TO GAS**	22,000
7.	**REPAIRS TO PORCH OF ADMINSTRATION BUILDING**	4,000
8.	**FLOORS FOR CAFETERIA**	20,000
9.	**CONVERT DEEP FREEZE ROOM**	15,500
10.	**FACILITY FOR FEEDING SWINE**	8,000
	TOTAL ESTIMATED COST	$ 319,500

* * * *

Do all the good you can and make as little noise about it as possible.

"Nobody can be really good who is not good for something."

Nothing is beutiful but what is truth; the truth only is lovable.

Fine actions which are hidden are the most worthy.

Cheerfulness is as natural to the heart of a man in strong, health, as color to his cheek; and wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unwholesome food, improperly severe labor, or erring habits of life.

The noblest contribution which any man can make for the benefit of posterity, is that of a good character. The richest request which a man can leave to the youth of his native land, is that of a shining, spotless example.

You cannot run away from a weakness; you must some time fight it out or perish; and if that be so, why not now, and where you stand.

Conceit may puff a man up, but can never prop him up.

LIFE SCULPTURE

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy
With his marble block before him,
And his eyes lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angle-dream passed o'er him.

He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision;
With heaven's own light the sculpture shone,—
He'd caught that angel-vision.

Children of our life are we, as we stand
With our lives uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream shall pass oe'r us.

If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,—
Our lives, that angel-vision.

—George Washington Doane.

North Carolina Collection
The Library
University of N. C.
Chapel Hill, N. C. 27515

"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."
—Edwin Markham

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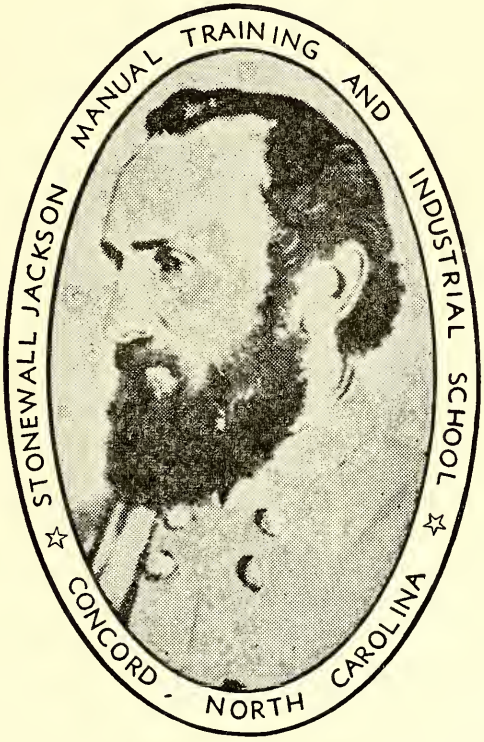

STONEWALL JACKSON
1824 — 1863

AUGUST 1968

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A TUB OF WATER LILIES

Even after the car had got to the very end of the long driveway and was ready to turn out into the main road, Gran'ma Bartly asked daddy to wait while she hurried back, in her little skipping bird-like way, to the front yard gate.

"Don't you forget my water lilies, Mallie!"she called in her thin little bird-like voice, and repeated,"Did you hear, Mallie? Don't forget my tub of water lillies!"

"All right Gran'ma Bartly," Mary Lou's curly brown head appeared from an upstairs window. I'll look after 'em!,,

Thus reassured, Gran'ma Bartly flittered back to the waiting car to join Mary Lou's parents and older sisters for their three-day trip over to Marietta where the Rural Mail Carrier's Convention was being held.

"You'd think those water lillies were the most important thing in the world, wouldn't you?" said Genevieve Kerry with a little giggle.

"They are almost, to Gran'ma Bartly," said Mary Lou absently, She tucked a red silk tie neatly alongside of a folded khaki shirt and snapped the little traveling case shut. "Well, I've got my clothes all packed. Shall we go down now and get our things ready for the picnic supper this evening?"

Genevieve and Mary Lou decended to the kitchen, hugging each other with excited anticipation. This evening was the beginning of an event to which they had looked forward for twelve long months, the encampment of their Campfire Girls, tribe down on Blue River Island. It would last for five days, beginning with the big picnic supper this evening as soon as the tribe arrived at camp.

"I always think that the trip there and the picnic supper the first night and getting settled is the most fun of all, don't you?" chattered Genevieve as the girls packed big baskets with fried chicken, salad and frosted layer cakes.

Mary Lou agreed, her brown eyes sparkling with excitement. "And it will be more fun than ever this time with that special bus chartered to take us from Booneville on down to Blue River," she exulted.

"And Blue River is the grandest place to have fun," added Genevieve who had been there and knew. "It's lots nicer than that little park where

we went last year. There'll be girls from all over the state there and they'll have a welcome campfire for us tonight—they do for each new tribe as it comes—Oh Mallie, I don't see how I can wait till tonight!"

"Neither do I," admitted Mary Lou with a sigh of happiness. This year would be quite perfect. Last year had been fun, but this year would be better. She had been looking foward and getting ready for it all year. She had picked berries and hoed in the garden and hulled nuts to help earn the money for this, and she had saved pennies and nickels and dimes for twelve months in order that nothing should be lacking.

With the two fat lunch baskets sitting on a table beside the two suitcases the two owners went back up to Mary Lous bedroom to put the finnishing touchs to there dressing. A passing neighbors would presently take them to the Dixie Highway where they would catch the bus to Boonvill. In Boonvill a special bus, charted for the girls who were going to Blue River would take them the ninty remaining miles to the big summer camp.

Mary Lou, slipped into her cool frock of sea-green linen, murmured abstractedly, "Don't let me forget about the water for Gran'ma's lillies! It's very important.

"Oh mercy no," returned Genevieve in an absent manner as she fixed her hat over her yellow hair. "Gran'ma would hape a fit, wouldn't she?"

That was the last thing either of them thought about the tub of water lilies until they were standing at the edge of the Booneville Highway waiting for the bus. The neighbor had come a little sooner than expected, and and his two sons with him so in the fun and excitement that followed Mary forget about the water lilies. Mary Lou suddenly remembering gave a shreak that nearly made Genevieve fall into the baskets. "Good gracious grandmother what!" cried Genevieve and was discussed when Mary Lou explained. "Is that all? I thought it was a rattle snake!" Its worse Its worse then a rattle snake, groaned Mary Lou. Its worse than two snakes. I'll have to go back." Mary Lou Royce your crazy! "insisted Genevieve. You mean you will walk back to your house in the sun- you,ll miss the bus! you'll miss everything. The special leaves Blue River half hour after we get to Booneville and there won't be another chance for you till tomorrow morning."

Mary Lou nodded silently, tears streaming down her cheeks. "Oh, how could I have been so careless." "You'll miss the first," insisted Genevieve. "Surely you won't be so silly, Mallie!"

But there was no way out of it. The telephone line hadn't been put through yet; it would be useless to mail a postcard to some neighbor as Genevieve hopefully suggested.

"Anyhow Gran'ma Bartley asked me to do it," admitted Mary Lou. "And I promised I would. The lilies will be dead if they're not watered."

Genevieve was really angry when Mary left her with the two baskets and the two bags. "I'll come tomorrow as soon as I can," promised Mary Lou as she turned away. She could not wait to see Genevive off. It embarrassed her to have people see her crying.

A little echo of anger stirred in Mary Lou's heart, too, as she walked slowly back over the road which she had just traveled so gaily. Why did she have to be bothered with such silly little things? It wouldn't be so bad to make a sacrifice for a big, noble cause. If it had been a case of saving somebody's life, or looking after business, or anything really important she wouldn't have felt so bad.

"But they never trust me with anything big and important," thought Mary Lou, cultivating her resentment. "Just little trifling things—like putting water on the water lilies."

Of course, Gran'ma Bartley didn't regard the water lilies as little or trifling

Gran'ma Bartley was not really Mary Lou's grandmother at all. She was really no relative of the Royces at all. She was an old friend of Mary Lou's father and mother and she had met with a great deal of trouble and Mary Lou's father had rescued Gran'ma Bartly from the poorhouse back in the county where he had been a boy, and had brought her up to his own home to live. And Gran'ma, before she had left Virginia for her new home in Indiana, had begged Mr. Royce to get her some roots of water lilies which grew in the pond on the old farm where she had lived.

"So's I can feel like I'm at home," said Gran'ma, who hadn't had any water lilies at the poor-house. A tub had been sunken in the ground and properly filled with sand, earth and water. The precious water lily roots were planted and they grew. They could hardly have helped growing under Gran'ma's loving and constant care. Gran'ma, eager as she had been for the trip to convention, had hesitated about leaving her beloved lilies until Mary Lou had promised to see that the tub was filled with water. It had to be filled every other day, for the water soaked quickly through the sand and earth of the leaky tub.

The water was low in the tub and the twining roots were plainly visible. Dead water lilies would have greeted Gran'ma on her return if the tub had not been filled today. Mary Lou splashed bucket after bucket of fresh cistern water into the tub and a number of hot, salty tears splashed with them.

She was going to miss the very nicest part of this whole trip; the ride down to Blue Island in the special bus, the first-night picnic, the firelight get-acquainted party, the fun of unpacking and setting up camp with all the others—the part that she had looked forward to most of all this whole year.

"She'll be surprised to find those old wooden tub edges covered with nice green moss,"thought Mary Lou as she changed into the old clothes.

The woods that strecthed down hill to meet the creek was the boundary line between two farms was Mr.Royce's pride. No trees were ever cut from here, although timber buyers had offered good prices for some of them; dead and fallen limbs were carefully hauled away, and the undergrowth was clipped neatly, like a clean little boys hair.

Mary Lou scrambled and slipped down to the creek bed and had to follow the banks for quite a distance before she found the right sort of of moss.

I'll be a fussy old lady shopping around for velvet to make herself an evening coat, imagined Mary Lou shaking her head at a patch of moss which had yellow spots in it.

And then finally she was stooping over a bank of velvety green which was just what she wanted, suddenly she caught a whiff of smoke which to Mary Lou's campfire nose said "danger!"
It was a wiff of smoke the dry sweet biting smoke of burning leaves.

Mary Lou looked up and around her heart beating quickly. The smoke came from the other side of the creek she felt pretty sure. The other hillside belonged to rich Mr. Marrot who lived in Indianapolis and only ocasionally came down to stay a day or so on the hill. He had a funny little house on top of it that looked like the Swiss houses in Mary Lou's copy of "Heidi" and there was a strong wire fence running along the creek on his side. There were goats inside, they were Swiss looking too, with queer curled horns and mean expressions on their faces. Mary Lou was afraid of the goats which sometimes ran after her as far as their fence would permit

them to. Yes, there was no doubt that smoke was coming from the other side of the fence. Mary Lou felt worried. She had always felt that the rich Mr. Marriot kept those goats of his simply to frighten people away because he was a cross and rather selfish man who did not encorage the friendliness from his neighbors "I don,t really suppose it amounts to anything" Mary Lou assured herself. "Probably be mad if he thought I was prowling around his woods." That was Mr. Marriots own expression; prowling around" Once when Mary Lou's Sunday school class had been having a picnic and had crossed the creek up the other hillside (before the wire fence and the curely horned goats were there) Mr. Marriot had come down and crossly ordered them out. "I don't want children prowling through my woods," He said

The creek bed was wide, six or eight feet. "A fire would have to be awfully big to jump over onto our side," thought Mary Lou.

And, carefully holding her basket of moss, Mary Lou started on up the creek bed.

And again that queer bothering voice that was the other Mary Lou spoke to her; "Aren't you ashamed ?" it said. "What if the smoke was on your side and Mr. Marriot smelled it?"

The goats were nowhere in sight. That was one consolation. Mary Lou tumbled over the high wire fence, and stole carefully along on Mr. Marrot's side in the direction of the faint smoke trail. It led her on andon, and up he other side of the hill.

And there she came upon something that scared her even more than one of the curly horned goats would have. ,

It was a man sitting against a tree. It was Mr. Marriot himself!

Mary Lou stood still, tempted to turn and run quickly away. The smoke was coming from behind Mr. Marriot where a thin stream of red flame was running along the dry leaves and twigs

He's watching it, just as I thought," said Mary Lou to herself. It was silly for me to come. If he looks up and sees me.

But Mr. Marroit was sitting in a very strange position, as though he were asleep. And the fire was not being guarded as a forest fire should be at all. It was spreading like water spreads when it is spilled on a floor And it was running up to the very place where Mr. Marrot was sitting almost to his arm!

Mary Lou ran quickly over to the fire. Mr. M a r r o t! are you a-sleep? She tried to be polite and alarming at the same time. But Mr. Marrot did not answer. Olny one of the goats which apperead from behind a tree answered with a scornful look and an angry bleat. But for once Mary Lou paid no attenion to the goat. She had too many other things to pay attention to.

There was something dreadfully wrong with Mr. Marrot. Those wiced litle flames crept up to his very sleeve—she could smell the scorchnig wolen, and still he did not move. His eyes were closed and there was a stream of blood flowing down one temple.

"I't was probably one of the goats that did it," thought Mary Lou, but she did not take much time to think. That fire was reaching for a dry dead grapevine; in a another minute it would stop being playfully mischievous and would turn into a greedy demon, cruel and roaring.

In a minute she was beating the flames wth a leafy branch. Mary Lou knew how to fight a fire and now she fought this one with all her might. Beating, pounding stamping, she was like a smoky demon herself, It was a race for life between the determined fire and the determined girl.

Mr. Marrot opened his eyes just as Mary Lou beat out the last sly tounge of fire and sank exaustedly to the ground. He opend them heavily putting one hand to his head in a bewildered way. "What—"

And then he saw Mary Lou, sitting like little Black Sambo at the edge of a blackened strip of leafy ground which still smoked angrily. Behind Mary Lou stood the whole flock of goats, staring in meek surprise. Mary Lou had not even noticed them as they watched her in perplexity.

"My gracious, child," asked Mr. Marriot setting upright. "Who are you and what has happened!"

He frowned as he tried to move his arm, the one whose sleeve the flames had scorched, and Mary Lou thought for a moment that the frown was for her.

"Well you see," she said, beginning at the beginning as one should "I came back to see about the tub of water lilies—"

She told him all her story. His was not so long. "I was out walking and slipped on a stone. I hurt my head and my arm—that's all I remember till right now. I suppose my pipe set the leaves on fire and—"

Mr. Marriot shuddered and Mary Lou's cheeks, though you couldn't

notice because of the smoke turned pale.

"Do you realize, child, that you saved my life? To say nothing of several acres of woodland?"

Mary Lou steadfastly refused to take the reward which Mr. Marriot insisted he owed her for saving his life. "If anything deserves a reward," said Mary Lou, "It's Granma Bartley's tub of water lilies. If it hadn't been for them—"

But of course, you can't do much in the way of rewarding a tub water lilies. However, when the little Swiss house on the hill, which Mr. Mariot had insisted on giving to Mary Lou's Campfire tribe for a lodge, was dedicated, the girls named it Waterlily Lodge. Granma Bartley was rightfully proud, and she herself made all the curtains for the Lodge.

"For." said Gran'ma Bartley, "it's not every tub of water lilies that gets a house named for'em."

And the rich Mr. Marriot, newly elected honorably chief of the tribe added proudly,

"And it's not every tub of water lilies, either, that has such a caretaker as Mary Lou!"

* * * *

Things adjust themselves. Fewer fools are rocking the boat but more of them are ignoring railroad crossing.

Never seek to be happy; seek to be worthy of happiness.

Watch thy tlongue; out of thee issues of life.

To maintain oneself on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if one will live simply and wisely.

He serves all who dares be true.

What you were, others may answer for;—what you tried to be; you must answer for, yourself. Was the heart pure and true—tell us that?

"The true test of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities nor the crops, but the kind of men that the country turns out."

MEET THE STAFF AT STONEWALL JACKSON SCHOOL

MR. HOWARD MABRY

The man who is responsible for keeping the "wheels rolling" at Jackson is Mr. Howard Mabry. Mr. Mabry is the vocational instructor at the Machine Shop and part of his job is to really keep the school vehicles on the move.

Mr. Mabry was born in Cabarrus County almost within sight of Jackson. He attended the Old White Hall School and also went at Harrisburg school. After completing his formal schooling then young Mr. Mabry went to work at Concord knitting company. He worked at this company for over twelve years. His time at that textile plant was spent working in the Dye House. Leaving this kind of work Mr. Mabry went to Badin, N.C. to work for the Aluminum Company of America. This was in 1941. He stayed with Alcoa for approximately nine months. Leaving Badin Mr. Mabry then went into defence work as the United States had by this time entered the war. He went to Charlotte, N.C. to work in the company comonly refered to as "the shell plant." This was a subsideary of the United States Rubber Company, was located in Charlotte, and filled many government contracts for 40 MM anti-aircraft shells as well as many other type missels. Mr. Mabry worked at this job until the war was over. He then returned to Concord. For the next dozen years he worked with Craig Motor Company in Concord. This company had the International Harvester franchise for this area. Here Mr. Mabry picked up valuable experience that was to stand him in good stead when he came to Jackson. Mr. Mabry left the "IH" outfit to come with Jackson. He reported for work at Jackson on September 23, 1957. This means that very shortly he will be celebrating his eleventh year with the boys and machinery at Jackson.

Mr. Mabry was married in 1935 to Miss Stella Ritchie. From this marriage one son, Benny, was born. Beny is now married and has one child so our Mr. Mabry is a very proud grandfather. After the death of his wife Mr Mabry was married again, and has two step-children by the present Mrs. Mabry.

Mr. Mabry has two hobbies of which he is quite proud. One is his garden, both flowers and vegatables. He says he grows all kinds of both.

His other hobby is quite unique. Using his mechanical background he likes to build "go carts." This should make Mr. Mabry a very happy man as it is a well known fact that when a man can keep his vocation and his avocation close together he is very well adjusted. On the lighter side Mr. Mabry likes to fish. He is not a high powered fisherman, but likes to go to local ponds and lakes just to while away a few leisure hours. Mr. Mabry at one time was a very valuable member of the Jackson Park Volunteer Fire Department. He served this organization for about ten years.

Mr. Mabry has a variety of jobs at Jackson even though they all involve "working on the vehicles at the school." Not only do he and his boys service the rolling stock, but they can also do various degrees of maintainance work on the tractors, the school cars and trucks and the farm machinery. Mr. Mabry and his boys are in great demand most of the year, but their work is extremely heavy during the plowing season, and through out the summer into harvesting time. His boys learn to change oil, grease, adjust carburators and with the help of Mr. Mabry they can overhaul tractor motors. The boys in the machine shop even learn to work on the motor grader and the "big cat." To do these jobs Mr. Mabry has a well equipped shop and a variety of special tools.

With his experience and patience Mr. Mabry is a very good influence on the boys who come under his care. He is never too busy to listen to a boy with a problem. Mr. Mabry often doubles as the driver of the Jackson bus. He is a good man to have on any trip. Probably his greatest assett is his mechanical ability that he ernestly tries to teach to the boys who are assigned to the Machine Shop as the place where they recieve their vocational training while at Jackson.

* * * *

"Worry is the interest paid on trouble before it comes due."

When you have a task to do__do it. To quit would be to leave a flower unbloomed throughout eternity.

Over in South Africa the experts pick out perfect diamonds at the first glance. It's only the doubtful ones, that must be tested over and over.

"Make the most of yourself, for that is all there is of you."

HONOR ROLLS

COTTAGE 2

William See

COTTAGE 3

Timothy Ayers
Charles Nichols
Bynum Parson

COTTAGE 5

Kevin Buchanan
James Abram
Posey Higgs
Larry Sellers

COTTAGE 6

Grady Campbell

COTTAGE 7

Ronnie Barbee
Emanuel Cooper

COTTAGE 8

Ricky Warrix
Joseph Williams

COTTAGE 9

Earl Carter
Willard Rosser
Melvin Stamper

COTTAGE 10

David Cantrall

COTTAGE 11

Billy Byrd
Ivey Collins
Ronnie Fink
Tony Jarrell
Elmo Rogers
Raymond Thompson

COTTAGE 13

Darrell Butler
Anthony Hauser
Danny Morgan
Paul Rhodes
James Sweeten
Randy Wright
Edward Lee

INFIRMARY

Roger Morgan

MACHINE SHOP

Ricky Warriax
Joe Williams
Jimmy Conner

Raymond Hart

PRINT SHOP

Kevn Buckanan
Pete Marlow
James Little
Rick Martin
Tim Ayers
Gary Joyner
Johnnie Marlow

OFFICE

Steve Collins

YARD FORCE

Woodie Walker
Robert Stamper
Douglas Lyles

PAINT SHOP

Edward Lee
David Bouyman
James Holt
William Hamilton

CARPENTER SHOP

Edward Taylar
Sandy Coleman
Myert McCormick
Billy Adams
Harace Cummings
Mike Dickerson
Robert Ressce

CAFETERIA

Jawes Sweeten
Possey Higgs
Billy Goins
Rinald Fletcher
Jackie Galloway
Bynum Parson
Johnnie Hulin
Danny Tomas
Carl Turker
Danny Mongan
James Williams
Willard Rosser
Danny Liles
Crarles Kornegay
Clyde Grant
Charles Ford
James Kennedy
Darrell Butler
Gary Bost

DAIRY

Lewis Shackford
Wesley Hall
Steve Upchurcr
Larry Boyd
Mike Cashwell
Ronald Cagle
John Hall
Clifton Sparrons
Ray Pyles
Maxie Bolton
Alexander Cooper
William Wallace
Willie Locklear
Charles Riley
Robert Cox
Wiliam McNair

FARM

Jerry Blaunt
Ronnie Barbee
Melvin Stamper
Roger Pruitt
Lamont Brown
Frank Chase
Theodore Brynt
Raymond Thomson
Elmo Rogers

Marris Bolin
Cliff Hicks

INFIRMARY

Roger Morgan

LAUNDRY

Bennie Bowlin
Franklin Collins
Richard Little
Thomas Pruitt
Wilburn Hummins
Dean Smith
Ben Smith
Arch Richardson
Anthun Adcock
David Davis
Donald Horne
Stanley McCray
Virgil Manus
Kenneth Stafford
Tony Stamper
Samford Puilliam

MACHINE SHOP

Wayne Hudson
Joe Williams
Ricky Warriax
Raymond Hart
Larry Moor
Emanuel Cooper

CRAFTS

Jessie Gautier
Bobby Nipper
Randy Black
Ronnie Jones
Paul Leonhart
Jimmy Meadows
John David Smith
Raymond Llwellyn

"Few men will admit being wrong as long as there is a chance to make others believe they are right."

"Many man's reputation for truthfulness goes lame when he begins to say things about himself."

"Sometimes after a girl has fished for a man and landed him she doesn't know how to get him off the hook."

Pride is at the bottom of all great mistakes.

"Efforts without understanding are a waste of energy. The arrow unaimed seldom hits the mark."

"A grafter by any other name would still be a thief."

In character, in manners, in style in all other things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

Train up a child in the way it should go, and go that way yourself.

A noble aim, faithfully kept, is a noble deed.

Success does not consist in showing how bad your competitor is.

Be modest. Strength has no bluster about it. Be calm. Just do what has to be done, and leave the rest.

The diligent farmer plants trees, of which he himself will never see the fruit.

"Active natures are rarely melancholy."

CAMPUS NEWS

JULY

COTTAGE 11 PICNICS at LAKE NORMAN

On Saturday afternoon, July 20, cottage eleven was guest of Sharon Methodist Mens Club at Pritchard Babtist recreation center on Lake Norman. The Sharon Methodist Men's Club invited us for a cook out and an afternoon of recreation. Mr. Meg Giddins met us at the inter section of Highway 73 and 16. He then directed us to the Lake Sight. Our first guide of the afternoon was Mr. Stancy Long. He directed us to the dressing room, where we changed to bathing suits for the afternoon. Mr. Long introduced us to Jeff and John Henkle of Charlotte, N.C. We had a tremendous dinner This was grilled by Reverand McWhorter, Mr. Meg Giddins, Mr. John Richardson, and Jeff and John Henkle. Dinner consisted of hamburgers, Hot-Dogs, potato chips, soft drinks, cookies.and candy. The food was delicious, and each boy got his fill. Since everything was so informal, we had our devotions after the meal. Reverand McWhorter led us in devotions. After this we formed a Semi-Circle, and begin introducing ourselves, one by one. Then we sang some songs, then we were directed in games, Tag footpall, tug of war, relay race, three legged race sack races, and ping-pong. Several of the boys and Mrs. Barbee fished. We had a most delightful afternoon, and it will be in our memory for a long time.

We wish to thank all those who made it possible for the picnicing. Mr. Jasper Evans took us on a boat ride that was enjoyed by all, Also Sharon Methodist Men's Club, Pritchard Memorial Babtist Church, Mr. and Mrs. Barbee and Mr. and Mrs. Rouse.

—Edward Taylor
—Gary Helms

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

TRACTOR FORCE

The boys on the tractor forces have not been able to do much work because it has been raining. We are finished cutting grain, and almost finished cutting the grass. We also finished bailing hay.

Frank Chase

—:—

FARM NEWS

This has been a very busy season on the farm. There are many vegetables to be gathered to be taken to the cafeteria and canned, to be processed.

We believe that the boys are enjoying the fresh vegetables, especially fruits like apples, peaches and grapes. This means that the boys are getting pleanty to eat.

The watermelons and cantalopes are getting along good.

We feel that the farm is one of the most prosperous trades on campus.

We have oberved the boys leading cows around with haulters and giving them special attention such as feeding, brushing and learning to lead as well.

—:—

BARBER SHOP

As usual we have been working hard in the barber shop. We started running twos before summer camp and have been running them ever since. We have cut almost every boys hair in the school short. We have one new boy in the barber shop his name is Edwin Holland.

Steve Orbison
Gregory Gibson

—:—

INFIRMERY

One of the infirmery boys went to Summer Camp. Roger Morgan spent a week there.

No other news excect that we're taking care of the sick boys.

Roger Morgan

—:—

KITCHEN

This month in the kitchen we have been pretty busy. There has been alot of frying and baking. We fryed T-Bone steaks for a party. We have a new boy Gary Bost. We hope he enjoys his stay and makes it good.

Mr. Robinson is leaving Thursday and we'll all miss him very much. We hope he likes his new job.

Charles Ford
Deadeye Coulter
Gary Helms

—:—

PAINT SHOP

This month we have been painting Cottage 11. We had one of our boys to go home then a few months later he came back and we hope he makes the best of his second time here.

Vernon Odom

—:—

CARPENTER SHOP

The carpenter shop has been busy over at 17 fixing the windows. We've been taking out the glass and putting in plexaglass. We were sorry to see Edward Taylor come back for a second time. We hope to see Billy Adams go home next month. We will be laying brick for the porch floor at cottage 1 and 2.

Billy Adams
Mike Cash

—:—

MEAT ROOM

In the meat room we have been working hard cutting steaks for parties and cleaning up for inspection.

We have been cutting hogs on Tuesday and cows on Thursday.

Cleo Powell
Charles Kornegay

—:—

MACHINE SHOP

We have been working on the

Super C and on Allis-Chalme DW-45. On the DW-45 we ground the valves and are getting ready to clean it up to paint. Right now we have the Super C torn down. We have already ground the valves. We are now waiting for the parts so we can install the ring inserts, main bearing and a crankshaft.

Joe Williams
Ricky Warriax

—:—

POLE BARN

We have been cleaning the 4-H cows to be ready to go to the fair in November. We are getting them early this year. We have also been feeding the dairy calfs to be killed when they are grown.

Riger McBrid

—:—

CHICKEN FORCE

The boys on the chicken force have been working hard feeding chickens everyday and on Satruday and Sunday. We are also getting one of the houses cleaned out. We have one new boy.

—:—

DAIRY

At the dairy we had four new calves this month and one set is twins. We have been cleaning off the road in front of the dairy so it can be fixed. Mr. Mitchell has started to work at the dairy releiving Mr. Moretz and he is doing an excellent job.

James Langley

GYM

Well swimming is in full swing now. And a lot of boys are learning how to swim and dive better.

We had one boy to do a two and a half forward flip, his name is Billy Waddell.

We waxed and shined the gym floors this month and they look a lot better

—:—

SEWING ROOM

The sewing room has been working very hard this month. We have been doing our usual work making sheets, pajamas, aprons, shirts. We have been working on some wistebaskets to take home to our family. Several of our boys have been transfered to other Schools.

— Bobby Nipper

—:—

SHOE SHOP

The Shoe Shop has been catching up with the work that we missed last month. We have a new boy in the shop his name is Ricky Sturdiwant and we had a boy to go home this month, too. His name is Glenn Poole.

—Billy Smith
—Mike Lee

—:—

OFFICE

The office boys are keeping busy this month as usual. We have a new office boy his name is Ernest Severs.

The Vocational Rehablitation group are putting in airconditioners up

stairs.

Well thats all from the office boys.

Jerry Rippy
Ted Ross
Gary Lang

—:—

PIGGERY

The boys at the piggery have been working pretty hard this month. We just got rid of "Old Jake" the biggest hog on campus. We got two hogs named Bonnie and Clyde to take to the fair this year.

Steve Chapman
Johnny Roberts

—:—

LAUNDRY

The boys are very busy this month. Washing boys cloths and the staff. They are also washing blankets. Its getting hot in the laundry now that summer's here.

Archie Richardson

—:—

COTTON MILL

The boys in the cotton mill have been very busy this month. We have been doing the usual things. It is getting to hot to do much work but the cloth must go on.

Jimmy McKinny

AUGUST

Plumbing Shop

We the boys of the plumbing shop have been working on the infirmary boiler. We also received a new truck and we thank the school for it. We got a new boy from Eastern Carolna Training School. His name is Richard Morning. He is getting along real well in the plumbing shop.

Tony Jarrell
Harry Rush

—:—

SHOE SHOP

We in the shoe shop have been doing about the same this month, and we have been fixing more shoes with half soles and heels. We haven't got any new boys this month. Well thats all from the shoe shop.

Billy Smith

—:—

THE DAIRY

The dairy boys are getting our cows ready to go to the fair. They are looking real good.

We have been helping to fill up the silo with silage and they are full now.

Michael Cashwell

—:—

Office

Well, there hasn't been anything special going on this month. We have been trying to keep the place pretty clean. There have been a lot of visitors comming up for the past two weeks. Upstairs the V. R. has been testing a few boys to find their interests. Quite a few boys have been going home this month. Well thats about all from the office this month.

Jerry Rippy

SEWING ROOM

The sewing room has been working very hard sewing pajamas and shirts, aprons, and towells. We are making things for the fair. We expect to lose two boys very soon.

—Wren Drummond
—Bobby Nipper

—:—

PAINT SHOP

Lately in the Paint Shop we have been painting cottages eleven, thirteen and are now finishing up on cottage fifteen. We hope to finish painting the dog houses on four and then move to fourteen and paint that.

Vernon Odom
Jerry Keziah

—:—

CARPENTER SHOP

We boys of the Carpenter Shop have been working hard this last month pouring cement on cottages one and two back porches, fixing the gym doors and remodeling the V. R. room in the Administration Building. We have a boy going home soon. His name is Billy Adams Thats all.

Mike Cash
Sandy Coleman

—:—

TRACTOR FORCE

We here at the tractor force have been very busy this month. We have been hauling silage and have been discing the fields. We have been keeping the tractors oiled and greased. Well that about wraps it up

THE PIGERY

The boys at the pigery are getting the pigs ready to go to the fair.

Mr. Faggart has been getting water melons for the cottages.

_ Steve Chapman

—:—

BAKERY

Not too much has been happening this month. We got three new boys who we hope will make good.

Two of our boys will be going home pretty soon. Well thats all from the dough boys.

—David Goldston
—Randy Wright

—:—

MEAT ROOM

This month in the meat room we have been cutting meat for the Boy Scouts. We have been cutting a lot of fat back for the meals also. We also have been slicing a lot of chese lately. Mr. Liske has been slicing the ham.

—Cleo Powell

—:—

KITCHEN

With this 95 degree weather we have been having, anyone can imagine how hot it has been in the kitchen over the stoves. Mr. Robinson is not with us anymore, Mrs. Cranford is takeing his place until someone else is hired. We have been having plenty of fresh vegetables this month. The catelopes and watermelons have been coming in rapidly and are real good.

—Charles Ford

for this month so thats all from the tractor force.

—Mike Smith
—Marty Wapkins

—:—

MACHINE FORCE

The shop boys are taking down the tow motor today. No one has time to write any news at this time.

—Joe Williams
—Billy Hudson

—:—

BARBER SHOP

We have been working hard cutting hair and keeping everything clean this month.

We have a new boy that works in the morning, his name is Gregory Gibson. He was transferred from the evening to the morning. He is doing real well. Well, thats about all this month.

—Steve Orbison
—Wayne Farmer

—:—

COTTON MILL

Well, nothing much has been happening except that Mr. Faggart has been running the laundry while Mr. Joe Novobilski is recovering from his illness. While he is running the laundry the cotton mill boys have been in various places, such as the machine shop and farm. We hope that soon Mr. Joe will be back with the laundry. Well thats all from the cotton mill.

—Jimmy McKinney
—John Spencer

GYM

During gym classes we are havving different swimming and diving events. These events include the basic swim strokes, which are the crawl stroke, back stroke, side stroke and breast stroke. We also have underwater contests, along with the diving. Some of the winners are: Underwater, Anthony House, 192 feet. The crawl stroke was won by Timothy Ayers, Breast stroke by Wayne Spencer. Back stroke. Kevin Buchanan, and Side Stroke, Steven Woods.

The diving competition was very keen. Such good divers include Sandy Coleman, Billy Waddell, Billy Smith, David Goldston and Steve Orbinson, along with others.

—:—

INFIRMARY

In the Infirmary we have a new boy. His name is Randy Ashbury. For about a month there was only one boy in the Infirmary.

We are glad that we have another boy because it was hard for one to do all the work.

They are building an extention to the Infirmary to which they are almost finished. They have been working on it for about three and a half months now. This is all for this month.

Roger Morgan

—:—

CAFETERIA

In the cafeteria we have been peeling a lot of peaches and making peach pies, and peach ice

cream.

We also have gotten a lot of corn this year. We also have been getting a lot of okra for which we have been serving the boys.

We have got a new Hobart Potatoe peeler. Also we got a new head to the meat grinder. The watermelons are being given out to the cottages. Also the cantelopes have been comming in very regular and we have been serving them also, although some have been given out to the cottages.

We have shelling butter beans the last few days. We have been getting a lot of tomatoes and potatoes.

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

JULY

FIFTH GRADE-SPECIAL D

Mr. Caldwell has got some new books this month such as Successful living. The lesson we are on is Special Aptitudes, One other aspect of intelligence should be included-special aptitudes. Special aptitudes are abilities which require unusual talents of a creative nature. Music, creative writing, art and sculpture are among a group of artistic qualities which do not appear to be closely related to the other areas of general and social intelligence. Susan is an example of this creative talent in the field of art.

The new boy that came in Mr. Caldwell room last was Tony Stamper from Albermarle, N.C. Mr. Caldwells boys are doing fairly good in all their subjects.

Richard H. Little

The Subject We Are Studying

In our evening class we have been studying in spelling learning about new words and in our language we are learning about The form and parts of a letter such as greetings and the closings of letters.

In our health we are studying the food you eat and the cells of your body. Geography we are talking about Latin America. Science is a your body uses food. When the food gets into your cells from the blood the cells begin useing it right away. In arithmetic we are studying Perimeter of a triangle. We have some boys going home in about seventy-five more days. We have one new boy his name is Tony Stamper.

Archie James Miller

Finding The Job You Need

The right job is not usually found by a haphazard hunt. Instead it is the result of a carefull regular job, Find the right job and keep it. Instead of going out and finding the hardest job you can find, you won't get anywhere.

When I came to Jackson Training School I found a good job that was easy for me. I work at the cafeteria for Mrs. Bost She lets me take waiter courses and I got a certificate which I know will help me a lot when I go home.

James Sweeten

Indian Tepee

The cool days of the last day of August remind us of Indian Summer which will soon be here. During the Indian Summer season, we the boys in Mrs. Liskes room will be studing about Indians and their way of life. This week we have made some tepees. We cut our sticks or found sticks that would be suitable. Each tepee has ether three, four, or five sticks. Most of us used brown paper drawing and coloring designs of figues, horses, trees, moon, stars, spears, and Indian people. Our tepees vary in size and designs. We will also collect pictures which will tell us lots about the Indians of our country. We already know that there are lots of differences between the Indians who used to live here and the Pueblo Indians of Colarado and the Navajo Indians who live in Arizona.

Here is a short list of tribes of Indians: Apach, Crees, Sac, Ottawa, Shawnee. Sionx, Huron, Catawba, Miami, Oneida, Aztec, Crow, Seminole, and hundreds of others. We think that we will know a lot about Indians and the way that they lived when we complete our study on them.

Writing

We are doing work in the room in which we are learning handwriting. We are very glad that Mr. Caldwell is trying to teach us the best he knows how. But we do try to learn the things he teaches us. We have been talking about health today. He has been teachnig us a lot of things we hadn't known and he can teach a lot more. This is all I have to say right now.

We are working pretty hard in our arithmetic book for this month I have been working pretty hard out on the farm also. We are working around the greenhouse this month cleaning out the plant beds. We have that turned over the 706 tractor on the farm. Mr. Yarbourgh has been putting out cabbage this month.

—Ronnie Jones

—:—

EIGHTH GRADE

Science

Our study is mostly based on the earth's water supply. The earth has not always possessed its present supply of water. Most of the water came from water vapor in the atmosphere. Heavy layers of clouds formed and began to drop its accumulated moisture. Rain began to fall and continued without pause for centuries, from the rain came our oceans and rivers. An average of 200 gallons of water per year is drank by one person and much more is used for washing and heating laundry. Most of this water used for industry causes are returned to the rivers and oceans as waste.

Contamination of the water will be a serious problem as our nation and its populations increases. The uncontrolled dumping of wastes into rivers really cuts off the amount of available water. It is possible that the supply of fresh water can be increased by treatment of sea water. But still water contamination will be a great problem. So think

about it the next time you throw waste in any water. It may get to beaches and wipe out some of our pleasures of life. Not only that it will mess up ourselves.

—Timothy Ayers

—:—

SEVENTH GRADE

We have been studying hard this month on suffixes, prefixes and root words, also have had a couple of test to check our ability to learn. We have made a couple of bulliten boards on suffixes and prefixes to help us study by.

We have also been reading a lot in our New Scope 1 books and we all think the book is a very interesting book to read.

We all hate to see Mr Mackie go the twenty second of August be cause we all think he has taught us a lot in reading, spelling, the proper writing and English. But we also think that he is making a good decision for himself in marrying the nice, beautiful young lady which he loves and cares a lot for. From all the seventh Grade , they give their best of wishes to the soon will be Mr. & Mrs. Andrew L. Mackie.

—Gerald Price

This month we have been studying very hard and it has been interesting with Mr. Mackie and his good teaching. all of boys have enjoyed his stay here. He will be getting married when he leaves here and we wish him luck and sucess in the time to come. We sure appreciated his help and all he has done for us.

—Johnny Hulin

SPECIAL A

In Special A class we have been working on phonetic sounds. We are making some progress. We had one boy to go home today. His name was James Emanuel. We hope that his stay here at Jackson was pleasant and profitable.

Mrs. Morton

—:—

SPECIAL B

The boys of Special B are working very hard on words. We have found out if we learn our words we can read

Now we are begining to read stories for thought and we are enjoying them very much.

—Special B

—:—

GRADE.. 6M

In 6M we have been worknig on the parts of speech in English.

In social studies we have been learning to read maps. Also we are studying the Brittish Empire from it's begining to the present.

In arithmetic we have been working on common fractions and decimal fractional.

In reading we have just about finihesd Scope 1 and we are looking forward to begining Scope 2

—Mrs. Morton

—:—

9th CIVICS

In Civics class we have started over in our books. We spent some time in becoming familair with our books. We looked at the table of

contents and read the introduction to the book. The authors seem to take a simple approach to the teaching of Civics. The entire first unit is concerned with YOU, which is really me.

We have read about YOU a Student, You a Family Member and will have read about YOU a Citizen. We talked some about the political convention that was being held in Chicago. We are going to spend some time in November talking about the election that is held in that month.

—:—

SPECIAL D

John Herring happily went home a few days ago. The new boys are Tony Stomper and Grady Campell. In our arithmetic class we are learn-new math and the boys really enjoy it.

Caldwell

—:—

SOCIAL EDUCATION

After much thought I have decided that I will leave Jackson School to teach in the Raleigh Public Schools, but I would like to thank everyone for their kindness and friendship in the past few months.

Mr. Hester

—:—

The boys in Mr. Caldwells class room are learning to read, write, spell, and to do Language and many other subjects. In reading the boys in Mr. Callwells class are coming along fine. The boys are learning to write letters and how to make good sentences and do book reports. They also learn how to spell words like arithmetic sugar cane and many other words. In arithmetic some of the boys are not coming along so good because some of the boys do not know how to do division, multiplication, and fractions but I think the boys will catch on to it.

We have one new boy his name is Tony Stamper and he is getting along very good in his subjects and we all hope he keeps op the good--work. Mr. Caldwell has been giving some experiments in science and we hope to do some more soon and if the boys in Mr. Caldwell class keep up the good work the room will be a success!

Archie Richardson Jr.

—:—

EIGHTH GRADE HISTORY

In history we are studying about the English settlement in the New World and how they got the claim to their land. We also have learned that in 1639 the people who had settled in Connecticut drew up what is called a Fundamental Order, later which was called the First written Constitution in America. We have also studied about how the English raided Spanish treasure ships.

Queen Elizabeth wanted to share the riches with Spain from the New World. Spain was one of England's most dangerous enemy in Europe, and England was very anxious to do everything possible to harm and weaken her. Her "Sea Dogs" among

the boldest of England were Sir John Hawkins and his Nephew, Sir Francis Drake. The first sucessful English Colony was in Virginia.

There is also the important event of the defeat of the Spanish Armada which in 1588 a great fleet of 130 large ships carrying about 7,000 soldiers set sail from Spain toward her enemy England. It was known as the Spanish Invincible Armada, the word "Invin-ible" meaning unconquerable. When the battle was over the Spanish fleet had lost sixty-three vessels and one half of the men never returned to there home.

England had won one of her most glorious victories.

—Paul Miller

—:—

JACKSON MEN ELECTED TO POSITIONS IN NCSEA

At the area meeting of the North Carolina State Employees Association held at UNC-C on July 29, 1968 several Jackson employees were elected to positions with that organization. Jackson is in area three.

Mr. Hoyt Sloop, Superintendent at Jackson, was elected Area Chairman. Mr. Sam Hinson,Cottage Counselor, was elected as chairman of the Proposition and Grievance Committee, Mr. Carl Eller, Farm Supervisor, and Mr. Wade Honevcutt, Cottage Counselor were elected as delegates to the State meeting of this organization. It is quite an honor for Jackson to have so many men from one group to be elected.

The Uplift congratulates all these men, and wishes them well in their new assignments.

10th GRADE WORLD HISTORY

We have just finished a unit on the period in History before, during and after World War 11. As a climax to this unit we had a rather lenglthy set of questions to answer. Mr. Lentz then gave us an oral quiz on the entire unit.

We are now ready to start the final unit in our book. This unit will bring us up to the present time. It concerns the problems of the world today.

Since one of the presidential nominating conventions was in session we talked some about it in our history class. Mr. Lentz says it is going to be an interesting two months until the big election in November.

—:—

AUGUST

MRS. TROUTMAN RETIRES

Mrs. B. M. Troutman, long time employee of Jackson, announced her retirement recently. Mrs. Troutman first came to Jackson on March 15, 1948. This means that she has worked at Jackson for more than twenty years. Mrs Troutman and her husband, now an academic teacher had charge of the Receiving Cottage for a number of years. Mrs. Troutman has been an employee in the Food Services Department for the last several years.

—:—

.TEACHERS HOLD WORKSHOP

As a follow up to the Instructional Workshop held earlier in the summer the Instructional Staff at Jack-

son held a workshop in the school library on the night of August 27. Both the Academic teachers and the Vocational teachers attended.

Uuder the leadership of Mrs. Spence ,Librarian; Mr. Wentz, Social Studies and Mr. Lentz, Principal many of the"machines" and materials received under the ESEA Titles were demonstarted to the other teachers. The three instructors had taped their introductory remarks just to show what could be done with a tape recorder. Mrs. Spence, librarian, showed how to make a master copy on the Thermofax and run it off on the Spirit Duplicator. Mr. Lentz demonstrated the T-matic 500 reading machine. Mr. Wentz demonstrated how to use the 8 plug listing set. Mrs. Spence had most of the new flim strips, the charts and posters, the new records, the new books and other materials on display.

After the period of formal instruction the teachers practiced what they had just seen and heard about the new equipmtnt. Most of the teachers considered the time well spent.

—:—

THE THINGS WE DO AT THE DAIRY

The boys at the dairy have been very busy this summer working with the show cows for the fair in September. Some of the dairy boys are going to the fair to show the process of milking a cow with a milking machine.

The boys in the morning are leading the cows and calves about every day if we have time. We are canning milk and taking it to the cafetria. We have all three.. of the silos filled up and feeding silage. We put the silage in the silo to keep the silage from getting spoiled. The cows liked it very much and eat it very well. A certain boy takes good care of the calves at the dairy. He feeds them every day and gives them fresh water about every hour he is working at the dairy. We hope all the dairy boys will do their work right. When the dairy barn needs bedded, we go get straw for the dairy barn and calf barn. We have to get dairy feed about every week. The afternoon boys get ready to milk the cows. The cows are fastened in their places. All the cows know right where to go. They are all cleaned and then milked with a milk machine. After the cows are milked the milk is taken to the milk house strained into 5 gallon cans. The cans are placed in a cooling room and the cans are getting cold. At the end of milking time the milk machines are taken to the milk house. There hey are washed carefully and some of their parts are serilized and put up and ready to use the next milk.

By Maple Ray Bolton

A few men have courage to honor a friend's success without jealousy.

If you contrive each day to outclass the fellow you were yesterday, reaching the top is just a matter of time.

NEW STUDENTS

Tony Ray Crosby ..... Winston-Salem

Gary Franklin Harrison ..... Salisbury

John Robert Spencer ..... Belhaven

Henry Zackary Ratchford ..... Shelby

Michael Dean Hilton ..... Hickory

Clarence Edward Taylor ..... Southern Pines

James Harvey Holt ..... Raleigh

Thomas Lee Lewellyn ..... Mayodan

Raymond Junior Lewellyn ..... Mayodan

William Eugene Pierce ..... Winston Salem

William Edwin McNair ..... Burlington

Aaron Murray ..... Red Springs

Gary David Joyner ..... Rocky Mount

James Cling Chandler ..... Hudson

Michael Homer Johnson ..... Charlotte

Ronald Dean Fletcher ..... Mt. Airy

Ricky Fowler ..... Rutherfordton

Jackie Ray Hall ..... Gastonia

John Darrell Watts ..... Lexington

Phillip Wayne Grubbs ..... Reidsville

Edward Allen Mullis ..... Concord

Rodney Greg Prather ..... Charlotte

Randy Earl Asbury ..... Lexington

RESOLVE

I shall start on the days remaining
With a fairer, higher creed;

I shall cease to stand complaining
Of my ruthless neighbor's greed.
And my heart shall know no fear.

I shall often look about me
For the things that merit praise,
And shall seek the hidden beauty
That eludes the grumbler's gaze.

I shall never feel resentment,
When another's skill is shown;
And strive to improve my own.

I shall spend no moment whinning
When my duty's call is clear;
But shall retreat in pure contentment,
I shall never sit repinning.

* * * *

The wise man is one who has discovered that there are a few battles which no man can win.

Psychiatrist say that in the process of thinking . blood is drawn from the feet to the brain. This perhaps, explains why, if we think very long about a proposition, we get cold feet.

Some people don't have a lot to say but you got to listen along time to find it out.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

Gossip is that which goes in both ears and comes out of the mouth greatly enlarged.

DAWN

A floating mist over hill and river—
A soft breeze making the treetops quiver,

And a pale, gray light in the eastern sky,
With a star in the west, sayng, "Good-bye."

A rosy flush like the cheeks of a child,
Or the soft, pink tints of an orchid wild,

Covers the sky and the waters below
With a glory only God can bestow.

Then over the rim of the world there peeps
The eye of the sun to see who sleeps,

While the fairies dance in the path he makes
Across the oceans and rivers and lakes.

Thus comes the dawn—no longer 'tis dark—
Spreading its wings like a flying lark—

Filling with music the earth and the air
And driving away the dark and its care.

* * * *

The high cost of living, doesn't seem to have any effect on it popularity.

A friend is a person who knocks before he enters, not after he has taken his leave.

If we only knew how to enjoy what we've got the world wouldn't be such a bad place

Nothing so fatel as pretense.
The man who saves money nowadays isn't a miser—he's a wizard.

Labor disgraces no man, but many men disgrace labor.

THE LIFE THAT COUNTS

The life that counts must helpful be;
This is the life that counts.

Must stand for truth by day and night—
Must hate the wrong and love the right;
The life that counts must toil and fight;

The cares and needs of others to see
Must seek the slaves of sin to free—
This is the life that counts.

MATTHEW:

3-2: Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

4-4: Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.

4-7 Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.
4-10: Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thy serve.

4-19:And he saith unto them, follow me and I will make you fishers of men.

5-11: Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my names sake.

5-18: For verily I say unto you, Till heaven and earth pass one jot and tittle shall in no ways pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.

5-22: But whosoever shall say Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire.

5-39: But whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

5-44: Love your enemies, bless them that curse you do good

to them that hate you, and pray for them that dispitefully use you, and persecute you.

6-6: But when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy father which is in secret; and thy father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

6-15: But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your father forgive your trespasses.

6-19-21: Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal,

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust corrupt, and where theives do not break through nor steal:
For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

. 6-24: Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

7-1: Judge not that ye be not judged.

7-7: Ask and it shall be given you,.. seek and ye shall find,

* * * *

Our first parents—Adam and Eve—were created with sinless natures but with the power to choose between right and wrong.

When tempted by Satan to disobey God's command, they believed Satan's lie instead of God's Word, and ate of the forbidden fruit.

In doing this they sinned.

When they sinned, of course, they no longer had a SINLESS nature, but a SINFUL nature.

In he presence of other people, never say a good word for the absent ones. Always find fault with your absent friends. Always show your impatients with the perfections of those who are not present. Pan them good and proper. In that maner you will win enough enemies eventually to sink your own success; but what do you care what becomes of your own success just so long as you can drag down other?

North Carolina Collection
The Library
University of N. C.
Chapel Hill, N. C. 27515

"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."
—Edwin Markham

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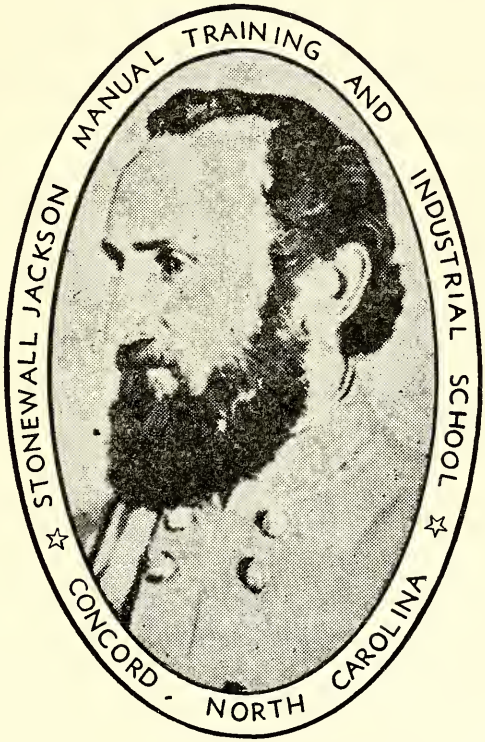

STONEWALL JACKSON
1824 — 1863

SEPTEMBER 1968

THE UPLIFT

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MEET THE STAFF AT STONEWALL JACKSON SCHOOL

MR. AND MRS. PAUL MANN

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Mann have been Cottage Counselors at Jackson for more than eleven years. The Manns started their work at Jackson in Cottage 17. Just recently they moved to Cottage 14 to become Counselors there.

Mrs. Mann was born in Albemarle, N.C. She attended the public school of her native city graduating from Albermarle High School. After graduation, the then Miss Cora Hinson, worked in the office of the Wiscassett Mills in Albemarle. She and Mr. Mann were married in Woodville, Mississippi on January 23, 1953. This was while Mr. Mann was in the United States Army. The Manns had a lovely Silver Wedding Anniversary Celebration in January, 1968. The Manns have one daughter, now Mrs. Herbert Greene.

Mrs. Greene is a graduate of Applachian State University, and is now employed as a teacher in the Concord Public Schools. Mr. and Mrs. Mann have lived in Oklahoma, Texas, Mississippi as well as their native North Carolina. Mrs Mann is now a member of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church which is just off the Jackson campus. Before coming to Jackson Mrs. Mann was a member of the First Street Methodist Church in Albermarle. Here she taught Sunday School for nine years and was leader of a Troop of Girl Scouts. Mrs. Mann is now a member of the American Legion Auxilary. Mrs. Mann has as a hobby sewing; at which she excells; fishing and doing work in ceramics.

Mr. Mann, like his future wife was born in Albermarle, N.C. He went to school in new London, N.C., and eventually graduated from Albermarle High School. While in high school Mr. Mann won three letters in football and four letters in basketball. Some of the football teams that Mr. Mann was a member of were some of the best Albermarle has ever produced, and they have had some good ones. During world war II Mr. Mann was a member of the United State Army. He served at several stations in this country and in the European Theatre. He wears two battle stars on his European Ribbon. He served in Italy, France and Germany. Mr. Mann rose to the rank of Platoon Seagrant. Mr. Mann has a wide

variety of work experience during his career. He has worked for Wiscassett Mills; Collins and Aikman Company;Carolina Aluminimun Company in Badin N.C.; and was parts manager for Honeycutt Motors in Albemarle.

Mr Mann has three hobbies of which he is very proud. He is quite a gardener, he is an avid fisherman and hunter. He is very good at all three. Mr. Mann like his wife, is a member of Rocky Ridge Methodist Church. Mr. Mann is a member of the American Legion, and the Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Mr. Mann has been clasified as a Head Counselor ever since his employment at Jackson. Being an athlete himself Mr. Manns' boys are usually in the running for honors in the intra-mural athletics at Jackson. When the Manns were at cottage 17 their Christmas decorations were also among the prize winners. When the Manns take some time off their work at Jackson they usually head for the coast near Yopon Village in deep south eastern North Corolina. They have spent many a delightful hour at their hideaway at the beach. Even though the Manns are fairly new at Jackson they have already established their mark here. Being young they should give many, many more boys the privelege of living in their cottage before they think of leaving work at Jackson.

* * * *

JACKSON SCHOOL

J — All men will be **Judged** by the Lord.
A — **Always** will Jackson remain in our hearts
C — because of the **Chance** and
K — **Knowledge** they have afforded us to strive toward
S — We will try to mend our **Sinful** and
O — **Ornary** ways.
N — We will try hard not to **Neglect** our duty as a U. S. citizen.
S — Jackson **School** has guided and
C — **Counseled** us to be
H — **Helpful** to
O — **Others.**
O — In **Our** hearts we will remain
L — **Loyal** to our community.

Gary Lang

JACKSON FARM ANIMALS WIN PRIZES AT CABARRUS COUNTY FAIR

At the recent Cabarrus County Fair the animals from Jackson walked off with their share of the prizes, or it should be said that the boys who prepared the anmals and showed them walked off with the money. Sears Roebuck, Company also donated some prizes that were won by some of the Jackson boys. Following is a list of the boys who showed anmals, the prize winning animals and the Sears prizes:
(Where no name is shown the animal was showed by one of the staff members at Jackson)

Mr. Query, Mr. Moretz and the other men in charge are to be congradulated for the fine represenatives sent to the fair from Jackson. The boys from Jackson who showed the animals are to be congradulated even more for this was the first time any of them had ever done anything like this.

The Uplift salutes all the men, animals and boys who had a share in this undertaking.

Swine

Johnny Roberts	Senior Pig	1st prize
		2nd Sears
Steve Chapman	Sow	1st Prize
		2nd Sears
	(Showing and Fitting)	1st Place
Charles Sloop	Boar Senior Pig	1st Prize

Poultry

Randy Wright	Best 3 hens 1 year old	1st Prize
James Davis	Best 3 hens under one year	1st Prize

Beef Cattle

James Boggs	Bull 2 years and over	2nd Prize
	Bull 2 years and over	Reserve Champion

James Boggs	Cow Junior Yearling	3rd Prize
	(Showing and Fitting)	3rd Place

Dairy Cattle

Alexander Cooper	Junior Calf	1st Prize
	Fitting and Showing	4th Place
Wesley Hall	Senior Calf	1st Prize
	(Showing and Fitting)	3rd Prize
	Junior Calf	1st Prize
	Senior Calf	2nd Prize
	Juinor Yearling	1st Prize
	Senior Yearling	2nd Prize
	Senior Yearling	1st Prize
	Juinir Yearling	2nd Prize
	Senior Yearling	Reserve Champion
	Cow 2 years and under	2nd Prize
Larry Boyd	Cow 3 years and under 4	1st Prize
	Fitting and Showing	5th Prize
	(Fitting and Showing)	5th Place
		Grand Champion

* * * *

The best and happiest lives are built by the day.

On mans journey through life he is confronted by two tragedies. One when he wants a thing he cannot get; and the other when he gets the thing and finds he does not want it.

Nothing is too small to be thoroughly done. A small thing is a pin for example; yet it takes seven men to make a perfect pin.

Square thyself for use; a stone that may fit in the wall is not left in the way.

"Enthusiasm is a great hill climber."

LETTER FROM FORMER STUDENT

Sp 4 . .Swinson, Timothy J. RA 811738
C-Co 702nd Mt. Bn. 2nd. Inf. Div. APO 96224
Sept. 24, 1968 (mailel)
Somewhere in Korea
Sept. 19, 1968

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Rouse,

I received your letter last Monday and would have answered sooner but I haven't had much time. They have been keeping us pretty busy. There have been a few incidents to happen over here. Today a North Korean tried to throw a hand grenade at a few of our boys who are guarding the D.M.Z., but one of our group cut him down with a machine gun. There has been about 150 North Korean agents got through our lines this year. Lucky for us they were apprehended. It looks like we are going to have trouble over here before the year is over. I sure hope not. It is bad enough in Vet Nam, they are still fussing over the ship Pueblo. There has been a lot of talk over it.

If anyhing should happen I would be right in the middle of it. I guess you have heard about it, Mrs. Rouse, but the river the Im Gim helps separate us from the North Koreans. It comes in a "V" shape and surrounds our perimeter. So if anything happens we will really catch it. I just hope and pray nothing does happen.

I guess it has really been hot there. I know it sure has been here. But we are preparing for the winter now. They say it really gets cold over here. During the North Korean Conflict we lost more boys because of frostbite and similar things than we did in fighting. These winters must really be rough.

Yes, Mrs. Rouse, office work is a lot safer. I have a pretty big responsibility. My job is to process requisitions for supplies. I issue parts and supplies to the Infantry and Army units up on the lines. I really have a tough job, but I am doing the best I can.

The way you write in your letter, it seems like you have been busy

at the school, and at your farm. I guess Mrs. Rouse really had a time with that corn. One hundred and seventy pints is a pretty good bit! I am glad to hear you all enjoyed your vacation. I know you both deserve one. I think they should give you three a year because I know you really work hard at your jobs. I can just see you both. There are not many like Mrs. Rouse. The thing I like about her is she can be soft,but you better watch out for she can get hard too. I know for I found out a few times. But she is one of the most understanding and considerate persons I know. She treats everyone the best she can.

Well cottage 11 was really on the go in sports. It is a shame they don't give trophies anymore. Eleven would have gotten a few.

The new back porches must be quite a change over the old "dog houses". If I remember right I was there when we were in the process of getting a new back porch. I guess a lot of changes have been made. I can't wait to pay you a visit.

Mr. Rouse, I guess I will close for now. It is really late. You probably won't be able to read this letter it is so sloppy. Tell Mrs. Rouse I send my love and best regards and I wish you both a happy anniversary. I hope both of you are in the best of health. Write soon and I will do the same. Take care. I did really enjoy your nice letter.

From a devoted student and a great admirer to two of the nicest people I have ever known.

Love, Timothy Swinson

* * * *

Why worry and lose faith in the outcome of things in which we sincerely asked God's guidance.

God knows each one of us and cares for us continually if we let him do so.

Be modest. Strength has no bluster about it. Be calm. Just do what has to be done, and leave results with God.

"Criticise yourself today and others tomorrow."

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED AT THE DAIRY

I have learned how to can milk. After we get through canning milk I know how to clean the cooler, the homaginizer, the pasteurizer, and the milk pipes. I know how to wash cans and tube them. I know how to

In another room we have a bulk tank which I know how to wash

In another room we have a bulk tank which I know how to wash. and take the parts off and put them on again. I know how to steralize the bulk tank. I know how to cut on the machines that we have in the milk house.

Down at the barn we have silos with silage in them. I know how to feed the cows silage and take the doors down out of the silos.

I know how to wash the barn from wall to wall and fill up the feed carts. I can feed the cows hay and bed the barn. Down at the calf barn I know how to bed the stalls and feed the calves hay. I can put lime down in the stalls. I know how to clean out the stalls and give water to a calf. I know how to lead a calf, and how to give a calf a scour pill. I know the difference between hay, straw, and alfalfa hay.

I know when a cow is in heat. I know how to feed the fish in the pond near the dairy. I know how to feed the heifers in the pasture. In the evenings I can milk the cows and feed them their dairy feed. I know how to keep a record of how much milk the cows give. I also know how to put the cows in a stanchion.

I know how to carry milk up to the milk house. I can change the strainer pads. I know how to wash the electric milkers. I have learned to wash the milk dispenser tubes. I know how to take apart and put together again the electric milking machines.

The best thing that I have learned at the Dairy is to use good manners.

—Micheal Caswell

* * * *

The popular soul achieves distinction along social lines. He is cheery, happy, clear-eyed, vital, enjoys things, likes to see others enjoy them, and helps them to do so.

CAMPUS NEWS

DONALD FORBES VISITS CAMPUS

On August 4th, 1968 Donald J. Forbes visited the school and cottage 11. Donald says he hopes to make an annual affair of his trips here and he has done this for the past three years.

He was admitted to the school in 1948 and was assigned to cottage six. He worked at different jobs during his stay here. For a while he worked at the barn while Mr. Tomkinson was the supervisor there and later for Mr .Rouse who was in charge of the plant beds.

Since leaving Donald has worked in a florist shop in Danville, Virginia, an elevator boy in Baltimore, Md., and for six years with Bethlehem steel in Baltimore. He spent several years in the Marine Corp getting his basic training at Parris Island. S.C.

In 1962 he went to work for the Baltimore Transit Company and has been with them ever since.

Donald is married to the former Rebecca J. King and they have a seven year old daughter. He has done a lot of traveling since he left Jackson and has always shown the greatest interest in the school. On each visit he has always set the cottage eleven boys up to a nice treat. It is always an inspiration to have our former boys return for a visit.

—:—

COTTAGES THREE AND FOUR ATTEND WRESTLING MATCHES

On Wednesday night, October2, the boys from cottage three and four attended the wrestling matches in Charlotte, This trip was made possible through the courtsy of Mr. Jim Crocket, Promoter. The matches are taped in the studios of WBTV on Wednesday and shown to TV audiences on the following Saturday. The Boys from Jackson like to go on Wednesdays because then they can see themselves on TV Saturday at their cottages. The boys were especially interested this Wednesday because two ladies wrestled. Mr. Lowder and Mr. Cheek, Counselors at the two cottages involved went with the boys.

—:—

COTTAGE 7 ATTENDS FOOTBALL GAME

On October 5th cottage seven went to a little leauge football game at Central Cabarrus High School. There were three games played. We enjoyed the trip very much and are grateful to the Lions Club for the popcorn and drinks. We all had a good time and hope to go again soon.

Ricky Doss
Jerry Keziah

—:—

COTTAGE EIGHT NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. James Henderson Cottage eight counselors worked hard planning a birthday party for Cottages seven and eight. It was a

sucessful affair with all boys having a wonderful time. Our menu consisted of char-coal hot-dogs, dill and sweet pickles, Potato chips, corn cheese chips, birthday cake, marsh mellows, and cold drinks. We had many contests and games, prizes were awarded to the winners.

The horse shoe champions were Perry Cox and Dean Smith. Bubble blowing contest was won by Benny Smith. Dancing contest won by Cleo Powell, Baloon contest was won by James Rogers. The rope pulling contest was won by John Wayne Spencer Dean Smith, David Goldston, and Raymond Barnes. Mrs. Henderson's sister, Mrs. S.P. Leazor from Goffney S.C. furnished Red Delicious apples for the apple bobbing which was lots of fun and eating the apples were even more enjoyable. The birthday and prizes were furnished by Womans clubs from different places all over N.C. We apperciated every one helping to make this party all over N.C. We appreciated every vin and the bakery boys did an outstanding job baking and decreating the cake. It was delicious and beautiful.

Mike Powell

—:—

MR. JOHN CHEEK ELECTED ELDER

In a recent election held at the First Presbyterian Church in Concord, N.C. Mr. John Cheek, Science Teacher at Jackson, was chosen to serve his church as an elder. This is quite an honor for any man to be selected by his congreation to be a member of the ruling body of his church. Mr. Cheek has just retired as Chairman of The Board of Deacons of the First Presbyterian Church.

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MISS SHOE IMPROVING SINCE BEING IN WRECK

Miss Mildred Shoe, Budget Officer at Jackson, who was injured in an automobile accident some time ago is slowly but steadily improving. Miss Shoe is carrying on some of her work while she recuperates at her home. Miss Shoe is able to be up some with the use of crutches. Everybody at Jackson wishes for her an even speedier recovery than she is making. Her little dog is keeping Miss Shoe company.

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MR. WHALEY MOVES TO CONCORD

Mr. Alton Whaley, Social Education Teacher, recently moved his family to Concord. Actually they do not live in Concord, but do live just a short distance from Jackson. Mr. and Mrs. Whaley have three children, two boys and one girl. The Uplift welcomes this family to the shool and to the neighborhood.

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NEW GAS LINE PUT IN

During the month of September a gas line was put through the campus at Jackson. At the present time

the infirmary will be the only building using the new heat. As time goes by more and more buildings at Jackson will be changed over from coal heat to gas heat. Everyone at Jackson is looking foward to the day that all the buildings can get away from the dirty stokers that now provide heat in the winter.

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JACKSON BOOTH WINS BIUE RIBBON AT FAIR

Under the guidance of Mr. James Hughes, Cottage Life Director, the Fair Committee came up with a blue ribbon winner in the recent Cabarrus County Fair. The booth featured a model of the school and a large turning platform on which was displayed the three phases of a students life at Jackson, play, work and learn. The backdrop showed several pictures and other works of art made by some of the students at Jackson.

Working on the booth in addition to Mr. Hughes, were Mrs. Agnes Yarbrough, Mr. Wilson Burton, Mr. Fred VonCanon, Mr. Loyd Burris and Mrs. Ruth Billups.

The Uplift congradulates all those for making the fair booth such a success.

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BOYS GO TO FOOTBALL GAMES

On Friday night September 20th the boys from Cottages 15 and 17 went to Central Cabarrus High School to the football game. Central Cabarrus is quite close to Jackson and before the season is over many of the boys will get a chance to go to the games. The Jackson boys must have brought good luck to the Vikings as Central gained their first win of the season.

On Saturday night the boys from Cottages 1 and 2 went to Central Cabarrus High School to see the County Lions League play. Six communities in the county are sponsering teams for boys under high school age. The play may not be as skillful as it is on the high school level, but it is just as spirited. The boys from Jackson throughly enjoyed both these trips.

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

COTTON MILL

Well we have been getting along fine in the Cotton Mill. We have been working hard. We recieved a new boy today his name is Harold Dildine. We have two boys going home this month they are Douglas Hall and Johnny Mousseau. Thats all from the Cotton Mill.

Ricky Fowler
John Spencer

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OFFICE

Not much has happend lately. There have been quite a few boys going home, and it seems like more boys have been coming in than usual at one time. A lot of

boys came in from Swannanoa. I've seen a few girls come down going home and other schools. Some of the boys in the office have been going to Social Education so we miss a few things. One good thing only a few boys have run off. Maybe they have finally got wise. We have been busy trying to clean up so the place will look good for visitors.

Gary Lang
Scotty Cook

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CARPENTER SHOP

The boys of the carpenter shop have been working hard this last month. We have been doing odd jobs around the campus. We put new windows in cottage 17. We also put screens in at 17 which Mr. Dry built. We have two boys going home soon out of the shop. They are Mike Dickerson and Sandy Coleman we wish them luck.

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DAIRY

Since September is Cabarrus Country Fair month and we had dairy cows there it has been talked about by several of us in the Dairy Department.

We feel like talking about our several blue ribbon winners along with the red and white ones. Also something that makes us real proud of our dairy herd is having the Grand Champion cow and reserve cow here at the dairy.

Each one showed a dairy animal and each ones animal won a blue ribbon. They did real well in showmanship. Wesley Hall was in third place, Alexander Cooper in fourth place and Larry Boyd fifth place in showmanship.

All dairy boys did a good job getting the dairy animals ready for the fair. They are to be commended for working good

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SHOE SHOP

We have not been fixing to many shoes this month. Ricky Stureivant is going home next month. We got a new boy he has'nt been here too long but he can do a good joy on shoes.

McKinley Briley

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KITCHEN

We take time out from cooking dinner to let you in on what has been going on in the kitchen. Mrs. Cranford is still our supervisior and will be until someone else is hired. We had two boys to go home this month, Gary Helms and Freddie Cutler and we have a new boy Chris Lemmond. Hope he likes to help us cook, we all like it very much. From the department where our nourishment comes from.

Mrs. Crawford and Cooks

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YARD FORCE

We boys have worked hard the last month fertilizing the lawn and trying to keep some of the lawns and shrubs alive by

watering them during this unusual bad drought.

; Mr. Burris did a good job putting up the goal post on the field. We had one boy to go home his name is Woodrou W. Walker. One boy Jackie Philps has been in the infirmary for two months.

Douglas Lyles

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PIGGERY

The hogs that we carried to the fair won a lot of ribbions. Bonnie won a white and blue ribbon at the fair. The hogs have been having a lot of pigs this year. Some of the boys have been helping Mr. Faggart in the slaugther house killing hogs and cows. We have been cutting pigs teeth out. The hogs have had about 78 pigs in the last two months.

Steve Chapman
Wayne Stubbs

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MACHINE SHOP

This month we have rebuilt the forklift motor. We put in rings, inserts and new gaskets and revived it. We have learned to put in rings and inserts. We learned how to put in pistons, and set ignition and valve timing. We are fixing the"706" now, we are putting in the steering housing. When we finish this we are going to put new tracks on the bulldozer. We have a boy who is supposed to go home next month his name is Ronald Deaton. We got a new boy his name is Sheets we hope he learns a lot while he is here. We always have something to do.

Joe Williams
Ricky Warriax
Mike Hilton

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MEAT ROOM

This month in the meat room we have been cutting steaks, and pork chops. We grinded beef for meat loaf and chili. Four boys in the meat room are experinced with the meat saw, meat grinder We enjoy our trade very much and we think it will help us when we go home.

Cleo Soul
Charles Kornekay

—:—

GYM

In the gym the swimming pool has been closed because of the cool weather at night. We now have football in our gym program. Mr. Burris put up new goal posts and lined up the field. We have been having some pretty fair football games. We also plan to have some Track events and soccer games.

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BARBER SHOP

We have several new boys in the Barber Shop. Their names are Earl McDaniels, Martin Parks, Michall Covington, Marrio Childs

and Jim Congleton. From some of the hair cuts seen around campus, its easy to tell that we have new Barbers. Robert Williams has been assigned to the Shoe Shop, he is doing a good job and seems to be enjoying his work. Tommy Titus is a new boy in the Shoe Shop, can't say much about Titus.

Gregary Gibson

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PAINT SHOP

We paint shop boys have been very busy this month painting on cottage 12. We hope to finish this cottage before the month is over. We have already finished cottage 14.

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PLUMBING SHOP

The plumbing shop boys have put the boilers in order. Also the football fieldgoals have been put up and some of the cottages are using the field. We have recieved a new boy in the plumbing shop his name is John Penn.

Charles Knight
Wayne Spencer

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SEWING ROOM

Work in arts and crafts (Sewing Room) continues with work on shirts. pajamas, towels, aprons and sheets. We have been making wall plagues from feed sacks and felt. Several boys are leaving within the next few weeks. Jesse Gautiers left last week.

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

8TH GRADE SCIENCE

This month we are studying in the science of Waves, Currents, and Tides. We have learned that the water doesn't move but the waves move toward the shoreline. The undertow of the ocean is the water which is carried back into the ocean under the waves coming in. A breaker is produced when the wave reaches the shallow water the waves are squeezed upward by the bottom causing the crest to raise to great heights, as it goes farther into the shore reaching its highest point and falls forward causing a breaker.

Did you know that in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean there is a still, calm sealike feature called the Sargasso Sea.

Kevin Buchanan

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Sometime someone is going to invent a mirror that is willing to lie, and he's going to make himself a fortune.

The huge national debt they will inherit shoud keep our children from one indulgence—ancestor worship.

Prejudice is being positive about something negative.

To the victors belong the privilege of fighting over the spoils.

HONOR ROLLS

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE 2

Clifford Seagraves

COTTAGE 3

Charles Nichols
Billy Smith

COTTAGE 5

Larry Selers

COTTAGE 6

Grady Campbell
Ronnie Simmons

COTTAGE 7

Emanuel Cooper
Benny Smith

COTTAGE 8

Ricky Warriax
Mike Powell
Joe Williams

COTTAGE 9

Willard Rosser
Melvin Stamper

COTTAGE 10

James Davis
Robert Sanders

COTTAGE 11

Ronnie Fink
William Goins
Tony Jarrel
William Scott
Kenneth Corn

COTTAGE 13

Darrel Butler
James Sweeten
Tony Watson
Randy Wright

COTTAGE 14

Bernie Bowlin
David Guiton

INFIRMARY

Roger Morgan

TRADE HONOR ROLL

TEXTILE

William Jenkins
David Cantrell
Jerry Tollison
Jerry Cobler
Harald Dilldine
Ronnie Fink
Shermon Munger

Danny Hazelwood
Jimmy Peedin
Gerald Price

FARM

Jerry Blount
Claud Fuller
Ricky Buchanan
Willie Melton

PAINT SHOP

Jerry Kezziah
Edward Lee
Sandy Coleman
David Bousman
Tony Hauser
Tommy Houser
James Holt

CARPENTER SHOP

Mike Dickerson
Clearance Taylor
Myret McCormick
Mike Cash

DAIRY

James Langley
William Locklear
William McNair
Alexander Cooper
Mike Cashwell
William Wallace
John Hall
Maxie Bolton
Osborn Hamilton
Ray Pyles
Leonard Farrar
Leo Wooten
Wesley Hall
Robert Cox
Larry Boyd
William James
Lewis Shackleford
Steve Upchurch
Raymond Griffin

YARD FORCE

Eddie Holland
Robert Sanders
Ralph Ellerbe
Jackie Phelps
George Midyette

CAFETERIA

Wade Sherrill
David Guiton
Roger Kennington
Johnny Watts
Gerald Byrd
David Graham
Mike Grubb
Billy Byrd
Earl Carter
Clyde Grant
James Kennedy
Charles Ford
Gary Bost
Posey Higgs
Roy Cox
Steve Rosser
Billy Waddel

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The unkindest cut of all is your picture in the newspaper.

Sleep is conductive to beauty. Even velvet looks worn when it loses its nap.

To make a long story short, there's nothing like having the person about whom you are talking drop in.

It's important for everyone to go to the dentist twice a year even if it is boring.

PETER, SPRING'S A SURPRIZE

Peter Ogden looked at the clock on the fireplace shelf and was dismayed to find it was five o'clock. His mother might be home any minute and the radio was not yet finished.

"Nancy!" he called, hastily disconnecting a wire which he had attached to the wrong binding post.

There was no reply.

"Nancy!" He repeated the call more loudly, following it up almost immediately with a shrill whistle.

His young sister clad in knickers and sports sweater, ran up the steps of the cottage and entered the livingroom. "What is it. Peter? I was up the creek when you called first. Are you not going to get it finished,"

"Not today, but I would like to work on it as long as possible Be a good scout and stick around the shore, will you? I want to have everthing out of sight before mother gets back. You can warn me in plenty of time."

There had been an air of mystery about the Ogden camp for several days and, although she was conscious of it and of the children's obvious desire to have her out of the way, Mrs. Ogden had no suspicion of what they were doing. She had been secretly amused at Peter's urgent second ing of Nancy's proposal that she should visit the Grays that afternoon. Peter had even volunteered to run her across the Bay in the 'putt-putt,' but she had declined his generous offer, preferring to take the canoe. She had left directly after dinner, promising to be back in time for supper.

"Tee-oo-wee!" signaled Nancy from the shore, having sighted a long, red canoe cutting through the still waters.

Peter whistled his reception of the desired imformation and shoving loose wires, binding posts and other odds and ends into a box, he carried the receiver down to the boathouse cautiously stowing it away beneath a heavy tarpaulin. This done, he opened the door and launched the rowboat.

"Want to come?" he shouted to Nancy, starting the outboard motor and backing the skiff away from the dock. "I am going to meet mother."

"No, I will wait for you here." Nancy shook her head in refusal of his invitation and sat on the shore to await their return.

The Ogden camp was situated on the wooded shores of Shadow Bay, one of the southerly recesses of a large lake in Northern Ontario. The

cottage was ten miles from a railway station and their nearest neighbors were to be found in an Indian village two miles up the lake. Mrs. Ogden liked the summers spent up north but she missed the church service on the Sabbath and regretted she had not spoken to her husband about bringing along a radio, when he took his holidays. Something of this she had said to Nancy, who had imparted the news to her brother. Peter lost no time in writing to his father and the result was that a bulky parcel had been sent to the Grays, whose camp was only two miles from the station. The parcel contained all the necessary parts of a radio, including batteries, ready for assembling. Nancy had gone across for it in the'puttputt,' while Peter had taken his mother for a long promised trip up the lake in the big motor boat.

Saturday found Peter again at work on the receiving set. He was eager to get it finished in time for the Sunday services. Nancy and Mrs. Ogden had gone fishing. The set was assembled and there only remained the soldering and shielding to do before it would be ready to test out. He took the soldering Iron to the kitchen and, lighting the coal-oil stove, held it over the flame. As he was about to remove it he heard a noise on the veranda, followed by a steady foot-fall, in the living-room. The hot iron still in his hand, he stepped quickly to the doorway. What he saw, startled him. Bending over the recieving set and peering inquisitively at the base-board, was a tall, lithe figure, topped by sleek black hair and wearing a tattered khaki suit—a young Indian.

"Hey what are you doing?" challenged Peter, entering the room.

The Indian sraightened up and, observing the smokeing iron in the boy's hand, moved swiftly toward the outer door. On the veranda he paused and pointed toward a basket at his feet. In it were woven baskets mats and other colorful knick-knacks.

"You buy?" he asked, his smile revealing two rows of beautiful white teeth.

"No." Peter did not recognize him, although he and Nancy often paddled up the village, and he knew many of the occupants by name. "And do not come in the house again. See?"

Like the shadow of a passing cloud in the summer sky, a frown darkened the smiling face- to be instantly replaced by an even broader

showing of white teeth.

"I go, I not come back." The brown skinned youth picked up the basket and strode down the path.

Peter watched him until he disappeared through the trees on the west side of the boathouse. Then he hurried over to the radio and examined it carefully. The Indian had not molested anything and Peter returned to his soldering.

Late that evening the radio was finished and, while Nancy took her mother for a moonlight paddle up the creek, Peter connected the batteries and tried out the machine. His father had sent up the parts of an Exodyne the same set the boy had built for their home in the city. Peter was sanguine the radio would work, although he had read a great deal about air pockets and he wondered if he would be troubled by them. However after a few adjustments, he tuned in on one of the large American stations and the volume was so great he had to transfer the earphones to the first notch.

Hurray! he cried, wishing Nancy was there to hear it. Mother will certainly be surprised when she hears the news tomorrow.

He dialed through the middle wave lenghts and picked up several stations, among them two in their own city. Thoroughly satisfied, he turned off the current and replaced the radio beneath the tarpaulin. He had rigged up a temporary aerial from the boathouse to a tall tree behind the cottage.

Did it work Peter? asked Nancy half an hour later. She and her brother were sitting on the porch steps, Mrs. Ogden having gone indoors to write some letters.

"Like a bird!" Peter assured her. "I want to raise the antenna next week, though. I think I will put it from the house to that big tree over there."

"We can use the radio down on the beach then, can't we?"

The boy nodded, his mind was busy devising an areial for the motorboat, so they could take the set with them on their long jaunts.

Sunday in the Ogden camp was a day of quite repose. There was a Bible reading directly after breakfast and it was an undertsood thing that no sports were to be indulged in during the day. Peter and Nancy were both fond of readng and there was a plentiful supply of -good lit-

erature at the cottage, so the strict observace of Sunday did not prove at all irksome.

Peter awoke that morning shortly after eight o'clock. The sun was bright but the morning felt refreshingly cool.

"Reception ought to be fine today,"he reflected, bounding out of bed and begining his daily deeds. Mr. Ogden and the two Ogden children had been brought up properly as regards physical training.

Breakfast will be ready in fifteen minutes, children," called Mrs. Ogden from the kitchen. "It is a beautiful day—you ought to be off for a tramp through the bush."

Nancy, the sleepy head of the family, had to be called twice but, at length, breakfast and bible were over and Peter was free to go to the boathouse. He had brought fresh water from the spring while Nancy was dressing.

Nancy, whose duty it was to wash the breakfast dishes, was putting away the cereal dishes when she heard a summoning whistle from Peter and, hastily tucking the last spoon in the drawer, she ran down to the boathouse. One look at her brother's worried countenance told her something dreadful had happend.

"Someone has stolen the radio," Peter wasted no words.

"Stolen the radio " echoed Nancy in bewilderment. "Are you sure?"

For reply Peter lifted up the tarpaulin. The space where the radio had lain was empty.

"Oh Peter,after all your work, too! Nancy was on the verge of tears. "Who do you suppose would take it?" "I think I know," said Peter grimly. He told her of the Indian's visit the day before.

"It is very likely down at the village," decided Nancy when her brother had finished. "Are you going after it?"

"Yes. I will take the motor-boat. Where is mother?

"She has gone over to the Point for a walk. I will go with you, Peter. She will not be back for hours."

Her brother hesitated a moment. "All right," he agreed, finally, unfastening the front doors of the boathouse. "I don't suppose we will have any trouble."

The speed boat drove through the water at twenty miles an hour and it was not long before they reached the Indian encampment. The boy shut

off the power and the boat drifted toward shore.

"Peter! do you hear an organ?" Nancy lifted her head and listened eagerly.

The boy nodded. Suddenly the full tones of the instrument came to their ears—someone in the village evidently understood how to operate a recieving set. Peter grew wrathful as he realized his radio had been stolen deliberately. He tied the boat to a stout sapling and turned to follow Nancy up the path.

At that moment the organ ceased and a deep voice rolled through the forest. The sermon was commencing and the minister was announcing his text. "Be ye kindly affected one to another....." Peter stood still, while the voice that came from somewhere in the far south exorted its hearers to listen intently to the unfolding of the Scriptures.

"What is wrong, Peter," called Nancy who was some distance ahead. "Aren't you coming?"

Peter motioned her back. "Wait a minute; I want to hear the sermon."

The girl stared at him in surprise but sat down quitely and waited for the minister to finish his discourse. The sermon was one of brotherly love and the speaker empasized the need for kindly toleration and besought his congregation to "return good for evil." Before long, Peter's face had lost its angry look and he and his sister exhanged glances of sympathetic understanding.

"Aren't you glad we came along when we did, Peter?" asked Nancy, half an hour later when the minister had closed with a brief prayer. "'If you had taken the radio away, the Indians would never have heard that sermon."

"It would have been worse for me" admitted the boy truthfully. "For I was awfully mad when I came here and I might have said something I would have been sorry for—not to mention causing trouble with the Indians.

When Mrs. Ogden returned from her walk to the Point, she was startled to hear voices as she neared the cottage. She quickened her step, fearing lest something had happend to the children during her absence. Before she reached the clearing, the voices were stilled and, in their place, came a burst of congregational singing:

"Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war, with the Cross of

Jesus going on before."

She hurried through the bush and, coming out in the open, beheld a sight, a sight which remained with her for many years. Nancy and Peter were sitting in the midst of twenty or thirty Indians,while on the top step of the veranda was a dusky skinned youth seated before a radio reciever. A pleased expression lighted on the usually solid countenances of the brown-skinned people and Cheif-Rain-in-the-Face who had once been saved from drowning by Peter's father, was nodding his head in time to the music.

"Mother!" Nancy made room for her between herself and Peter. "Isn't it wonderful? That chap knows almost as much about the radio as Peter does. His name is Jumping Rabbit and he has been away from the tribe for over two years."

There was no time for futher explanation for the music had ended and now the service was but half over. There was something very awe-inspiring in the picture presented that summer in the Canadian northland. The Indians could not understand much of the sermon but the solemnity of the peaceful Sabbath day left its impress on their hearts.

When the service was over, Rain-in-the-Face turned to Mrs. Ogden and smiled apologetically. "I ver' sorry, Jumping'- Rabbit- he been way two year—hear music maybe. He not tak' it again. How Mr. Ogden?"

Peter, who had been talking radio with Jumping Rabbit, now came forward. "Mother did not know anything about it, Rain-in-the- Face. It is all right. Jumping Rabbit is going to help me put my aerial higher tomorrow. He did not mean to steal the radio. He was going to bring it back this afternoon."

After their guests had gone back to the village, Mrs. Ogden heard the whole story. Her heart was glad when Peter came to the part which showed his conquest over self.

"That is practical Christianity, Peter,"she said quietly. "If we cannot do unto others as we woud have them do to us, we are not living up to our beliefs. You have done good missionary work this morning, son, and I am proud of you and Nancy."

Peter and Nancy flushed happily at these words of praise. They were not sure they deserved them but they had tried to live up to the words of the text.

JADE, THE "JEWEL OF HEAVEN"

By Eugene W. Nelson

Of all the precious stones which men have prized for centuries, none —not even the diamond—has been so surrounded with myth, symbolsim, and legend as jade. Modern research has shown that the people of the ancient world were not very well acquainted with the diamond but 2400 years ago Confucius wrote, "In ancient times, men found in jade all the excellent qualities." This in itself is proof of how old is the use of jade for ornaments and jewelry in China, and no other material has the power that jade posseses to turn back the pages of time for us and permit us to read the record of a culture and philosophy which was old when Europe was peopled only by savage tribes of hunters.

Among jade carvings from the early Chinese dynasties—many of which pieces have been buried for thousands of years—we find the beginning of a deep and noble philosophy which has outlasted empires. In jade too, we can see something of the curious civilizations which arose in our own country before the coming of the Spaniards—can trace a definite relationship between these civilizations and that of China.

As for the jade itself, it is a mineral composed of the chemical element—sodium, aluminum, and silicon. It is extremely hard and tough—on the scale by which geologists measure hardness, steel is about five, jade seven, and the diamond (hardest of all known substances) is ten. These properties made jade a popular stone among primitive people for fashioning such implements as knives, axes, and spear points. Its scarcity and the difficulty of shaping it hindered them from employing it to any great extent for these things. In color, jade usually is some form of green—very dark green. Certain impurities ranging from a light green to a delicate lavender tint, or a blood red will give a milk white color, a hue. These varieties are especially prized for making small statues and ornaments.

Although some jade was used as mentioned in various parts of the world, only two civilizations ever elevated it to a position among the decorative stones—China and Central American. The Chinese, in the characteristic flowery manner, referred to jade as the "jewel of heaven, as well as the essence of heaven and earth."In many places of China

jade is regarded as a sacred stone, and all Chinese attribute magical powers to it. The rise of all beliefs is accounted for by the fact that all of the early Chinese were herdsmen and farmers. The yearly return of the sun and the blossoming of the ground with its green vegetation became associated in their primative minds with the beautiful green color of jade and eventully the stone was incorporated in their religion as being the symbol of everlasting life.

Of course, we will never know just what kind of ornamental object the Chinese first carved from this stone. We do know, however, that as the Chinese civilization became more and more developed —as their myths, philosophy, and religion grew—the forms which the jewelers wrought in jade took on more definite form, too. Now the orientals are much given to substituting symbols for actual things and this they translated into stone. Thus the dragon, which is an imaginitive creature consisting of the lion, goat, snake, and camel typifies all that is strong and sisting of the lion, goat, snake, and camel. This is why so many jade carvings depict dragons— the combination of a dragon statue made from the wonderful jade was to the Chinese mind, a most potent charm for good fortune.

Another charm frequently occurring in jade carvings is the bat. This is due to a Chinese pun, although we don't usually connect the Chinese with this form of humor. Their word for happiness is "fu," and the same word pronounced slightly differently, means bat. Jade carvings of five bats are very common and signify the Five Happinesses—old age, wealth health, love of virtue, and a natural death. Other symbols which the Chinese are fond of perpetuating in jade are the lotus, butterflies (which signify immortality) , peach blossoms, and the swastika. A rather curious (to us) use to which many small smoothly polished jade carvings are put by the Chinese is for "fingering pieces." These ornaments the Chinese love to rub with their finger tips, claiming that it helps them to think.

Turning now to the uses of jade among the pre-Columbian Indians, we fnid that they regarded it as their most precious possession. It is exactly like Chinese jade in composition and "feel," which is all the more puzzling because there are no sources of jade in Central America where all the specimens of this stone have been discovered. There is a possibility that there were small deposits which were "worked out" before the

Spaniards arrived, but then again it may have been transported from Asia.

Whatever source, the Indians lavished their greatest skill on making beads, statues, and the very important ear and nose plugs from jade. Their word for it, "chalchihuitl," means the same as precious." Just how precious it, was to them may be shown by a story related about Cortez. While Cortez was still the honored guest of Montezuma, the two men daily played a game chess. After each game, Montezuma would give the Spaniard a present. One day this gift consisted of several large disks, at which the Conquistadore's eyes fairly bulged. Montezuma promised that the present on the next day would be even costlier. Imagine the chagrin of Cortez when, on the following day, the Aztec, presented him with four small carved jade beads.

Other explorers have reported similar tales, and as only priests and chiefs could wear jade, we may well believe that they valued it highly. One reason for this value may have been the difficulty of working it.This process was very laborious because these people did not posses metal tools and the stone is extremely hard. For a saw, the Indian craftsman had to rely on a string of rawhide with sand and water; for his shaping tools on splinters of the hard volcanic glass called obsidian. All jade ornaments were given a high polish which enchanced their beauty and made them more pleasing to the touch . Perhaps if we developed our sense of touch more and "fingering pieces" of this cool, delicious feeling were commoner, we might think more. Who can tell?

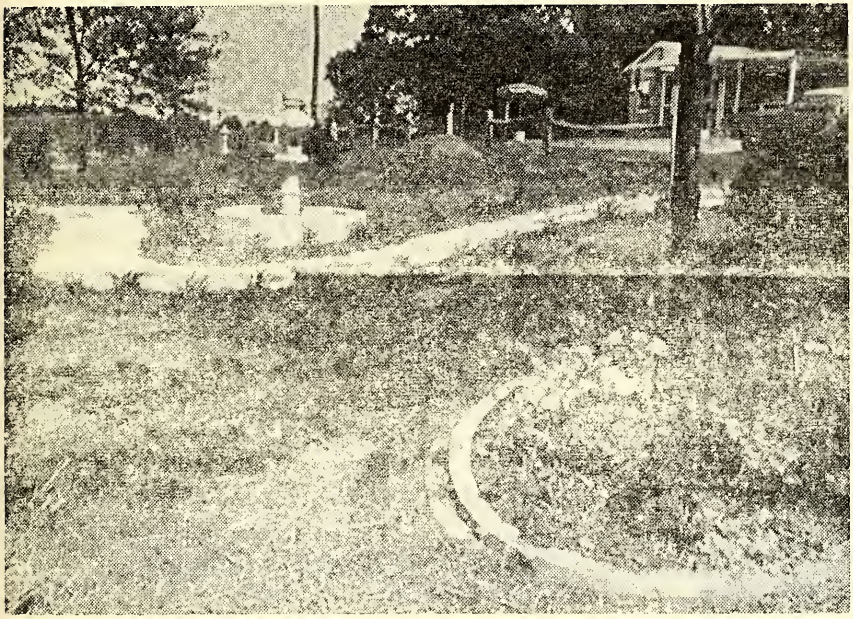
* * * *

"Absence makes the picture postcards accumulate."

"Mind your own business. No one ever gets a medal for being a meddler."

"When the fool killer wants a little practice he looks for the fellow who knows it all."

Some people are lucky enough to be able to do things without knowing how.



IN MEMORY OF J. LEE WHITE

The Cabarrus County Agriculture Fair opened its 15th season Monday. It was the first time the fair had opened without J. Lee White.

Mr. White was president of the Cabarrus Fair from the time it was organized until his death earlier this year.

As a memorial to the fair's first president, a garden has been developed at the east end of the main exhibit building just inside the front service gate.

The J. Lee White Memorial Garden is the kind of garden that Mr. White would have enjoyed, said fair officials.

There are various trees and shrubs planted in the garden including four boxwoods actually raised by Mr. White.

In addition there are hollies, caladiums, mungo pines, Sugar Maple and Purple Leaf Plum trees.

The 100 by 25 foot garden represents many hours of labor on the part of Warren Manus, a close associate and admirer of the late Mr. White.

The garden is enclosed by a rustic split-rail fence made of chestnut rails and locust posts. There is a three-tiered fountain in the center and two stone Japenese lanterns which create an almost Oriental atmosphere to the overall scene.

A special plaque has been placed on the exterior wall of the exhibit hall next to the garden. It reads:

This Garden
Is In Memory Of
J. Lee White
President
Cabarrus County Fair
1953-1968.

A circular Ohio sandstone walk has been constructed in the garden and Manus has worked overtime to get the garden ready for the opening of the fair.

There are at least twenty Mungopines, one at least 20 years old and the other about seven years old.

Helleri holly has been planted around the fountain and Buffordi holly decorates the base of the rail fence. Beneath the plaque honoring Mr. White is a Fosteri holly No. 2 and Rotunda Folia.

Two large rocks, similar to the type of rock found near Jackson Training School where Mr. White was farm superintendent for 32 years, were moved to the garden to complement the overall scene.

There is a weather station rain gauge near the fountain that blends with the general beauty of the garden, but actually has nothing to do with it.

Clyde L. Propst Jr., manager of the fair, explained he is a little superstitious and the fact there has always been good weather during the fair week in Cabarrus County seemed enough reason to leave the rain gauge where it has stood for 15 years— near the service entrance to the fairgrounds.

* * * *

The greatest thing the world ever knew was the saving grace of the Saviour.

NEW STUDENTS

Jerry Carroll Lowery ..... McDowell
Eugene Church ..... Caldwell
William Joseph Harris, Jr. ..... Wayne
Timothy Wayne Congleton ..... Halifax
Tommy Louis Titus ..... Rowan
Gerald Richard Byrd ..... Mecklenburg
Charles Fitzhugh Rose ..... Gaston
Mike E. Covington ..... Richmond
Robert Lee Reinhardt ..... Buncombe
William Wayne Roark ..... Guilford
Joel Mitchell Freeman ..... Buncombe
Scotty Jack Cook ..... Gaston
Charles T. McCall ..... Haywood
Joesph White ..... Guilford
Walter Earl Lewis ..... Durham
Martin Thomas Parks ..... Cabarrus
Kenneth Lee Watson ..... Rockingham
Larry F. Thomas ..... Rockingham
Kenneth Lee Corne ..... Mecklenburg
Douglas G. Turner ..... Randolph
Mervin Williams ..... Mecklenburg
William Russell Bailey ..... Johnston
Paul E. Lambert ..... Rowan

Ronnie Dale Christenbury ..... Burke

Osborne Hamilton ..... Anson

Ricky Lynn Norten ..... Richmond

Harold Gene Dilldine ..... Guilford

Christopher Wayne Lemmond ..... Mecklenburg

Eric McMillian ..... Surry

Gregory Allen Knott ..... Surry

Mario Childs ..... Buncombe

Robert Franklin Williams ..... Buncombe

Taylor Wayne Sanders ..... Caldwell

Donald Gene Phillips ..... Graham

Ricky Joe Smith ..... Catawba

Tommy Lee Wooten ..... Yadkin

Garland Winston Brown ..... Lee

Henry Theodore Luta ..... Cumberland

Mike Wayne Thomas ..... Lincoln

Jerry Allen Kilby ..... Davidson

Terry Lane Moss ..... Rowan

Theodore Diggs ..... Rockingham

Raymond Lee Barnes ..... Wilson

John Wesley Mclendon ..... Mecklenburg

Edward Anderson ..... Mecklenburg

Russell Eugene Corns, Jr. ..... Mecklenburg

Ronnie Dale Sheets ..... Wilkes

Jack Winfield Floyd ..... Columbus

NOT THEN

I can't enjoy the praise
You give me when I'm dead,
Nor enjoy the grave-stone
With inscription at my head.

I'd rather have a blossom
When I can see and smell it;
Let your word of praises fall
When I can here you tell it.

Please don't let me suffer
For comforts here below,
Then come with tears and sympathy
That I can never know.

I'd appreciate your kindness
When sick upon my bed,
I'd rather have a flower now
Then a dray load when I'm dead.

You needn't sigh when I am gone,
You needn't drop a tear.
What you are going to do for me
Please, do it while I'm here.

—J.C. Wright.

* * * *

"It's a great secret, my dear—a terribly well- guarded secret! And when I tell it to you, be sure and tell everyboly to tell everypody not to tell anybody."

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

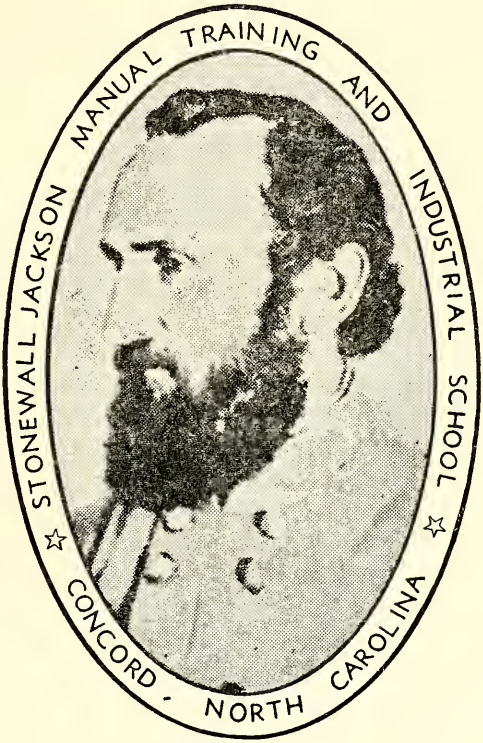
North Carolina Collection
The Library
University of N. C.
Chapel Hill, N. C. 27515

"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."
—Edwin Markham

— *PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY* —
The Vocational Printing Class
Of Stonewall Jackson Training School
Concord, North Carolina

The UPLIFT

"Maxima Debetur Puero Reverentia"



STONEWALL JACKSON
1824 — 1863

OCTOBER 1968

THE UPLIFT

NORTH CAROLINA BOARD OF JUVENILE CORRECTION

VOLUME LV OCTOBER 1968 NUMBER 10

Blaine M. Madison, Commissioner

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COMMISSIONER'S COMMENTS

Blaine M. Madison

REMARKS BY GOVERNOR DAN MOORE AT DEDICATION OF THE C. A. DILLON SCHOOL

Sunday, October 20, 1968-3:30 P.M.

Gymnasium of Main Building - Butner, North Carolina

It is a privilege for me to represent the people of North Carolina on the occasion of the formal dedication ceremony of the C.A. Dillon School. For many, many years, I have had a deep and abiding personal interest in the growing problem of juvenile delinquency in our State. During the course of my administration as Govennor as while during my legal career I have sought diligently and continually to alleviate and remove the causes and effects on the individual and on society by the youthful offender. Today, by this dedication, we establish yet another vital front on the war against the waste and loss of our most valuable resource, the young citizens of the State of North Carolina.

I take great pride in solid record of accomplishment made in this by a Board of Juvenile Correction. The Board and the Department are wholly committed to providing an outstanding rehabilitation and treatment program including custodial care, education and training for the young North Carolinians designated by the courts as delinquents. Throughout the years, the record of this Board has been most commendable and outstanding. In addition, I wish to extend on behalf of the people of North Carolina deep appreciation to Commissioner Blaine Madison and all his personnel who have the high responsibility of saving and redirecting young, valuable lives. Of course, our forward-looking General

Assemblies have provided generously the means to enable the Board to build a sound program of juvenile opportunity.

I believe that another great forward stride was taken in July of this year when I appointed a group of the most talented and imaginative citizens of this State in the field of juvenile crime and correction to the Governor's councel on Juvenile Delinquency.

As many of you know, it will be the principal function of this Council to evaluate the juvenile correction services now existent in North Carolina and to recommend any changes which would lead to a more effective and efficient administration of services for the prevention, control and treatment of juvenile delinquency within this State. The recommendations which will be forthcoming from this outstanding group will be presented for the consideration of the Governor and the 1969 General Assembly. I look forward with a great deal of anticipation to the findings and suggestions of this deliberative body. I am confident that their recommendations will be carefully weighed and considered in the light of the needs in this crucial area of State service to the people..

We have gathered this afternoon to mark another milestone in the sound advancement of services and rehabilitative efforts on the part of the State of North Carolnia in its most exellent juvenile delinqcency program.

The C.A. Dillon School, which we officially dedicate at this time, is a new facility specifically for aggressive juvenile delinquents. This institution, which first opened its doors on May 1, 1968, is a closed complex with custodial features designed to accommodate the students who will not stay in an open school. It was determined carefully and thoughtfully by the Board of Juvenile Correction that a treatment program prepared especially for all aggressive students should be administered in a specially designed and equipped location. The proposal was presented to the 1965 General Assembly with my full endorsement and that far-sighted Legislature appropiated the necessary funds.

It is my personal feeling that the juvenile correction program in the State of North Carolina sorely needed a facility of this type in order to meet the needs of problem students more adequately. I understand that the theory being applied here is that for their welfare and that of others in the system and society, aggressive students must learn to live under basic law and order both legal and social. The treatment program

here at C. A. Dillon School has been planned especially to accomplish this purpose. Gradually, it is hoped that the students will be able to acheive self-control and therefore require only a minimum of supervision. At that time, they will be returned to open schools within the system to be further oriented and equipped to re-enter their home communities as useful, proud and productive citizens.

This splendid facility was named in honor of Mr. C. A. Dillon. Chairman of the board of Juvenile Correction since 1943, and I am proud to add, one of my most valued personal friends and one of the finest men that has ever been my privilage to know. It is altogether fitting and proper on this occasion to pay tribute long past due to "Mr. C. A." for his many contributions in numerous areas of life in North Carolina. It has been my experience that when you attempt to thank Mr. Dillon for anything either publicly or privately he usually walks off and leaves you talking to yourself. But, today, he is here on this platform. a captive in a sense, and "Mr. C.A." I am gonig to say some good and very true things about you whether you like it or not.

Mr. C. A. Dillon is certainly one of the most public-minded citizens it has been my good fortune to know personally and professionally. He has served his God, his fellowman, his community, and his state all of his life. The many deeds of kindness and the many helping hands he has extended are mostly known to him and those whom he has assisted. I dare say that there has not been any instant when Mr. Dillon has stood up to recieve credit or recognition. His acts are done quietly, humbly, and without any thought of personal gain. So. "Mr. C.A." this is in a sense, your day because your patient, persistant and God-fearing eadership has guided the system of juvenile correction in the state of North Carolina to the high level it has reached through the years. On behalf of those you have helped personally and indirectly and on the behalf of the people of North Carolina, I thank you for all you have given to yourself and all that you have done.

I deeply appreciate the opportunity of participating in this dedication ceremony for the C. A. Dillon School here at Butner. As Governor and offcial represenative of all of the citizens of this State, I am proud of this excellent facility. I am confident that the board of Juvenile Correction will continue in the fine tradition of rebuilding the characters and lives

of the young Tar Heels who come to all the institutions within this system.

If we remain true to the guiding spirit of C. A. Dillon, we will succeed in doing the job that is before us.

* * * *

God sometimes washes the eyes of his children with tears in order that they may read aright His providence and his commandments.

Little minds are wounded too much by little things; great minds see all, and are not hurt.

A fellow who is always waiting to take advantage of an opportunity is really waiting to carry a sob story to some good-natured friend.

Life is an sorrow—therefore you must know what mark to aim at how to use the bow; then draw it to the head, and let it go.

The finest sport in the world is fighting for the right.

Nature has given us two ears, two eyes, and but one tongue; to the end we should hear and see more than we speak.

Oppose vigorously any inclination to sadness, for the enemy seeks by sadness to make us weary of good works.

Even if you are on the right track, you will get run over if you just sit there.

A lot of ornery actions are laid upon human nature when human nature had nothing in the world to do with men's antics.

The District of Columbia has outlawed the sawed-off shotguns. Why in the world didn't Congress use them in trimming the budget? It was the opportunity of its life.

MEET THE STAFF AT STONEWALL JACKSON SCHOOL

MR. BERNICE LEWIS
Assistant Superintendent

The new assistant superintendent at Jackson Training School is Mr. Bernice Lewis. Mr. Lewis has been at Jackson on his new job since Sept. 1, 1968. Prior to this Mr. Lewis was employed as a member of the staff at the Juvenile Evaluation Center in Swannanoa, N.C.

Mr. Lewis served four years in the United States Air Force. While in North Carolina at Weaverville. He attended the public schools of his native city and was graduated from Weaverville High School. Continuing his for-

Mr. Lewis first saw the light of day in the mountains of western mal education Mr. Lewis attended Berea College in Berea, Kentucky. He graduated from Berae with an A.B. degree.
the military service he served as a Social Worker in a Psychiatric Clinic. He also has served as a case worker for the Henderson County Welfare Department.

Mr. Lewis went to work with the North Carolina Board of Juvenile Correction on July 1, 1963 at the Juvenile Evaluation Center in Swanannoa, N.C. His first duties were as a Social Worker. He worked for three years as Acting Director of the Clinical Division, and also served as the Supervisor of Social Work for two years. Thus he comes to Jackson well qualified to fill the position of assistant superintendent.

Mr. Lewis is married to the former Lillian Goins. He and his wife are the proud parents of three children. They are Donna, age five; John, age four; and Jeffery, age two. The Lewises make their home on the campus in the assistant superintendent's home.

Mr. Lewis's church affiliation is Baptist.

Mr. Lewis is an avid outdoorsman. He likes to hunt and camp. In other words he likes to get out and commune with Mother Nature. He says that now he also enjoys all athletc contests as a spectator only. It is a well known fact that he is a champion ping-pong player, and has alredy demonstrated that he can hold his own at the horse-shoe pits with the competition there.

Those who have come to know him feel that Jackson is very lucky to have Mr. Lewis on the staff at Jackson. The UPLIFT welcomes Mr. Lewis and his family to Jackson, and hopes for them a pleasant stay.

THE STREET OF AMERICA

By Jasper B. Sinclair

Main Street has long since become the traditional symbol of your town and mine. Common usage has associated the phase with the principal thoroughfares of our largest cities and with the main streets of our smallest villages and hamlets.

The streets of America—city streets and town streets alike—are the chief arteries of the nation's trade, traffic and daily life. Some of them have a charm all their own. some are more famous than others, being familiar to Americans everywhere.

Broadway and New York City, for example, are synonymous terms. Mention the first and you at once associate it with Manhattan's crouded isle. The same is true of Beacon Street and Boston; of Canal Street and New Orleans; of Michigan Boulevard and Chicigo; of Hollywood Boulevard and Los Angeles.

Some of the nation's streets are noted for their lofty buildings, some for their tourist appeal and others for their literary association. A few have witnessed events of great historic importance in the making of America. Many of them have seen the chief figures in American life pass along their pavements at sometime or another.

A song gave widespread renown to the "sidewalk of New York." No less famous, however, are many of the streets in America's largest city.

Indeed, New York probably contains more streets familiar to the country at large than does any other American city. Some of these traverse veritable canyons of stone, steel and concrete, with sky-scraping buildings as the canyoned walls.

From the standpoint of automobile and pedestrain traffic, Broadway is perhaps the busiest of all streets in the country. Certainly it is the best known, from any standpoint.

Electricity made it a "Great White Way" without equal among the world's busy thoroughfare. Dazzling electric signs, some of them a block long, line Broadway for the twenty-seven blocks between Times Square and Columbus Circle. Altogether these signs contain 111,000 incandescent lamps and more than twenty-two miles of neon tubing.

When they are all in operation they use more than 3,250,000 watts of

electricity an hour. That is easily enough to supply all the electrical needs of an averge city of 12,000 persons!

Historic Wall Street is that financial center of the country. The volume of business transacted along this narrow street each weekday affects the daily lives of all parts of America

Perhaps few streets in the United States enjoy a finer setting than Riverside Drive ,with its parkway its statues and its memorials of one kind and another. Beyond the parkway flows the Hudson River and beyond that the wooded ramparts of the Palisades rise sheer above the Jersey shore.

No street in Colonial America was more famous than the High Street in William Penn's Philadelphia. Along its course passed almost all the figures prominent in the cause of the Continentals. Here history was made in a swift succession of events that transformed a group of colonies into a closely-knit republic destined to take its place in the front of nations.

Washington, Franklin, Lafayette walked along the High Street; so did Jefferson, Hamilton, and Morris. Here marched the ragged Continentals, tired and weary but undismayed. No real American could walk the pavement of the High Street today without reflecting on the past!

Few streets are now more cosmopolitan than Grant Avenue. In its brief journey across downtown San Francisco it traverses a secton of the city's shopping center, pierces the heart of the largest Chinatown in America and enters the famed Latin Quarter that is more generally known as "Little Italy." Two cathedrals—one Chinese and one Italian—flank Grant Avenue in its crosstown journey.

Busy Main Street in downtown Los Angeles was just that in the old days. It was the first street in the village of Los Angeles a century and a half ago, its houses peopled by Mexicans and Spainiards. The Mexican quarter is still there, lined with the same sort of shops that might be seen in any Mexican town; its people costumed in typical Mexican garb.

A city has grown up around this particular Main Street, but a century and a half of change has failed to alter its aspect in the Mexican quarter. This part of the street is just as it was when Franciscan padres built the first of their California Missions.

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED AT THE DAIRY

The dairy has been one of the most interesting trades I know because I believe this is more than one trade. For instance there is a little carpenter work, some book work and a few more I can't think of.

To get back to the things I have learned. When I first came in the dairy I started weighing up milk and carrying it up to the milk house to pour into the bulk tank. Then I started milking the cows which I thought was fun at first. Then it got kind of boring, but I still like milking. One of the jobs I thought looked like fun was washing and checking the cows. It was alright when I first started, and then all of a sudden it got to be one of the worst jobs I can think of at the dairy. After washing and checking cows I started to dip them. I learned how to run in cows and feed up.

Since I have been at the dairy I have learned how to do a little bit of doctoring. I learned how to give shots for mastitise. Then I doctored them for pink eye. This was caused by flies being around their eyes. After working at the barn for about nine months I went to work in the milk house. That was the job I wanted to start off with. After that I learned how to set up the milk pipes. They were used to run the milk from the Bulk tank to the pasteurizer, to the homoginizer, and then to the cooler to five gallon cans. I learned to pasteurize milk. To do this you had to turn the steam on and get the temperature to 145 degrees. I learned how to can milk and how to wash milkers and pipes. I work in silage every now and then and when I finished there I tried to keep the cows well fed. I learned how to do a little work at the calf barn. I learned how to feed the calves milk and bed the stalls and give them scour pills.

And now to get back down to the barn. Here I became a cow barber. Mr. Moretz showed me how to clip the cows hair. I liked this job very much. Well I guess thats all I can think of right now, but there is still a lot more I could tell you about the dairy and the work I do there. And most of all I learned to get along with the boys and Mr. Moretz. I would like to thank Mr. Moretz for teaching me what I know, and for being the best supervisor at the dairy. Since I have been at the dairy I have become very fond of Mr. Moretz, and would like to see him as much as I can when I am released.

Larry Boyd

HALLOWEEN

More than thirteen centuries ago, November 1st was celebrated by pagans as "All Spirits Day," at which time spirits, both good and evil, were believed to roaming the earth. At about the same time of the year, the ancient Druids also celebrated their harvest festival, and many strange ceremonies were preformed. After the pagans adopted Christianity, many of their strange customs were still observed, including those which we are familiar as the Hallowe'en diversions of today. Hallowe'en, the evening of October 31st, is so called because it is the eve of the Christian festival of All Saints. The name means "holy eve," a time originally set apart to honor the memory of all saints.

In modern times, the evening of the thirty-first of October is one very popular with the young people. It is a time for gayety and pranks, a night to play at being ghost, fairies and witches. The building of huge bonfires,cracking of nuts, bobbing for apples floating in tubs of water, the telling of fortunes and blood-curdling ghost stories, are all relics of paganism. In this country the young folks make merry by playing various tricks, dressing in odd costumes, and making "woopee" in general. There is nothing to be said against these practices so long as those thus engaged keep their actions within the bounds of clean fun and common decency, and do not let their pranks develop into such lawless practices as the destruction of property or causing painful injuries to those with whom come in contact during the celebration of Hallowe'en. There is no fun in such doings, and those participating in such deeds are defeating the true purpose of the occassion

* * * *

"The pain that lasts is not the pain you suffer, but the pain you cause."

There is nothing more painful than ingrown talent.

It is painful to see someone make good use of opportunities we passed by.

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

HALLOWEEN CELEBRATION

Customs and superstitions gathered through the ages go into our celebration of halloween on October 31. The day is so named because it is the eve of the festival of all saints, but many beliefs and observances connected with it arose long before the Christain Era, in the autumn festivals of the pagan people.

The ancient Druids had a three day celebration at the beginning of November. On the eve before, they believed, sprits of the dead roamed abroad, and they lighted bonfires to drive them away.

Halloween is a night of mystery and fun making where witches, ghosts,bats and many superstitions float in the air.

Turning to the serious side of the "trick or treat" holiday, Jackson held it's own type of celebration. The celebration was held at the stadium, where the new football field has been recently erected.

The festitivities including foot races, two football games, punt, pass, and kick contests. The kind of races were the 440, 220, 110, the 100 yard dash, 220 yard dash, and the 440 relay.

After the races and hard playing games, the boys and guests invited to the "goodies" that the staff in the cafeteria had prepared. The food consisted of candy bars, apples, oatmeal cookies drinks and hot dogs.

It was a beautiful spectacle to be sitting on the ground and to look up at the sky and observe the wonderous colors that the sky was arrayed in. There was also a mystic sensation about the ground where we were seated. Everyone was quite except for an occassional outburst of laughter, meaning that everyone was enjoying themselves.

The UPLIFT would like to thank Mrs. Bost, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Cranford, Mrs. Liske and Mr. Liske for helping to serve the food, and also their time in helping to prepare it for it was very delicious. Mr. Cannon deserves thanks for the games.

Johnny Marlow
Billy Pierce

Four hostile newspapers are more to be feared than a thousand bayonets.

NEW STUDENTS

Furman Lonnie Cherry, Jr. ..... Richmond

Charles Dewey Linder ..... Guilford

Eddie Lee Wilbanks ..... Guilford

Edward Lee Porterfield ..... Rockingham

Robert Joe Brogden III ..... Mecklenburg

Charles Steven Culp ..... Mecklenburg

Donald Eugene Cantrell ..... Gaston

Howell Wayne Pearson ..... Wake

Darrell Eugene Keever ..... Lincoln

William Page ..... Edgecombe

John William Harrelson ..... Edgecombe

Glenn Ricky Hucks ..... Edgecombe

Danny Worth Wade ..... Rockingham

Tony Alonzo Gray ..... Cabarrus

Carl Gene Weaver ..... Davidson

Eddie Lee Dean ..... Gaston

Alfred L. Rankin ..... Rankin

Willard Marion Mason ..... Macon

Danny Ray Rouse ..... Pitt

Carey Lewis Joyner ..... Pitt

Stanley Nadine Pharr ..... Rowan

William Michael Sherrill ..... Mecklenburg

Willaim James Heaton ..... Richmond

Johnny Ray Leonard ..... Nash

Freddie Fisher ..... Cleveland

Randy Hugh Smith ..... Richmond

Robert Ray Smith ..... Mecklenburg

Billy Eugene Pryor ..... Richmond

Steve Bryan Vberby ..... Richmond

Kenneth Lee Howell ..... Richmond

William Robert Johnson ..... Iredell

George Rhodell Kiser ..... Iredell

Russell Wayne Wolfe ..... Iredell

Dwight Wayne Williams ..... Wake

Walter Edward Swain, Jr. ..... Guilford

Roger Wayne Williams ..... Gaston

Donald Lee Carver ..... Gaston

Russel Miles Sigmon ..... Gaston

James Arthur Medley ..... Montgomery

Ronnie Willam Simpson ..... Mecklenburg

Eric Straite ..... Mecklenburg

George Charles Simpkins ..... Pitt

Bobby Ray Clayton ..... Person

Ralph Eugene Melton ..... Cumberland

Charlie Bridgeman ..... Dare

Robert Michael Woods ..... Rockingham

Albert Mart Woods, Jr..... Rockingham

Wiley Thomas Carter..... Durham

CAMPUS NEWS

SCOUT TROOP ATTENDS FOOTBALL GAME AT CHAPEL HILL

On a rainy, rainy Saturlay, October 19 the Boys Scouts from Jackson attended the Football game at Chapel Hill, N.C. This was the Annual Scout day at the University. The Scouts, Boy and Cub, from all over North Carolina are invited to attend one game that is played at ChapelHill. The Scouts must had brought the Tar Heels luck for they beat the University of Florida. Carolina has been having their problems this year while Florida was ranked 8th in the nation. The Tar Heels were not to be denied this time, however, as they completely outclassed the Gators and walked off the field the winners. Even though it rained on them during most of the game the boys from Jackson seemed to enjoy the game. They certainly enjoyed the trip. They left Jackson about 10:00 A.M. Saturday and returned about 8:00 P.M. The cafeteria had prepared meals for the boys to take along. Mr. Robert Readling, Scout Master, and Mr. Lewis, Assistant Supperintendant went with the boys. They all express their thanks to these two men for making the trip possible.

—:—

JACKSON TYPING CLASS PAYS OFF

Steve Husketh former Cottage 4 student ,paid us a visit recently while on a short vacation trip.

Steve is from Cary, North Carolina and was released from the school on November 10, 1967.

While he was here he worked at the office and was very likable boy.

Steve tells us that since he has been away from Jackson he has attended school regularly and has worked after school and on hollidays at the Helms Moter Lines in Raliegh as a typist in the office. He seemed real proud of his job and especially pleased to tell us that the training he received under Mr. Edmiston in his typing class made it possible for him to hold down this job.

Steve plans to continue his schooling and hopes to be able to keep his job with Helms Motor Lines.

—:—

WORK STARTS ON NEW SCHOOL BUILDING

On September 26, 1968 the first actual work was started on the completion of the new school. Workmen arrived on the scene fairly early on that Thursday morning and by noon, had surveyed stakes placed in many places around the grounds. An Uplift reporter, in talking with the foreman of the job, found that, with some favorable weather. the building might be roofed over by early spring of 1969. This means that it might be ready for use by the boys

at Jackson by about next year this time.

Twin City Construction Company of Newton was awarded the general contract. Lorch Plumbing Company from Albemarle recieved the plumbing contract. Winecoff Electrical Company, also from Albemarle, will do the electrical work in the new building.

—:—

LEAVES FOR TURKEY

AIC Fred A. Tomkinson has been assigned duty in Karamursel, Turkey as a Medical Labratory Specialist. He completed his training in Chancte AFB, Illinois where he was in training for nine months. He arrived in Kanamunsel, Turkey October 25, 1968.

—:—

COTTAGE 17 TAKES TRIP TO STATE FAIR

On Tuesday October 15 the boys from cottage 17 were taken to the State Fair held in Raleigh N.C. The boys had to get up early that morning for they left before the other boys had eaten breakfast. The boys in the cafeteria had packed lunch for the Cottage 17 boys which they ate on the bus. For supper the boys had a meal at the fair, most of us had a foot long hot dog.

The boys spent approximatley nine hours on the fair grounds. One boy said, "we saw everything." After a long bus ride the boys returned to Jackson at 10:00 P.M. Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Little and Mr. Readling went with the boys.

They wish to thank the men who made the trip posslble.

The boys seemed to enjoy the trip in spite of the length of the midway.

SCHOOL ROOM NEWS

4th GRADE

The 4th grade has been working hard on a Bulliton board that shows a Halloween scene. It shows cats,witches, pumkins and we think it is very well done.

Ronald Fleacher
James Kennedy

—:—

ARTS AND CRAFTS

We have been busy keeping the cottages' supply of clothes replenished. The boys are learning to make cottage curtains. Randy Black, Bobby Nipper, Paul Leonhardt have gone home. Ricky Norton, Jr. Cherry, Edward Peterfield are our new boys..

—:—

FIFTH GRADE
Minerals

Most of the precious minerals in the early days came from the mountain. Gold, platinum, and emerals are mined in a number of different places in Colombia, South America. The minerals that the world needs now are petroleum tronore, and aluminim ore. The discovery of petroleum in Carribean

America was fully as exciting as the discovery of iron ore. One of the greatest petroleum fields was found along the shore of the famous lake Maracoibo. Venezela is one of the worlds leading oil exporting countries.

Rodger Samples

—:—

SPECIAL "A"

Specal A and 6 m have been using many of the new materials. The boys espicially, like the T-matic 500. This is used to increase reading speed. We have been using many film strips. Since we have a wealth of new material, the interest in classes has increased.

Mrs. Morton

—:—

FIFTH GRADE

Geography

Bananas

How man works with bananas, workers use a long sharp-knifed pole to slash the banana stalk so that it will bend down. A machete is used to cut the bunch of bananas off the stalk. Some plantations use aerial transways to speed the bananas from field to box car. When a banana boat is in port, the banana trains run from early morning until evening, rushing the days harvest to the ship. At the dock each bunch of bananas are inspected and placed in a plastic bag. The bunches are loaded onto a moving belt, which carries them down into the ships hold. On board the ship the bananas must be kept cool, so they will not ripen before they reach the United States. After a good location has been chosen, the forest is cleared. Drainage ditches are dug and the planting begins. Each month throughout the year new fields are opened and planted as they come into production, there will be fruit to harvest every month of the year. The banana plant grows to a height of 15 feet to 30 feet, but does not develop a woody trunk.

Ricky Smith

Coffee

You can find out which highlands in the Carribean America are the major coffee producing areas by studying a map.

Coffee companys in the United States buy great amounts of coffee that is grown on the Carribean highlands.

But they also buy coffee from Brazil. Twice as much coffee is produced in Brazil as in the Carribean highlands.

The coffee companies mix the two kinds of coffee together. Partial shade develops a more pleasing favor than brilliant sunshine.

Bobby Smith

Coffee

Today man and nature are working closely together to produce this high quality coffee in the Carribean highlands.

The most important coffee centers in Carribean America is Guatemala City. Earthquakes are the resons for low buildings in this

city.

These valleys are choice places for coffee plantations because of the richness of soil and the favorable climate. To reach this high city, we can go by train. Gradually the train climbs higher and higher.

On the street of the Captain Manns, people are dressed in the same kind of clothes that we wear in late spring.

Each year many North American visitors take short trips from Guatemala City to old Indian viliages high in the mountains where moddern ways have not destroyed old customs and rites.

Larry Mosteller

Coffee

Most of the Coffee is grown in the Carribean. The special flavor of the Carribean coffee is due to the great care given it by the owners. Coffee companys in the United States buy great amounts of coffee that is grown on the Carribean highlands.

Not all the fruit of a coffee tree ripens at once, Carribean pickers go over a tree and select the ripe beans. They return to the tree again and again as the coffee ripens. This results in a better quality of coffee.

Man and nature are working closely together to produce this high quality of coffee in the Carribean highlands. These valleys are choice places for coffee plantations because of the favorable climate.

Their elevation is high enough so that the sunshine warms but never burn yet not high enough to have any frost. 50 to 60 inches of rain and a marked dry season from December to April are ideal for coffee.

Roger Samples

Coffee

Today man and nature are working closely together in the Carribean highland, and in central plain valleys. They lie among the Pacific coast.

Thousands of years ago these mountain valleys were filled with lava and ash from the volcanoes. Weathering came and a change that takes palce in decaying materials. One of the most important things in business is coffee.

If we go to some plantaions in the other countries you could see tall stems of the bambo and graceful palm trees which many people use to build their homes out of.

Wesley Hall

Coffee

High quality, when you are watching T.V. you usometimes see various brands of coffee, time and again the commercial may be this—Our Coffee is fine mountain grown coffee—Practically all the coffee in the world is grown on highlands but there are different ways of growing and harvesting coffee certain methods produce a superior quality coffee. The coffee grown on the Carribean highland is noted for its delicious flavor. You can find out which highland inthe Carribean America is the major coffee producing areas by studying the map.

Coffee companies in the United States buy great amounts of coffee that is grown on the Carribean highlands. But they also buy coffee from Brazil. Twice as much coffee is produced in Brazil as in the Carribean highlands. The coffee companies mix the two kinds of coffee together.

Ronnie Barbee

Coffee

Carribean coffee has fine flavor for a second reason. The coffee growers practice careful methods of harvesting. Not all of the coffee cherries are picked at once Carribean pickers go over a tree and select the ripe cherries. They return to the tree again and again as the coffee ripens. This results in a better quality of coffee. The growers are anxious to maintain a fine reputation for their coffee that they sort it by hand and discard all imperfect beans.

Coffee

In the shade of large trees, crews of workers pick the ripe berries from the coffee trees. Near the coffee growers on the plantations are the large drying floors, made of concrete. The cherries are turned conitnually to make sure of an even drying. Twice as much coffee is produced in Brazil as in the Carribean highlands. The coffee companies mix the two kinds of coffee together. Their elevation is high enough so that the sunshine warms but never burns. Yet not high enough to have any frost, fifty to sixty inches of rain and a marked dry season are ideal for coffee. They sell coffee every where in the world.

Coffee

Sometimes when you wacth television you see andvertisments of various brands of coffee. The fine coffee is grown in the mountains and in the Carribean highlands where it is noted for its delicious flavor. The United States buy great amounts of coffee from Brazil and the Carribean highland. The coffee companies mix the two kinds of coffee together. They mix them for finer flavor. It is less expensive than the Carribean coffee alone.

Paul Lambert

Coffee

The worlds great production of coffee is carried on in the Carribean areas. The climate is warm yet never hot enough to burn the coffee and not high enough to have any frost. The coffee growers plant their coffee trees in the shade of tall trees. Partial shade develops a more pleasing flavor than bright sunshine. The Carribean coffee has fine flavor for a second reason. When the cherries are ripe the pickers go over a tree and pick only the ripe cherries. They return again and again as the coffee ripens.

Coffee is pretty important in the United States for coffee companies buy a great amount of coffee grown on the Carribean highlands. We also buy coffee from Brazil. Twice as much coffee is produced in Brazil as in the Carribean highland. The coffee companies mix

the two kinds of coffee together. This enables us to have a coffee which is finer in flavor.

Martin Parks

—:—

NINTH GRADE

We the boys of the ninth grade have been doing about the same thing this month; studying civice.

We learned about the types of city government. We also learned about the sections of each city.

Billy Pierce

FARM AND TRADE NEWS

BAKERY

We will be very busy during the week of Halloween, making 600 cookies and 1500 hot dog rolls. We will have to roast the weiners and help serve. We have one new boy and one going home this month. We hope the new boy will do good. Well thats about all from the Dough Boys.

David Goldston
Steve Kewitt

—:—

PIGGERY

The boys at the piggery have been working very hard, keeping everything fed up good, and looking after the litte pigs. There have been about 150 or 200 new born pigs in the last month. The rest of the boys on the piggery have been cutting grass around the piggery, grinding feed, killing cows, pigs, and chickens. We got two new boys on the piggery Major Lawton and Jerry Larry. Thats all from the piggery.

Johnny Roberts
Ricky Smith

—:—

GYM

We in the gym have been busy getting ready for the events for Halloween. We are going to run the 220, 100, 440, and the 440 relay. Then they are going to play football games and punt, pass and kick events.

Billy Chase

—:—

INFIRMARY

There has not been much going on around the infirmary. We have been doing our work like always. They put a new boiler in the basement. Its ran up the gas bill. They just got it running last week. Some men have been working down there this week.

We are out of luck for a while. Our T.V. is being worked on. We hope to get it back soon because there is nothing else to do.

Roger Morgon

—:—

CARPENTER SHOP

The Carpenter Shop boys have been working at the print shop. We have fixed the bindery dark room. We have been busy at cottage 7 fixing the roof. Some of the boys have been fixing

windows at the gym. The paint shop has been painting at Mr. Cameron's house and the apartment up the road they have also painted Mr. Lentz's house, and now the paint shop is painting cottage 10 and we have gotten two new boys; Alffred Laymond and Harold Dly.

—:—

LAUNDRY

At the laundry we have been busy this month doing up the laundry for cottage and staff. We have one new boy his name is Clarence Weddington. We had two boys go home Freddie Taylor, and Aurthur Adycock.

Thomas Pruitt
Richard Little

—:—

YARD FORCE

The boys on the yard force have been busy for the past month. The last few days we have been setting Pansey plants. We have also setting young dogwood trees on campus.
Since the good rains the Scott atheltic field is real green again.

Ralph Ellerbe

—:—

PRINT SHOP

This month in the Print Shop we have been busy catching up on the work we have been behind on. We have recieved some new machinenery in the past months. Such as a new off set press, a Kenro vertical "186" Camera developer sink, a nurac flip top plate maker and we thank the carpenter, and plumbing shop for setting up the equipment and constructing our dark room. We have been running C T forms and other new forms for Morrison and Jackson.

We had two boys go home. their names are James Little, Timothy Ayers, Kevin Buchanan, Johnny Nipper, and Pete Marlow. We also have some new boys, their names are Garland Brown, Tommy Wooten, Robert Brogdon, and Gene Weaver. We hope the boys that go home will find a good job that will keep their minds off getting into trouble, and the new boys that came in we hope will enjoy their work and learn something in the print shop to carry back to society and make themselves useful citizens. All the boys in the print shop enjoy their work very much. Many of them are planning to work for a printing company when they get home. Some of the boys made games and other things to help the scouts at the Cabbarus County Fair. Pete Marlow's scrap book won first prize, and Richard Parker's game won first prize at the fair. Well thats all from the print shop.

Richard Parker
Gary Joyner

—:—

DINING ROOM

This month as being my first here at Stonewall Jackson School I have enjoyed working with each and everyone that I worked with

in the dinning room to help keep it clean as we can.

I would like to say that the food here is real wonderful. And Mrs. Cranford and the boys in the Kitchen do a real good job preparing the meals.

—:—

BARBER SHOP

Douglas Wiles was transferred from the Cafeteria to the Barber Shop. The V.R. is planning to send him to Barber School. We have been quite busy cutting all the boys hair.

Gegory Gibson

—:—

KITCHEN

Halloween is close by. We will have our party Thursday, we all are looking forward to these "good ies". We had one boy to go home this month, Charles Ford and we gained a new boy, Cris Lemmond. We enjoy our work very much and hope every one likes our dinners.

—:—

COTTON MILL

The boys in the cotton mill have been busy this week, putting a warp on one of the looms. One of our best weavers went home Monday. His name was Douglas Hall

We are preparing to go on a trip to A.L. Brown High School to see their textile set up. Mr. Tony and Mr. Cress are making plans for us to go up to Salsbury to visit Rowan Technical Institute. We think this will be very helpful.

John Spencer
Jerry Cobbler

—:—

SHOE SHOP

This month we have had a lot of shoes to fix. We have been putting on many half soles and heels. We had a boy go home, his name was Ricky Sturdivant. We also had another boy go home, his name is Mike Lee. We had a boy to go to cottage seventeen, Tommy Titus. Thats all from the shoe shop.

McKinley Briley
Billy Smith

Many a man goes into office without political knowledge. But he has a plenty when he comes out.

Let us have faith that right makes might, and in that faith let us dare to do our duty as we understand it.

The proper function of a goverment is to make it easy for people to do right and difficult to do wrong.

All that man gets by lieing is that he is not believed when telling the truth.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

True wisdom lies in gathering the precious things out of each day as it goes by.

HONOR ROLLS

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

COTTAGE HONOR ROLL

October 1968

COTTAGE NO. 1

James Kennedy
Richard Little

COTTAGE NO.2

Clifford Seagraves

COTTAGE NO. 3

Russell Barefoot
Roger Whisnant

COTTAGE NO. 5

James Abram
Posey Higgs
Larry Sellers

COTTAGE NO. 6

Grady Campbell
Ronnie Simmons
Raymond Lewellyn

COTTAGE NO. 7

McKinley Briley
Lamont Brown
David Goldston
Cleo Powell

COTTAGE NO. 8

Mike Powell
Ricky Warrix

..COTTAGE NO. 11

Ivey Collins

COTTAGE NO. 13

James Boggs
Darrell Butler
David Bousman
Anthony Hauser
Danny Morgon
James Sweeten
Randy Wright

COTTAGE NO. 14

Robert Cornell
Roger Haynes

COTTAGE NO. 15

Mike Cashwell

COTTAGE NO. 17

James Baily
Tim Congleton
Clyde Grant
Archie Miller

INFIRMARY

Randy Asbury

TRADE HONOR ROLL

TEXTILE

Jerry Cobbler
Jerry Tollison
William Jenkins
David Cantrell
Jimmy McKinney
Kennith Jolley
Harold Dildine
Ricky Fowler
Dannie Hazilwood
Larry Mosteller
Gerald Price
Paul Lambert

BARBER SHOP

Elvin Hunter
Robert Williams
Richard Byrd
Tommy Titus
Billy Smith
Russel Barefoot
McKinley Briley
Earl McDaniels
Alvin Hunter
Charles Nickles
Gregory Gibson
Michael Covington
Douglas Wiles
Martin Parks
Mario Childs
Tim Congleton
Wilbur Watson

DAIRY

Mike Cashwell
Wesley Hall
Larry Boyd
John Hall
Lewis Shackleford
Ray Pyles
James Langley
Maxie Bolton
William Wallace
Robert Cox
Leo Wooten
Raymond Griffin
Osborn Hamilton

MACHINE SHOP

Ricky Warriax
Joel Freeman
Michael Hilton
Raymond Hart
Ronnie Christenbery
Joe Williams

BAKERY

Gary Harrison
David Goldston

INFIRMRY

Roger Morgan
Randy Asbury

CRAFTS

Allen James
John Smith
Jimmy Meadows
Randy Taylor

YARD FORCE

Eddie Holland
Ralph Ellerbee

PRINT SHOP

Keith Brown
Gary Joyner
Richard Parker
Johnny Marlow
Scott Fraser

CAFETERIA

David Guiten

Roger Kennington
Jonny Watts
Gerald Byrd
Greg Knott
Chris Lemmond
James Kennedy
Gary Bost
Clyde Grant
Darrell Butler
Ronnie Simmons
Roy Cox
Steve Rosser
Billy Waddell
Danny Thomas
Jackie Galloway
Bynum Parson
James Sweeten
Leon Starling
Wally Lankland
Billy Goings
Roger Whismant
Posey Higgs
Louie Myers
James Barber
Mike Grubb

LAUNDRY

Kenneth Stafford
Thomas Pruitt
Bennie Bowlen
Dean Smith
Stanley Mc Gray
Ben Smith
Terry Marshall

It is just easy to say something good about a bad guy as it is to say something bad about a good one.

My business is not to remake myself but to make the absolute best of what God made.

To enter heaven a man must take it with him.

Prayer is to religion what thinking is to Philosophy.

The fellow who continues pulling on the oars does not have much time to rock the boat.

The trouble with many people in trying times is that they stop trying.

You probably wouldn't worry about what people think of you, if you knew how seldom they do.

The best way to kill time, says old Uncle Seth, is to get busy, and and work it to death.

An old philosopher has told us that happiness is the pursuit of something, not the catching of it Wonder if he ever chased the last bus on a rainy night.

A bachelor is a fellow who failed to embrace his opportunities.

The easiest way to get into trouble is to be right at just the wrong time.

The politician who can be bought, sooner or later gives himself away.

As we grow older, we find that the best time for a cold shower is some other time.

Living in the past has it's good point—it's cheaper.

THE STRANGER

We were captured along time ago,
And our fore-fathers now are dead.
We're whipped and beat black and blue
And there's no rest for our heads.

We asked Almighty for his help,
And this is how he helped.
One day a Stranger, the boldest man,
Walked into our slavery land.

He had no body guard,
Or weapon of any kind.
He kindly walked and talked with us,
And told us what was on his mind.

He said he'd take us from ourselves,
And carry our burdens on him.
He taught and led a perfect life,
And many were they that heard.

Then one day, a sorrow came,
After everyone learned to love.
He was betrayed by slavery men,
Who did not accept the Lord.

He was hung upon a cross,
But we still can be saved.
And men still testify,
His spirit remains today.

* * * *

When a high-minded man takes pains to atone for his injustice his kindness of heart shows in the best and purest light.

A PRAYER FOR CAMPERS

For busy days at camp, dear Lord,
  We thank Thee, and request,
Thy watchful guidance through the night
  And sleep, by heaven blest.

For friends whom we have met while here,
  We offer praise to Thee,
And trust that we may not forget,
  Wherever we may be.

For hills and river, flowers and trees,
  We offer up our prayer;
Because we know that when we seek,
  We find Thee, Father, there.

For skies alight with myriad stars,
  For campfire's lovley glow,
For songs that spring from happy hearts,
  We thank Thee ere we go.

* * * *

I would not give a farthing for a man's religion if his dog and cat are not the better for it.

No man was ever truly great without divine inspiration.

"No one can be a leader who is not capable of being a follower."

Remember that throwing stones only makes the road ahead of you that much harder to travel.

Why worry about what other people think about you? Few there be that do.

THE WORD

Oh, a word is a gem, or a stone, or a song,
Or a flame, or a two edged sword;
Or a rose in bloom, or a sweet perfume,
Or a drop of gall is a word.

You may choose your word like a connoiseur,
And polish it up with art,
But the word that sways, and stirs, and stays,
Is the word that comes from the heart.

You may work on your word a thousand weeks,
But it will not glow like one,
That all unsought, leaps forth white hot,
When the fountains of feeling run.

You may hammer away on the anvil of thought,
And fashion your word with care,
But unless you are stirred to the depths, that word
Shall die on empty air.

For the word that comes from the brain alone,
Alone to the brain will speed.
But the word that sways, and stirs, and stays,
Oh, that is the word men heed.

* * * *

When a man does not know what harbor he is making, no wind is the right wind.

"Action without forethought may result in disaster; forethought without action won't result at all."

One of the hardest things in life is trying to say something you cannot say.

FRIENDSHIP

Friendship needs no studied phrases,
Polished face, or winning wiles;
Friendship deals no lavish praises,
Friendship dons no surface smiles.

Friendship follow's Nature's diction,
Shuns hte blandishment of Art,
Boldly severs truth from fiction
Speaks the language of the heart.

Friendship favors no condition,
Scorns a narrow-minded creed,
Lovingly fulfills its mission,
Be it word or be it deed.

Friendship cheers the faint and weary,
Makes the timid spirit brave;
Warns the erring, lights the dreary,
Smooths the passage to the grave.

Friendship----pure, unselfish friendship,
All through life's alloted span,
Nurtures, strengthens, widens, lengthens,
Man's relationship with man.

* * * *

The man with a chip on his shoulder always carries an unnessary load.

The best way to get rid of a hot-head is to give him the cold shoulder.

A noble aim, faithfully kept, is a noble deed.

THE WISH OF THE UNKNOWN

How many miles must we walk,
Before we get along together?
There's no use for fussing when we quietly can talk,
If we try we can do better.

Why must I live in utter dispair?
Why do they whisper in tones unknown?
They treat me like I need social fare,
Cause no one's love have I known.

I have isolated my life from others,
To live in dark defense.
To long for silence from my brothers,
Is really shocking suspense.

In love's affair are many sorrows,
Sorrows beyond contempt,
To get out of love, to reach tomorrow,
Is something hard to attempt.

In brightest day, in darkest night,
A battle is to be won,
The wrong way to live is to make up a fight,
To be separate from unity isn't any fun.

You've heard it said a thousand times,
Spare the rod and spoil the child.
This is true it will help prevent crimes,
And keep your target of love from going wild.

Don't abuse the ideal of love too hard,
But try to understand its ways.
For it can be as mellow as lard,
And used in many ways.

Love was made for those who share,
And not for the steppers of the stones.
It must be passed on like pure, clean air,
And not on the lips of winds unknown.

A temper is shaper than any blade,
And ten times as strong as a mule.
With a mental block as a mighty blockade,
A temper is something just one man can rule.

From man to man this I hope will go,
To be in **life's** conquest,
That everyone will try and show,
Good will be better, and better will be best

William E. Pierce

* * * *

SUMMER MORNING

On summer mornings early
I go out all alone,
Before the rest are up, to see
How much my garden's grown.

I like to see the sun get up
And climb into the sky,
And watch the mother birdies teach
Their babies how to fly.

I like the summer morning time
There's such a lot to see;
And I just feel that every bit
Of it belongs to me!

North Carolina Collection
The Library
University of N. C.
Chapel Hill, N. C. 27515

"We all are blind until we see
That in the human plan
Nothing is worth the making
If it does not make a man.
Why build the nations glorious
If the child unbuilded goes?
In vain we build the city
Unless the child also grows."
—Edwin Markham

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